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FROM

REVOLUTIONARY PARIS

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REVOLUTIONARY PARIS

SKETCHED DURING THE FIRST PHASE OF THE
REVOLUTION OF 1848

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AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE DANUBE," "GISELLA," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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PICTURES

FROM

REVOLUTIONARY PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSPIRACY AND REVOLUTION OF THE 16TH OF APRIL.

Alarm occasioned by the Blanqui manifesto, and fears of an approaching convulsion—Conspiracy of the Ultras—New monster meeting in the Champ de Mars—The monster procession of the working classes—Fears and conflicting counsels of the moderate members of the government—The national guards at last summoned, with the garde mobile—Demonstration of the national guards—Revolutionary scenes on the quays and the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville—Angry feeling between parties—Scenes on the Boulevards—The cry raised against the Communists—Divisions of opinion among the working classes—Attack upon the house of Cabet, the communist—Troubled state of the public mind—Continued fears of the government—Tumultuous state of the city—Arrests and counter-arrests—Caussidière and Sobrier again appear upon the scene—The confusion increases.

CITIZEN BLANQUI, when in his manifesto of defiance, addressed to the moderate party in the Provisional Government, he declared that “the

gauntlet was thrown down, and the death-struggle at hand," was fully prepared to follow up this vague menace, and to translate word into deed by a *coup de main*. He had temporised with the Provisional Government to the last, in the hopes of being admitted to his share of place and power; he had even transmitted to its members revelations of the schemes of the ultra party for its dissolution; but, disappointed in the results of all his underhand dealings, he now combined with the leaders of the other ultra clubs, to forward the designs of the ultra minority of the government, in attempting the overthrow of the moderate majority—hoping, in the success of this new revolution, to find his own share of those splintered morsels of power, which so many hands in republican France were stretched forth to seize. From the moment of the appearance of the Blanqui manifesto, the whole city was in a state of subdued ferment. It was soon well known that a conspiracy was on foot for the overthrow of the government, or rather for its re-modeling, by the exclusion of the moderate members, and the admixture of such men as Barbès, Blanqui, Sobrier, and Cabet, the chiefs among the people of the ultra-democratic principles and socialist doctrines, along with those already in power, Messieurs Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert,—if conspiracy can be called this attempt of a party to seize, by means of a new convulsion and a *coup*

de main, the reins of that power which a less violent party had seized by means of a prior convulsion, and by a surprise of the whole nation, but just before, and thus only to imitate the example set before them—if conspiracy can be called the avowal of such designs, so openly expressed in the face of all Paris that no one who had his eyes and ears at his free service could doubt of the results about to ensue. Against the legitimacy of the designs of the ultra party, according to the new theories of “legitimacy of revolution,” it has still to be objected, however, that the sense of the majority of the country, and even the sense of the far greater majority of revolutionary Paris itself, was notably and notoriously against the accession of a party whose principles were dreaded and abhorred,—although the same objection, by the way, might have been made to the legitimate possession of the government by those who held its reins, and to the legitimacy of the republic itself.

Whatever the name to be given, however, to the designs, and the coming subversive attempt of the ultra party—be it conspiracy, or party struggle, or revolution, or no matter what, when all ancient terms, and feelings, and principles, and opinions, had been already so utterly revolutionised in their meanings by the doctrine of the revolutionising right of the sovereign will of the people, and when every tumultuous demonstration of a large mob, no

matter how organised, had been accepted as legitimate proof of that sovereign will—whatever the disputed title, and the disputed right, it was very clear, during the days preceding Sunday the 16th of April, that a violent collision between the moderate and ultra parties was imminent. The time also was arrived for a new revolution : in revolutionary Paris, a revolution once a month was the least that could be expected. The 16th and 17th of March had witnessed the revolution which overthrew the power and the *prestige* of the national guards, and gave evidence of the force of the ultra party, and the army of mob to be roused at its beck ; the Ides of April had now arrived ; the 15th May was still in the womb of a revolutionising future ; and dark fate had still the outbreak of June in store. No ! a revolution once a-month was the least that could be expected, in a state of things in which constant revolution was naturally to be considered as the normal state of a revolutionary government. Various reports, then, were current in Paris as to the approaching collision ; they circulated from mouth to mouth. A new monster manifestation was announced in favour of a further adjournment of the general elections, and against the admission of the military into the city, upon the occasion of the great *fête* of fraternisation between all the several bodies of the nation, civil or military, which had been announced as shortly

about to take place, with true republican typical and emblematic pomp and effusion of sentiment. The pretext for the movement did not matter much ; under the circumstances, one outcry was as good as another to rouse a demonstration, which might be swelled to an insurrection, and serve the purposes of revolution : what were not afterwards the vain cries, put forward more or less vainly, to serve as a pretext, and to aid a purpose ?

It soon became generally known that, on that same Sunday, another monster meeting of the working classes, and of the organised bands of the *ateliers nationaux*, was to be held upon the Champ de Mars, and that this assemblage, whatever the protestation and the denial, had been instigated by two members of the government, Messrs Louis Blanc and Albert, the newly self-appointed friends, allies, and chiefs, of these same working classes. They had openly convoked a meeting of their acolytes of the Luxembourg, in the great arena of the Hippodrome, just without the barriers of Paris, and close at hand to combine with any movement of the monster demonstration in the Champ de Mars. How far Ledru-Rollin, as well-known chief of the ultra party in the government, was the aider and abettor of his popular colleagues in their designs, remained alone a matter of doubt and speculation : he was supposed, at that time, to waver between the influence of the temporising conciliation-policy of

Lamartine, and the desire of a furtherance of his own more ultra-democratic views by the overthrow of his moderate colleagues. At all events, the intention of the ultra party in the clubs to profit by the movement of this manifestation, in order to dissolve by a *coup de main* and by force if necessary, the existing government of the Hotel de Ville, and secure their own advent to power, was never doubted. It was rumoured abroad, on the evening of Saturday, that it was the intention of the members of the majority of the government to retreat to the Palace of the Tuileries, and there fortify their position against the invasion and attack of the ultra party. In truth, they were in a state of consternation, and knew not on whom or on what to rely, in order to maintain, and preserve from the grasp of a new revolution, that power which they had profited by another revolution to snatch into their own. The alarm was general,—in the government for itself—in the public, from the combined fear of fresh convulsions and of the success of a party that threatened destruction to all property, and perhaps a renewal of the scenes of the fatal “’93.”

Such was the state of things on the morning of Sunday, the 16th April. By the hour of noon, the vast arena of the Champ de Mars, the great theatre of so many revolutionary scenes in the past and the present, exhibited once more one of its mighty

scenes of popular commotion. The aspect of the fermenting crowd assembled on that plain was of that exciting and imposing nature which every vast conglomeration of agitated men cannot fail to produce. Delegates of all the trades and guilds in Paris were assembled, and again to the amount of a monstrous army; the broken and wallowing masses filled the greater part of the space even of that immense arena. Banners were raised aloft at confused and irregular points about the plain, dotting the air with bright patches of colour, and waving in every direction over the troubled masses of heads. Here and there thick encircling knots were formed in denser masses; and in them forms of haranguing and gesticulating men were seen raised above the crowd. Shouts of acclamation, and promises and threats, issued in heavy bursts of roaring sound from the mouths of their encircling auditors. The high sloping banks, which line two sides of the huge oblong plain, and which had been removed to a greater distance from the centre by the public labourers, in preparation for those brilliant *fêtes* with which the glorious republic was in future to do homage to its own future glories, were covered also with similar confused knots, or with those myriads of curious spectators who never fail, on any occasion of popular commotion, to hurry to the "show," in excitable and sight-loving Paris. Lines of agitated forms and moving heads occu-

pied the sloping sides of this species of oblong amphitheatre. Among the various pretexts put forward among the people for the assemblage of this monster demonstration, it was difficult to ascertain the real cause; or rather it became more and more clear that all were really mere pretexts! One of the ostensible objects appeared to be the election, from among the working classes, of fourteen officers, left for their own selection upon new republican principle, in the staff of the national guards. Other motives, however, were also assigned—such as the choice of candidates among the people themselves, for representatives to be proposed in the general elections; or various deputations to the government, upon various matters connected with the endless affair of the “organisation of labour.” Among all these confused explanations of the movement, none wore the stamp of the real truth: such reasons were given only to the uninitiated among the mighty mass of men. Perhaps, after all, the greater part of the meeting had no other objects in view, and were to be made the instrument of the designing acolytes of the clubs. They were perhaps merely to be led up to the scene of action, there truly to combine in the genuine movement, and to be employed to overawe, and crush, and sweep away in one tumultuous uproar, the members of the government, obnoxious to the so-called popular party. They were perhaps to be only the dupes, as afterwards,

under another form, and with another popular outcry, so many of the deluded people were the dupes again. It may be that the intrigues of the ultra party had been openly avowed only to the chosen few, or comparative few. When sufficient agitation was supposed to have been communicated to the fermenting and excited crowd, the monster-march had to be directed towards the point of attack—the Hôtel de Ville. Chiefs marshalled the bands, with well-organised system of command, into that regular marching order which practice now communicated to the people's movements: no army could have been led on to battle in more orderly array. It was a curious sight to see the mass obey their leaders, dissolve, re-unite, form into deep rank and long, long row! The vanguard swept out of the plain by one of its upper gates: on, and on, and on, followed one battalion of the people upon another: more than an hour elapsed before the last had left the Champ de Mars. The monster-procession was in movement towards the Hôtel de Ville! Along the outer Boulevards, along the esplanade of the Invalides, over the Pont de la Concorde, and along the lengthy vista of the quays it moved on—flexible, but continuous in its long thick mass, like a huge serpent hirsute with tri-color bristles. The head of the monster appeared to have nearly reached its destination before the last joint of its tail had fully left the Champ de Mars.

The danger to the government was imminent; and, before men's eyes, it advanced nearer and nearer.

The danger, indeed, was imminent. Consternation and confusion prevailed in the counsels of the disunited Provisional Government—mistrustful of itself, mistrustful of those alone who could prove its supporters, mistrustful of all around it. Sometimes in one of the public offices of the different *ministères*, sometimes in another, but not in combined body in the Hôtel de Ville, the moderate party, conspiring for its own safety against open conspiracy, held alarmed consultations upon the course to be pursued. The only defence for the Provisional Government lay in those national guards, to the humiliation of whom, but a month before, they had at all events tacitly contributed. Lamartine is said to have been averse to the convocation of the national guard, with the fear that, if called forth to make a counter-demonstration, it might turn against the very republic itself, and proclaim a regency: in the support of the government, he considered, it was not to be relied upon—it would be fatal to their cause. Marrast and Garnier Pagès, it is supposed, in opposition to their more timorous colleague, strenuously supported the appeal to the national guards as their only means of salvation, preferring even the chances of their defection in favour of a regency to the triumph of the dangerous and deleterious principles of the ultras.

The part played by Ledru-Rollin, on this occasion, appeared full of irresolution and doubt: he seemed yet to be wavering between the party he notoriously favoured, and the colleagues with whom he had as yet carried on the government: upon after occasions he declared that, in the face of the revolution attempted by the ultra party, he was one of the first, and of his own accord, to give orders for the beating of the *rappel* to summon the national guard. Whatever the confused counsels of the moderate members of the Provisional Government, however, or the impulse which led to the course finally adopted, a resolution to fall back upon the only existing means of defence was taken. The *garde mobile*, although yet very doubtful in its character, and suspected to be ever likely to favour a movement of that people from which it had chiefly sprung itself, was commanded out. Orders were given that the *générale*—a summons for the national guard to turn out in arms, as in a time of imminent danger—should be sounded all over Paris.

The national guard, then, “turned out” in full force. It was still, as ever, the representative of the majority of Paris and the country at large. It desired, as the country at large, the maintenance of the “*status quo*,” rather than any new convulsion: it hated the dreaded ultra party; it feared the designs of the communists upon property: it was ready to support the Provisional Government,

as the supporter, in its turn, of the cause of order. Lamartine, then at the head of affairs, had been utterly ignorant of the state of public feeling in this respect, or had been blinded, as so often afterwards, by his fears. The national guard advanced readily to the salvation of the government. It had its own grievances also to avenge: it had never forgotten what it considered its humiliating defeat, upon the occasion of the last monster demonstration of the people: it was eager to come, once more, to an issue with the mob of the ultra party: it had the stains upon its honour, its courage, and its influence, to wipe out: it rejoiced in its heart that an occasion was there to show once more its force, and proclaim its power over the "rabble mob" of the capital. When the *générale* was beaten, the national guards hurried to their appointed places of meeting, with the knowledge that the Provisional Government was in danger from the anarchists of the ultra party; and their columns marched forward upon the Hôtel de Ville, in quick march step, with the cry of "*A bas les anarchistes ! à bas les communistes !*" Up to a late hour of the day they still came on, from the outskirts of Paris even, anxious to retrieve their character, and oppose once more their moral, and, if necessary, physical force to their new enemies, the communists—the friends of the mob, who had only to gain—the phantom-bugbears of those who had aught to lose

in the struggle. The cry "*A bas les communistes!*" was the watchword and rallying-cry of the *bourgeois*, and friends of order, on that memorable day. Up to a late hour they poured on, as quickly as the intense press permitted them, until, when the flood came to a check, and was forced back upon itself, they reached in one long mass, from the Hôtel de Ville, along the quays, through the place de Carrousel, and far down the Rue de Rivoli.

When the monster procession from the Champ de Mars entered upon the quays, shortly after crossing the bridge, it found a counter-revolution opposed to its own. They were lined literally, from one end to the other, by files of the national guards. Other battalions were advancing, continually and steadily, upon the Hôtel de Ville. The monster procession was allowed, however, slowly to press its way forwards; and slowly it advanced, in double current, along with the battalions of the national guards: it seemed surprised and stupified by the force of the armed civic guard displayed against it. The two streams flowed on thus, amidst zealous shouts on the part of the national guards, and murmurs from the army of the demonstration. The two opposing powers—the contending parties—moved on side by side. Again the parties were in presence—strangely! the *bourgeoisie* and the *peuple*; and it was now the middle classes that had been summoned to oppose the "sovereign will." The

tables had been turned. The legions of the young *garde mobile* were marching onwards also to the Hôtel de Ville, to obey the summons of the government. As yet these inexperienced troops knew not the important part they played, or might have yet to play, in the history of the revolution. They knew not what they did at that time, and cried only "*Vive la République !*" but even then they seemed inclined to support the cause of the government: a breath, however, might possibly have turned them on the so-called people's side. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded also the long thoroughfare of the quays: thousands upon thousands pushed on towards the scene of action—the stage of the party struggle.

When the head of the monster procession now again reached the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, it found only a small space left open for its passage. Its leaders—some of whom were now on horseback—endeavoured in vain to thrust back the national guards, in order to make room for the approach of the sovereign people; they were forced to retire, with gloomy looks, from the arena. They saw that their cause was lost again for the time: the effort of the conspiracy had failed. The opposing mass against them was too strong. The *Place* was one sea of bayonets. Cannon had been planted before the façade of the Hôtel de Ville. The imposing show of the force of armed citizens crushed the conspiracy,

and prevented the revolution of the disappointed party.

For many long hours thus remained the vast agitated lake of bayonets upon the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, new battalions of national guards pouring, as much as possible, into the troubled basin, from all the surrounding inlets of small streets, like lesser streams into the overflowing lake. The delegates of the monster meeting of the working classes were, during that time, received by the members of the Provisional Government, as they were in duty bound to receive delegates. The government was defended now, and feared no longer the incursion of the mob, the convulsion, and the overthrow. Delegates of the national guards were received, also, with their protestations and assurances. From time to time, when the members of the government appeared at the windows of the building, shouts that rent the air burst forth from the mouths of the guards: it was their triumph now. Caps, hats, chakos, képys, and every other variety of military *coiffure*, were suddenly thrust aloft into the air upon every bayonet-point, like a forest of head-coverings suddenly springing up from the earth: again and again was this singular scene repeated, so strange and picturesque in the great popular picture. From the people none now responded, "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!*" When Citizen Louis Blanc, or Citizen Albert, however, appeared at the windows,

looking grimly, but with studied countenances may be, upon their disappointed confederates and allies, voices there were which cried, "*Vive Albert! —Vive Louis Blanc!—Vivent les vrais amis du peuple!*" Singular, indeed, although confused and blurred, was the picture in its wonderful aspect! Around and about the *Place*, during those long hours, the ferment was intense among the surrounding crowd. Men of the people were in an angry and excited state. They declared that the innocent and calumniated working classes, with their innocent and calumniated demonstration, were insulted by this counter-demonstration of the national guards; that the national guards were the enemies of the people; and that the people must once more rise in arms against them. Against the moderates rose the cry of "*Réactionnaires*" and "*Faux républicains*:" it was met with the counter-cry of "*Anarchie*" and "*Communisme*." The *bourgeoisie* and the people were again in moral conflict. At every moment angry parties among the spectators appeared to be coming to blows: hustling and thrusting took place; but the collision was not for that day.

The day of revolution went by without the strife—that was still to come—of civil battle hand to hand. The national guards had now carried off their bloodless victory in this new struggle between parties. The moderate party in the government may be said

to have also had, that day, their triumph in the display of the power of the better-thinking citizens, as had their factious colleagues in the demonstration of their mob: they had raised, almost in spite of themselves, a force, and a most commanding one, to show that they also had an army at their beck. The day of revolution went by; General Courtais, not then suspected of treachery to the government, rode up and down among the national guards, as they poured in, declaring that the government needed them no longer—that all danger was gone by. But in spite of these assurances of their commander, the *chefs de battalions*, on the dispersal of their civic troops, when at last the invading tide flowed away from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, failed not to give the significant order, "Tomorrow morning, at six o'clock, under arms!"

The curtain thus dropped upon the second act of the party struggle between the moderates and the ultras. But men knew that the drama was not terminated yet; they knew that the overwhelming display of the armed force might overawe the ultra-violent party for a time, and check its designs; but they guessed that, however wild beasts might be cowed for a season, they were not to be subdued without chains; and they asked, "When are we to have act the third?" At latest, they supposed the great fraternisation *fête* might be looked upon as a signal for a fresh display of party hatred;


but they felt that it might come even still sooner, for the ferment and the alarm continued, although the curtain had fallen over the more stirring scene.

That night along the Boulevards, and throughout the public places of the city, the seething of excitement had reached a higher boiling pitch than ever since the days of February. The main artery of the capital swarmed with the thickening throngs that rolled hither and thither in agitation and disorder. Large patrols of national guards, and of the *garde mobile*, thrust through the crowds as best they might, moving to and fro, in order to quell or overawe the angry spirit of the lower classes, and the evident disposition to outbreak. Those who, in the *improvisés* clubs for declaiming and haranguing, were supposed to be preaching "disorder," were arrested by the excited, zealous, and now triumphant national guards: those who, in these throngs, were suspected only of professing those communist doctrines which were now mixed up in men's minds, and in their words, with the schemes and principles of the ultra republicans—to be severed from them no more in the nicknames of parties—were rudely treated by men of the middle classes, by the gathering *bourgeois*, who now swarmed more boldly forth, by all those, in fact, who wished to demonstrate by act and deed their sympathy with the triumphant party of that day: they were hustled, driven forth, and sometimes were arrested

by zealous citizens not in uniform, although in some cases it might be for their personal protection, so near did they oftentimes appear to being torn in pieces by such as now grew bold and scornful in their moderate opinions. "Reaction! reaction!" began to be more strongly the cry of the maltreated ultras. The reaction, however, which existed at that moment, was only the reaction of a confidence that grew more bold after weeks of fear, humiliation, and constraint, and not, as was declared, the reaction of a party against the principles of the republic itself.

No cry could have been more happily devised to excite a lively demonstration against the subversive and anarchist party than that of "*Communisme*," by which it was attacked. This was a bugbear that excited the apprehensions of all who had aught to lose by the triumph of the principles of a *partage de biens*, and an equalisation of all fortunes, ranks, and capacities. It excited alarm, agitation, scorn, and made men bold against those who were supposed to touch their vital interests most nearly. The name of "*Communistes*," attached to the ultra party and its adherents—the social title, rather than the political designation—was the best calculated then to raise a host of active opponents to all their designs and measures. They cried "*Communiste!*" as they would have cried "*Mad dog!*" The "ill name" was given, and the dog was forthwith morally hung. The moderate

party thought that they had found their salvation in that cry; and truly, for the time, it served their turn, and added a great weight to their scale in the balance of the party struggle. This bugbear name of "*Communiste*," thus popularly applied without distinction to all the *exalté* party, and to all disturbers of the public order, or conspirators against the moderate part of the Provisional Government, had the result also, for the time, of ranging in the ranks of the opposite party and the cause of the moderates a great part of the working classes, which only again seceded and fell back in the further days of increasing misery and more active agency of the ultra-democratic party. The notion of the *égalité des salaires*, which was to put the intelligent and active on the level with the dull and lazy—one of the main principles, at that time, of the socialist and communist theorists—raised a storm, by touching their nearest interests, among those who considered themselves likely to profit by their own activity and intelligence. The cry of "*À bas les communistes!*" then, brought over a great portion of the working classes to "the cause of order," as the cause of the moderates was more or less justly termed. Among these classes, then, there were also divisions, party spirit, and angry feeling. Some remained, it is true, inflated by the declamations of the communist and *exalté* clubs, and breathed only a spirit of mistrust, spoke only



of again taking up arms against *their* bugbear, the fancied *réacteurs*. The majority, however, adopting at that time the confusion of terms which were the watchwords of the day, made as loud and angry demonstration against the ultra party. The writer, among many other artisans of all descriptions with whom he spoke in the republican freedom of those days, stumbled upon a ragged fellow, who, putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a quantity of cartridges. "Look here, Monsieur," he said; "I have spent my last sou to-day in buying these. I don't know how to handle a rifle, but I'll do my best as soon as I can get one; and these little *bijoux* are for the heads of the first communists I can get a shot at." What the republican *bulletins* of M. Ledru-Rollin insisted then, in spite of his own principles of republican equality, on calling *castes*, no longer held together at that hour. "People" was against "People." What, men asked, was to be the result? How soon was the civil war of angry declamation and dispute to turn into the civil war of angry blows and resistance by deadly weapon?

One of the first results of this violent so-called "reactionary" burst of public feeling, was an attack made, on the evening of the demonstration, upon the house of Cabet, the self-appointed high-priest of communism, by an inflated party of the national guards. There was every reason to suppose that

the man of extravagant utopian theories was no accomplice, at least in any active political schemes for the overthrow of the existing government. But the cry raised had affixed, above all, odium upon the man who put himself forward as the chief preacher and prophet of the doctrines which were soon so closely connected with those schemes. It was with difficulty that the domicile of Cabet could be guarded that night, or his person protected from outrage, by some of the more reasonable and less excitable of the national guards; and this overstrained ebullition of angry passion did, from that moment, much injury to the cause of the moderate party, by affixing to the national guards, *en masse*, and thus to the *bourgeoisie*, denounced by the clubs as an "infamous, bloody, and aristocratic band of murderous capitalists," the stigma of violence, rancour, and injustice. At all events, no proof existed, at that time, of the complicity of Cabet in the subversive attempt. The fact has been mentioned as giving a measure of the excited public feeling. Of course, also, several houses were illuminated, on the night of that famous Sunday, in different parts of Paris; but this habit, the habit of fear, had become so general during those revolutionary months, upon the slightest symptom of a popular demonstration, that it could scarcely then be taken as the evidence of any real feeling whatever.

During all the days that immediately followed the

concerted attack upon the government and the counter-demonstration, the waves raised by the lashings of the storm of party feeling were not to be smoothed down. The government seemed to be continually on the alert to call for demonstrations and manifestations of its now avowed supporters, the national guards, for the purpose of keeping the force it had in its power continually on the "*qui vive*," and exhibiting its influence. That it was still in a state of alarm, was very evident from its measures: that propositions were made in its own councils for the arrest of the late avowed conspirators, and yet overruled by its own conflicting elements, is well known. The public evidently expected that it would adopt some such decisive and energetic measure, and called for it loudly; rumours were constantly afloat that Blanqui and his *affidés* had been arrested, that their prison had been stormed by the mob, that the Hôtel de Ville had been attacked, that guard-houses had been burned to the ground—in fact, that the new revolution was seriously at work. However untrue these rumours, it was clear that the government considered it necessary to keep the capital continually under arms. Each morning the *rappel* was beaten in all the quarters of Paris; and at an early hour the national guards were again drawn up, in battle array, in the principal streets and squares. Although no positive explanation was ever given them of the real cause

of their summons, it was always insinuated among the ranks that the government, and consequently the cause of order, were still in danger. When dismissed, they were told to hold themselves ready to come forward upon the spur of the moment. All the more important posts were doubled or tripled in the number of their guard; and citizens were desired to keep *au large*, and not approach them in any numbers: no one was allowed to come near a sentinel.

The national guards, spite of the accusation of reactionary and anti-republican principles flung in their teeth, exhibited no subversive intentions whatever on their own side: they only showed themselves animated by the utmost ardour in the cause of order, and in the maintenance of such a government as the moderate majority ensured them. They declaimed angrily among themselves against the *meneurs*, who thus kept all Paris in a state of alarm: their general cry was only "*Il faut en finir avec les communistes et les terroristes!*" Some few alone ventured to give vent to a sentiment, long murmured under the breath, but never openly expressed, unless by some of the bolder moderate papers, and then only by insinuation, rather than actual designation of the parties. It was against Ledru-Rollin, and his ultra faction in the minority, that was addressed the shout sometimes raised,—"*A bas les anarchistes ambitieux!*" Arrests con-

tinued to take place in the streets, by day as well as night, of those who attempted by word or deed to arouse the passions of the people, or disturb the peace. Several men were seized in the act of posting up bills, calling upon the people to keep their arms, if they had any, to procure arms, if they had none, in order to use them against the "*infames réacteurs*," since the revolution was not terminated for the true friends of liberty! Bodies of national guards still exhibited more zeal than discretion by pouncing upon every man to be heard preaching communist doctrines in the crowds. On the other hand, much angry spirit was added to the virulence of public feeling by the knowledge that certain national guards, who had arrested some supposed *émeutiers* and taken them off to the Prefecture de Police, were themselves detained in "durance vile" by the prefect, while the *meneurs* were allowed to go free. The self-installed prefect, then, was now first mixed up in supposed collusion with the designs of the anarchist and subversive party. Citizen Marc Caussidière had as yet done some "good service to the state" by his resolute and not unapt measures of police; and men had not been ungrateful: but his supposed connexion with the ultra party was thenceforth about to bring him upon the stage of the revolution once more, in men's minds, as a dangerous man in such a place, should any movement of the now dreaded "*commu-*

nistes” take place. The detention of the national guards, as over-zealous moderates, stuck in men’s throats.

The janissaries of Citizen Sobrier also, the *Montagnards* of the Rue de Rivoli, and of the den of the editor of the “*Commune de Paris*,” were active, on their own side, in arresting, by their own illegal authority, those suspected of moderatism, or heard openly to avow what, in Citizen Sobrier’s eyes, were reactionary and counter-revolutionary principles—the new *suspects*, in fact, of Citizen Sobrier’s new self-instituted “*Comité du Salut Public*.” Men stood aghast as these bodyguards of the *soi-disant* prefect of police No. 2 came out into the streets, to arrest, according to his arbitrary will, “without let or hindrance.” While the more openly violent of the “*communistes*” were being arrested by the national guards, Citizen Sobrier, on his own side, was engaged in arresting the more avowed of the moderates in the public streets. They were dragged off to his den, accused, brow-beat, bullied with menace and threat, as enemies of the true republic. Citizen Sobrier acted judge, jury, and witness, without even the show of that mock ceremony which presided over the acts of the “*Comité du Salut Public*” of fatal memory, which he ambitioned to establish once more. Happily the scene was only one of caricature. Old ladies, living close by the awful den, guarded by the dragons of Mon-

tagnards, have told awful tales how people were dragged thither in the dusk, and were never seen to come out more! In their eyes, Citizen Sobrier was a Bluebeard, with a blue chamber at his disposal for *suspects*. But it may be more justly supposed that, after the "*arrêtés*" of Citizen Sobrier were duly bullied by his presidentship, they were again rudely turned out into the streets with an awful lecture on their aristocratic moderation. In those days, however, men asked by what authority this was permitted, and no one could or would answer them. M. Ledru-Rollin and his friends kept the secret of the use they might hereafter make of Citizen Sobrier, and took care not to explain why they permitted him to indulge in his republican-autocratic extravagancies. It was not, be it said here, until the satirical papers of the day had duly satirised Citizen Sobrier, in daily articles, as a would-be agent of terror, who deserved no other fate than to be scouted as a bad actor of villains in old melodramas, and, in a more serious fashion, the moderate clubs had sent up petitions to government for the suppression of his illegal authority, as a disgrace to a civilised city, that Citizen Sobrier somewhat disappeared from the stage with his *Montagnards*, to strut forward again only upon a more important occasion. On all hands there was thus constraint, persecution, illegality, collision, confusion, angry passion.

Twice within three days were men told, during this second open conflict of parties, "*La patrie est sauvée!*" People began to grow heartily sick of the whole revolutionary comedy. They became of the mind of poor Monsieur Cagnard, in the old farce so admirably satirising French revolutions, who, when the same congratulation is made to him, exclaims, "Well! this is seventeenth time this month that the country has been saved; and to-day is only the 13th. *Cela devient fatigant à la fin.*"

The temporary good effected by the sense of confidence bestowed by the imposing manifestations of the national guards, was quickly neutralised in another manner. The attempt so long made to conceal the division of the opposed parties in the government itself, was from henceforth utterly futile: the schism was too apparent from all the explanations, more or less explicit, that had resulted from the events of the 16th: people became more clearly aware that they must be prepared for future struggles of parties, and fresh tumults, perhaps even for civil war, in the streets of Paris, for which all the elements, if not ready, were fast ripening. The old game of Girondins and Montagnards was to be played over again, they foresaw—but in masses instead of coteries. For the time, the Girondins of the day maintained their supremacy: but men were aware that a third party might now arise, in real "reactionary" form, from

among those who had unwillingly accepted the republic, but who were inclined to support it, as an element of order, for tranquillity's sake; and who might turn against it when they only saw in it the seeds of disorder, collision, and civil war. Such had been the seed too surely sown by two months' tillage of the "glorious republic of enlightenment, civilisation, fraternity, and peace."

Fermentation and excitement were more than ever the "order of the day" in revolutionary Paris.

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CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FESTIVAL OF FRATERNISATION.

The unfraternising state of the public mind—The fête transformed into a review—The monster review—The Provisional Government at the arch of triumph—Scenes in the Champs Elysées—Scenes on the Boulevards—Termination of the monster review—The state of feeling throughout the capital—Confidence not increased by the festival.

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AMIDST this state of utter confusion and still greater alarm, while angry feelings were beginning to burn more fiercely among parties, and the spirit of discord and division was ever actively at work among those who chose to call themselves the “people” exclusively, and to consider themselves the sole sovereigns of the country, the day approached for the solemnisation of that great fraternity-*fête*, which was to proclaim the union and the happiness of all the citizens of the new republic. Deputation upon deputation streamed up again to the Hôtel de Ville, with adverse missions, as if to give the assurance of fraternity the lie. On the one hand, there were those of the citizens with congratulatory addresses to the government upon its

escape from the manœuvres of the ultras, and with offers of further support against the *anarchistes*; on the other, there were those who had been evidently listening to, and were pushed on by the instigators of the *exalté* party, with further addresses and remonstrances, to complain, in the face of those members of the government who had been openly attacked themselves as *réactionnaires*, of the insult offered to the delegates of the different trades, by the manifestation of the national guards on the famous Sunday—a manifestation, again, openly called for by the government itself—and to accuse the imaginary *contre-révolutionnaires* and *réacteurs* of attempting, by such means, to overthrow the republic itself. A proclamation of the Provisional Government, calling upon the citizens of Paris to set aside all angry passions, and to unite in one feeling of concord and peace, had also that effect, which might have been expected from such vain conciliatory efforts of mere words. Its temporising policy, in still attributing the disordered state of the public mind to “reactionary enemies of the republic”—words caught from the ultra party itself—was only oil upon the flame of passion and mistrust: such attempts, and ill-judged pretences of thus bolstering up and varnishing over the evil spirit which subsisted between the people and the *bourgeoisie*, were as vain as those of an old, already worn-out, and haggard-looking coquette, to plump

out and paint over the indelible wrinkles of her face. The auspices, then, under which the fraternisation of the whole country was to be symbolled forth, were certainly not the most favourable to the cause of fraternity. Men feared, too, and perhaps not without cause, that this occasion, when all the members of the government and all the civic guard were assembled in one part of Paris, that a new attempt might be made by the ultra conspirators to seize upon the seat of government, in spite of the notorious precautions taken. The day, however, came; and the day passed off with a tranquillity expected by none. 18465

In truth, however, the "fraternisation" was an affair so questionable, that a decision of the government set aside all the great symbolical ceremonies of a touching unity, which were to have taken place in the Champ de Mars, until a more fitting season—altered the bill of the play—shelved, for the time, all the "new scenery, dresses, and decorations,"—cut out of the programme the *embrassade générale* and *accolade-fraternelle-monstre*, in which it had been intended that all classes, ranks, and professions of men should be fused in one huge *égalité*-hug—and altered the disposition of the whole ceremony. This decision may have been mortifying to those worshippers of the past among the members of the Provisional Government who knew that the great *fêtes* of fraternity, instituted in the fraternal times

of the convention for the celebration of the pure and mighty virtues of those days, had been arranged by the classical artist, Citizen David, and decorated with all the pomp and *spectacle* of patriotic symbolical trumpery ; and who deemed that the imitation of the past, in outward show, was to prepare men's minds for the practice of that past in principle : they were obliged to restrain for a while their Greco-theatrico-patriotic ardour. The great fraternity *fête* was more than half shorn of all its scenery and its emblems, and was converted into a review of the national guards, and the newly-instituted *garde mobile*, mingled with the troops of the line—thus bringing together, in principle, all classes of men, under a *régime* in which a vain edict of the government had declared that *all* citizens not doing military service, without any distinction, were to be considered as bound, in civic duty and obligation, to enrol themselves in the ranks of the national guard, those who could not afford the expense of arms and uniform being supplied with both out of the common funds of each legion. The bodies and corporations of the state were to be present on the occasion *en masse*, or by delegates : some were to appear in the defiling masses of men reviewed : the people were also “ set down ” as delegates of the working classes, to figure in the same great army. All were thus to be fused together ; and all Paris—all France—all the world

—were to bear witness to the touching unity of the fraternity-review, which, under the circumstances, was to take the place of the great fraternity-fête, more congenial to the souls of poetical republicans.

It was the first great republican show, setting aside the funeral of the “ brave ” who had died, or were supposed to have died, for the cause of the republic in February: during the first phasis of the revolution, at least, it was the only one that was at all worthy of admiration. What a wondrous picture did revolutionary Paris that day present!

Paris, perhaps, is the only capital in the world which affords such an arena for a display of so imposing a nature as this monster review. The immense avenue of the Champs Elysées, stretching from the Barrière de l’Etoile to the Place de la Concorde, with the huge arch of triumph terminating, upon an elevation, the vista at one end, the obelisk and the more distant Palace of the Tuileries, beyond its masses of garden-trees, at the other—the Place de la Concorde itself, the long and broad main artery of the Boulevards—are a grand stage for a great performance, more especially when it is a scene of history. The panoramic scene unrolled upon this stage during the live-long day of the 20th of April—with its ever-moving crowds sweeping on, endless, it seemed, before the eyes of the spectator, until his mind grew confused

in its impressions, and the senses swam in giddy whirl—was such as to linger long in the memory of those who witnessed it.

As early as five in the morning the drums had been beat for the assembling of the different legions of the national guards: by eight o'clock all Paris seemed to have poured down into the streets. The day was dull, drizzly, and drear, with gray dripping skies above, and an ocean of mud below; but the ardour neither of the Parisian actors in the mighty show, nor of the crowds of Parisian spectators, was to be damped, on such an occasion, by uncongenial moisture: curiosity, mingled with that national vanity which sustained them during the whole day, rose triumphant above the dictates of their notoriously cat-like nature. The countless throngs, that poured along the Champs Elysées to the chief point of interest, bewildered the imagination. It was the pompous seat of honour, erected for the delegate-rulers of the day, the so-called deputies of a people's sovereignty, which attracted the eyes and interest of most. An immense *estrade* had been erected beneath and before the gigantic Arch of Triumph: ascending galleries and tribunes climbed higher and higher under the great vault: the arch was closed behind with mighty draperies: on either side, in front, waved long tricolor pennants, be-fringed with gold, and emblazoned, in golden letters, with the dates of the "three glorious days"

of February ; and, as equilibrium needs must be observed, with a fourth date, commemorative of the installation of the present rulers of the land, the Provisional Government. The gigantic structure was not without its imposing grandeur of effect, although its outward decorations and its flanking tripods smacked wondrously, in their adornments, of those worn-out Roman and Grecian make-believe attributes of timber-work and painted canvass, so dear to the fancy of the former Republic—so foolishly, on all occasions, adopted by the second. Upon the great *estrade* were assembled all the *corps de l'état*, the generals, the courts, and the tribunals, in all the pomp of red and ermined robe, and glittering uniform of old monarchic times, which republican glory in no wise refuses to its vaunted simplicity ; and, by their side, the wounded of the days of February, although but the half-forgotten heroes of a time which, in the quickly-advancing tide of republican events and new passions, was fast fading from men's memories ; and *détenus politiques* in great variety, the would-be heroes and leaders—as ex-conspirators—of their new democratic republic ; and deputations from the clubs also, which thus seemed to be acknowledged as forming essential and authorised portions of the administration of the state ; and delegates from the “ schools,” as types of a “ young France,” shortly to be utterly rejected and despised by those who would establish

a younger still—young to second childishness in its frantic worship of the bloody senilities of a past age; and delegates from the commissions and associations of the working classes, the true and genuine great men of the day, for whom all was to be done and—sacrificed!—and innumerable delegates of innumerable republican fractions of innumerable republican organisations, before which the enumeration of memory fails. On either side, and in the climbing galleries behind, was seated a crowd of privileged spectators and ladies, admitted, upon a principle that seemed to have nothing to do with republican *égalité*, by tickets; and be it noted, *en passant*, that a mysterious announcement, posted upon the walls of Paris the evening before, had declared that the tickets previously issued were to be considered valueless, and that new ones would be given to those entitled to privileged seats—a change, the cause of which remained a mystery and a source of comment to the minds of men, who sought in vain an elucidation of it in such days, when conspiracy, mystery, and mystification appeared to be the system of the so-called frank and open popular government. And before and around stood, with their feet in the sloughs of mud, squeezed and pressed to suffocation, the true sovereigns, in the form of king mob, in dense crowds, that grew denser and denser still during the day.

The ceremonies had been announced to com-

mence at nine o'clock : at eight o'clock already the tribunes had been filled ; but yet king mob waited, in the patience of its enthusiasm, for its delegates, spite of the rain pouring, in the earlier part of the day, upon its bared head ; and it still laughed, as it was pushed and waved hither and thither, as if staggering eternally in the drunkenness of its joy. King mob was good-tempered that day, as ever when its national glory is to be typified, and its national vanity to be flattered. It was nearly half-past ten before the main body of the members of the Provisional Government made their appearance. Until that hour, excepting M. Crémieux, M. Ledru-Rollin had alone throned it on the *estrade*—yes ! “throned it” is the word, for he stood erect in his would-be autocratic mightiness, with head raised, and nose aloft, and hand thrust into his bosom ; and he deigned not even once to bare his head, or even touch his hat, to the numerous generals and officers of state who humbly paid him court, as they may have paid it to the citizen king of the barricades, in the Palace of the Tuilleries. At last came Lamartine, and stood at one of the extremities of the line, looking pale, wearied, and careworn, as well might be, but with erect mien and noble air, such as he knew so well to assume when he had to act a part in the eyes of men. He was the hero of the majority among the mass even then, and was to be even still more the idolised of men, who

trusted in him as the saviour of order and the guardian of moderation. And men cried "*Vive Lamartine!*" when they cried not "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisionne!*" and much less "*Vive la République!*" And there, too, was poor old Dupont de l'Eure, sadly bowed down by the weight of his obligations as his years; and old, stately, wild-looking Arago also; and Garnier Pagés and Marie, with mild, intelligent looks; and gloomy-browed coarse Flocon; and sharp-looking restless little Louis Blanc; and his friend and associate Albert, the *ouvrier*, with discontented mien. And when one and all stood before their thrones, the ceremonies of the day began. Arago, the clear-sighted astronomer, as minister of war, read an address to all the armed force, with trembling hand. New banners then were to be distributed to the different regiments and legions of army, civic force, and *garde mobile*; and, one after another, the different colonels mounted the steps of the *estrade*, to receive the gold-and-colour-streaming flags of be-fringed tricolor silk. But the great fraternisation ceremony sadly lacked its true imposing effect of republican solemnisation. It was to have been hoped that the representatives of army, civic guard, *garde mobile*, and working classes, would have been folded in each other's arms in one vast embrace; but the impulsive effect of this eminently republican *coup de théâtre* was absent. The fraternisation scene was acted only with the

members of the government, as they, in turn, handed the new banners, with a patriotic speech to each colonel, who responded with a flourishing wave of his sword on high. The poor old president of the council commenced the little drama by kissing a colonel of the *garde mobile* on either side of his face. M. Ledru-Rollin followed, by hugging in his arms, with an effusion truly theatrical, the chief of the military firemen. Was there any typical allusion in this incendiary device? The other members of the government, and the other commanders of the various regiments or legions, had also, of course, their turn in this "kissing by favour,"—Messieurs Louis Blanc and Albert reserving, naturally, the deputies from the working classes for their own especial hug. And, after all, the whole fraternal *embrassade* was not without its peculiarity of meritorious effect.

At last began the *revue monstre*,—monstrous indeed! That immense flood of bayonets was like a great invading inundation of steel waves, as it poured along the broad lengthy avenue of the Champs Elysées, and mounted higher and higher towards the arch of triumph. Upon a principle of equality and fraternity, the different troops had been mixed in the order of their approach; now it was a legion of the *garde mobile*—now a regiment of the line—now a legion of the national guards—now the schools—now the associations of artisans—now cavalry—now infantry—but ever banners,

flags, bayonets, glittering helmets, or waving plumes. The flood poured on, and on, and on, in the midst of living banks of compressed myriads of spectators, until the brain turned with the sight. Sometimes a regiment of the line, and a legion of *garde mobile* or of the national guard, had joined, and came up, side by side, like two distinct streams flowing on together. In this alone was there some symptom of fraternisation to be found, as they reciprocally shouted, on passing each other in their advancing or returning course, "*Vive la Ligne!*" "*Vive la garde mobile!*" "*Vive la garde nationale!*" In these streams, flowing side by side, the poor *gardes mobiles*, in their ragged dress—for they had not yet been supplied with uniforms,—formed the muddy one, by the side of the more highly-coloured attire of the soldiery; but there was a martial spirit and a discipline of bearing among these young volunteers, chiefly drained from the dregs of the people, that showed how easily the French can adapt themselves to acting new parts, and gave evidence, in their spirit, of that future courage, the first great virtue of the French character, which they were afterwards to display—the poor, reckless, stout-hearted, glory-seeking *gamins!* Strange was the picture in aspect, and dazzling the colour of the battalions, as they poured on and on. Flowers and green leaves were floating onwards on the metal stream, as upon an Indian river. Some

had placed green branches in their muskets, and came on like Birnam wood; others had nosegays and branches of fresh lilac in theirs, and looked like moving flower-beds; others again had attached to their bayonets small tricolor banners, that fluttered along like a flight of summer flies. Picturesque-looking *vivandières*, in their tight red boddices, blue, short, full petticoats, and dapper boots, with tricolor-painted barrels flung across their shoulders, added to the glitter and the colour of the scene. In the midst of this bright panorama of moving objects, a far less agreeable effect arose from the discordant howlings and chorussings of these masses of men. One company had got into the midst of the *Marseillaise*, while the next was at the first notes: another followed, screaming out of time “*Mourir pour la patrie!*” The *Chant du départ*, or the *Carmagnole*, rang screechingly on the air at the same moment. Now came a band playing one air—close behind another playing a different melody. That discordant thunder of voices was formed of a fearful *charivari* of infernal sounds. No ears but such as have heard it—mixed, as it was, with the shouts of “*Vive la République!*” or “*Vivent!*” the many different corps—can understand this chaotic confusion of sounds. How many throats must have been hoarse that night in Paris! Thousands of voices broke down at a very early hour of the day.

No picture, by pen or brush, can ever attempt to

convey the faintest idea of the aspect of the capital of that day—the countless thronging crowds on the passage of the troops—the seemingly endless masses of bayonets in the midst. During the long, long hours of the day, along the Champs Elysées, across the Place de la Concorde, down the ex-Rue-Royale, along the great line of the Boulevards, even far beyond the Place de la Bastille, the scene was the same to a seeming eternity of space and time. It was a ceaseless movement—on, on, on. To view the incessant coming of the seemingly interminable line of troops, it was almost impossible not to believe that, like processions on the stage, the same legions were coming round and round again, having passed behind the scenes through by-streets. The review commenced at eleven o'clock: it was half-past seven in the evening, when the dusk had gathered, that far up the Boulevards the tail of the monster column swept before the eyes of men, astonished to find that it *had* an end: it was half-past ten at night when the last men defiled before the *estrade* of the wearied members of the Provisional Government, at the arch of triumph, in a strange scene, illuminated by hastily-lighted pitch fires, torches, and Bengal lights. From five o'clock in the morning had the zealous troops been on foot. Let it be said, as one meed of praise to the Parisian population, in those troublous times, that only the extremest good-humour and order were exhibited among the

troops and the other citizens up to the latest hour : and the last legion of national guards—the first in enumeration—the denounced, aristocratic, suspected legion of the faubourg St Honoré—came shouting down the Boulevards with a zeal and a *bonhomie* that national pride and vanity, in its glory, alone could have sustained. They were the civic troops, be it not forgotten, who showed this spirit—the shopkeepers, the artisans, the *élégants*, the established house-proprietors, rich and poor mingled pell-mell—and not the military only, trained to discipline and to fatigue. They were supported in their spirit, however, by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the shouts of females, who looked and applauded at windows and on balconies : they were sustained in the body by food and drink, which kind-hearted women, elegantly dressed females among the number, brought out from house doors and distributed, along with the true Parisian fancy of *bouquets*, among the troops. The national guards were still holding festival for their triumph of the previous Sunday. When, at eleven o'clock at night, they were at last returning to their homes, their spirit was the same ; and they laughingly cried, “ Well ! now we'll go to breakfast ! ”

Until long after midnight, the ferment of the swarming crowds, and of the troops returning to their several quarters of the city, with torches and with bands of music, continued throughout the

teeming capital. The whole of Paris was brilliantly illuminated, to shine down upon this moving scene, as were the Champs Elysées with their usual holiday show. And this time the illumination may, at last, be said to have been spontaneous. It was the triumph of the cause of order. No voice of the exacting mob cried "*Des lampions !*" and no ill-will was displayed to the few houses that remained dark. It was expected, however, that, during the night, when all the national guards were harassed with fatigue, a fresh attempt at an overthrow of the government by a *coup de main* would be attempted by the ultra faction. Men talked darkly of an attack upon the Hôtel de Ville ; but if the attempt was made, the deed was vain, and shrouded in that mystery with which the government now shrouded all its doings, its dissensions, and its fears.

Was the cause of fraternity, then, really forwarded by this high festival ? The future alone could show : and, spite of all, few doubted the real issue of that future. The same day, the government issued a proclamation against the *armed* meetings of the clubs ! The very knowledge that the clubs had assumed a position of such audacity as to meet in arms, savoured not much of future peace ; while the mysterious allusions to *contre-révolutionnaires* and *réacteurs*, at that time imaginary beings as regarded the existence of the republic, which were contained in the same proclamation,

and betrayed the hand that penned it, again served to irritate the minds of men, who struggled but for the cause of order. The elections, also, were fast approaching ; and men feared that, the nearer they came to the epoch of the National Assembly, the more desperately and determinately would the ultra party conspire to seize the power into their own hands. At all events the cause of confidence and trust was not advanced at all.

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

State of the country upon the approach of the general elections—The first feeling on the establishment of the republic—Relations between Paris and the provinces—Despotism of the capital towards the country—Ill-feeling between them—The effect produced on the country by the manifesto of Ledru-Rollin and the doings of his commissaries—Manœuvres of these agents of the minister of the interior to propagate ultra-republicanism—Mobs used as instruments—The example of Lyons—The result produced by the attempts at terrorism—Open resistance to the tyranny of the commissaries—The electioneering emissaries of the clubs—Other causes of the failure of the ultra measures—The increase of taxation—The doctrines of the communists—Violence of the ultra party in the elections—The electioneering manœuvres of the commissaries—They signally fail—Result of the elections throughout the country.

As, towards the end of April, the general elections, by universal suffrage, of the representatives of the people, who were to regulate the new constitution, and decide, as far as lay in their power, the future destinies of the nation, approached nearer and nearer, all other feelings were absorbed, or rather concentrated, in this one main subject of interest. Not only all Paris, but the whole country, was in the liveliest state of agitation. Collisions

and convulsions were every where feared: in some places they came; but, in the capital, the same cause which, in the elections of the officers of the national guards, contributed to diminish any danger of disturbance of the public peace, operated also in the general elections for the representatives of the people: the tumultuous spirits were draughted off, and sundered in the different sections of Paris. To explain the result of these elections, which terminated, in this first phasis of the republic, in so notable a triumph of the moderate party, it would be necessary to analyse rather the state of the country at large than that of Paris, the condition of which, as of all the greater towns more or less dominated by a tumultuous mob—more or less ruled or swayed by the influence of the clubs—was exceptional, when compared with the whole country. May the writer be excused, then, if he wanders somewhat from his promised “ Pictures of Revolutionary Paris,” to pen a hurried sketch of the condition of republican France, and of the spirit which stirred the country at this juncture of its history?

It has been already stated how the establishment of a republican form of government, by the will of Paris, had been accepted by the departments as a *fait accompli*: they had been taken by surprise, and were not sufficiently combined in general feeling to know the general sentiment, and to dare to mur-

mur conjointly. But they evinced no desire to subvert the new order of things by a fresh convulsion, that would necessarily have plunged the country, already so tottering, into an increase of agitation and consequent misery : they required only a republic of peace and order, upon moderate principles. The politicians who, before the breaking out of the revolution, declared that the general spirit of the country in France was, in their vague and fantastic language of the Chambers, *centre gauche*, or the advocate of liberal progress, may have been very right ; but republican it was not. Republican principles were hateful to the immense majority of the country at large in the past, uncongenial to its habits and sentiments, impossible according to its views : and when, by degrees, the country found that they proved to be productive of nothing but confusion, distress, ruin, riot, and mistrust in the present, they looked only with more alarm upon their results in the future. At all events, at the time of its tacit acceptance of the republican form of government, so suddenly imposed upon it, France was about as much genuine republican, as a white man, who suddenly finds his face smeared over with the contents of a blacking-bottle, is a genuine negro.

Between France out of Paris, and France in Paris, however, a great distinction has to be drawn ; although in the matter of republicanism, as re-

garded the feelings of the mass, the same blacking-bottle remark might be applied to the majority of the citizens of the capital as to the country at large. This distinction consisted in the fact that the capital had long asserted and maintained its fancied right of dictating autocratically to the country, and had been long accustomed to see its will obeyed. No family of grown-up daughters, who had been tyrannically kept in the nursery like children, when they no longer felt themselves such, and made to wear mamma's worn-out dresses, scantily cut down to their shapes, could be more sundered in feeling from their lady-mother, and jealous of her overgrown charms, her gaiety, her splendour, and her power, than the departments—kept in the nursery of the centralisation system, and fed upon the bread-and-milk of insignificance—were of the tyrannical supremacy, the overweening superiority, and the disdainful airs, affected to her progeny by Mother Paris. The pursuance of the concentrating system had already produced a great estrangement in the family—a jealousy and spite on the one hand—a greater and increasing assumption of airs of supremacy on the other. The family-ties between Paris and France, even before the revolution, were already as wholly disunited as family-ties could be, in the necessities of a more or less intimate connexion: the mother had isolated herself, in her despotism, from her children; the children

had imbibed distrust and envy of the mother. The consequence had been that they had become two distinct families in feeling. There were two Frances—the France of Paris, that asserted its right to be all France, and the France of the departments, that, in spite of the assertions of Paris, desired to put in their own little claim for a small share in the name, and to have their own little fingers in the pies of revolutions, and changes of government in the family, which mamma chose to cook up. They were told, it is true, that they eat at the same table; but mamma, they declared, had all the tit-bits: they had a voice, they were told, in the family council; but it was when mamma had already issued her dictum, and ordained that such and such things should be as she had decided it. They helped to support the family establishment with the moneys which mamma decided they must contribute out of their heritage; but then mamma, they said, spent a most undue proportion on herself, in dressing herself out with finery, keeping up an unnecessary state, and, in the new order of things, throwing away the sums confided to her to overpay a throng of unruly on-hangers, with all the prodigality of fear; while they, the poor daughters, were made to put up with cast-off finery, and now again to be thwarted and twitted by harsh governesses, and to fight, as best they might, with an obstreperous herd of unpaid pensioners, which

mamma's mismanagement had excited to uproar ; and then, after all, to kiss hands, and thank mamma for whatever they could get—scanty sugar-plums and many cuffs. It was not to be endured. The children had long since begun to grumble much ; and, now that mamma had chosen to make changes in the direction of the household establishment, which they by no means approved, although they accepted them, and which began more and more to produce confusion and disorder in it, they grumbled with still greater murmur. But at first they did no more than grumble ; mamma had the rod, and they knew that she would use it : mamma had always the supreme influence, and habit made them think they must abide by it. But now a moment was about to arrive when they might raise their voices to protest more or less against this influence, if not to assert a decided opposition of will ; and they showed themselves determined, in spite of the terrors of the rod, to speak out for themselves.

The jealousy of the departments, then, towards despotic Paris, had long been boiling in men's hearts : it began to boil over when, instead of peace and order, the provinces found that the new government produced only results of disorder, animosity, and ruin. Revolutionary and republican Paris, at the same time, in the name of its rulers of the day, not only never doubted of its right to dictate its

autocratic will to the provinces, any more than the greatest despot to his serfs and slaves, but it never doubted of the indisputability of its will, and of the necessary effect produced. It never could have supposed that what it considered the inert body of the provinces could refuse to receive anything which the capital, that assumed all the functions of heart, head, and hand, might choose to cram down its throat, much less dare to grumble afterwards, if the food proved unsavoury to its tastes or indigestible to its susceptibilities: and never did the capital in its dictates show itself more disposed to maintain its tyrannical supremacy, never more despotically and autocratically inclined, never more aristocratic, to use the pet phrase of the day, than under the rule of *soi-disant* liberty, and more especially of liberty of opinion, and under its appointed reign of universal suffrage. And yet the chief cause of that which was called by the ultra party the “reactionary” results of the elections, was the very measure of the man whom, at this period of the revolution, that party seemed inclined enough to accept as its own chief: it was the measure by which the imprudent minister of the interior—pushed on by the ambitious, designing, misguided, or reckless men around him, as well as by his own personal inkling towards despotism, and his extravagant conceits of republicanism—sent down as a scourge upon the country those commissaries, of obnoxious memory, who were

publicly charged to work their will upon the departments as they pleased, by the means they pleased, by what oppressive or repressive measures they pleased, provided they worked the suspected and mistrusted departments into a proper feeling of true republican principle, according to the most ultra-traditional doctrines of old republicanism, and more especially and directly for the strenuous enforcement of these same dogmas of old-established republican religion, in all that concerned the elections for the National Assembly. It was when the country saw its destinies placed within the hands of any men, who could persuade or bully the minister of the interior into a belief of their ardent and genuine ultra-republicanism, in order to revel in new delights of power, and in the advantages of the sudden wealth of exorbitant pay—it was when it saw this herd of autocrat commissaries, frequently illiterate, rude, intriguing men, sometimes even felons, all come down upon it with these instructions, and, in too many instances, visibly with the very best intentions of torturing and tormenting the land after their own fashion, and according to their own views, to their hearts' content—visibly also with the history of the first Republic in their heads, and the desire in their minds of emulating the zeal of those fearful representatives of the people in the last century, who ruled in the departments, each a petty, but a bloody tyrant—it was when it saw this, that it

began more openly to resist and struggle against this despotism of the capital, and to demonstrate, in many parts, its anti-republican sentiments, by the choice of its candidates for the Assembly, and that its great majority, apart from the greater towns, asserted, at least, a so-called "reactionary" spirit of moderatism.

The means employed to work their will in the general elections by these missionaries despatched to the provinces, in order to compel them to fall down and worship, duly, and in their form, the goddess republic, which had been set up by them, were certainly such as to excite indignation: they had not reckoned, however, upon such a decided demonstration of opposition. In justice, the same violence of propagandism must not be attributed to all alike; among the number of these agents there were a few more prudent and better-thinking men—although *they*, in certain instances, were afterwards accused, in high quarters, of mild laxity, and recalled as suspected themselves of moderation; but the many were evidently disposed to play the tyrant to the life, in their desperate measures to twist the country to their will. The times, however, were changed: however great the desire of the agents of the minister of the interior, the spirit of the age no longer permitted of the same violence as in the "good old days" of terrorism. *Les citoyens commissaires* could

not well proceed by the old-established and expeditious method of cementing the foundations of republics, one and indivisible, by blood, or erecting the scaffolding of the edifice on scaffolds. Shootings, drownings, and guillotinings were, for the time at least, instruments rather too rough to be accepted by the manners of the time. But they had other means in their power, and according to the tenor of their instructions, which they thought and attempted to use with just as much effect. No emissaries of the Inquisition ever employed more moral violence to propagate a faith among suspected schismatics, than did these ministers of republican despotism to enforce the full, entire, and uttermost doctrines of their creed, even to the minutest articles. Where the moral influence appeared unlikely to penetrate into men's hearts, as was desired, other and more direct methods were employed to make entire converts. They dismissed functionaries in wholesale numbers, and put in their places their creatures, or those who cringed and worshipped, with orders to brow-beat and bully the recalcitrant; and with the exhibition of high example before their eyes, they threatened and accused. And when these methods again were found too mild to work the intended effect, and purge the land of moderation and anti-whole-hogism, another stronger and more racking dose was administered; underhand instruments of terrorism

were employed to make men crouch and tremble ; the mob was excited to overawe with threat and violence, and, where it could not prevent, to destroy. The rebellious children of the departments were to be whipped, like schoolboys, into learning their lessons of pure and undefiled republicanism, and reciting them as Master Commissary taught ; and the rod which he could not prudently employ in his own hands, he placed in those of a designedly inflamed and infuriated people, to scourge them at its will. No rod was considered better for such naughty urchins than the fury of a mob, carefully taught another lesson, which it was not slow at learning—namely, that it was master, and must constrain obedience to its will ; while, in fact, itself obeyed the influence, and was the instrument of the master-spirit, that ruled up above, and made the best, or rather the worst, use of its rule.

One of the strongest instances of these man-œuvres, on the part of commissaries of the government, may be found in the state of continual terror on the one hand, and violence on the other, which for many long weeks hung over the head of the doomed city of Lyons. The mob there constituted itself into illegally-armed bodies, sundered from and inimical to the national guards, and assuming names, such as *les voraces* and *les dévorants*, by which they themselves marked their character. It ruled the whole city of Lyons by fear ; it exacted,

spoliated, arrested *suspects* at will; it searched houses of quiet inhabitants, under the pretext of conspiracies against the republic that did not exist, and of concealed arms, such as itself illegally bore, that could not be found: it dragged trembling priests from the altar to be confined in cellars, because they were suspected of anti-republicanism; it laid hands upon the church-plate as the confiscated property of traitors; it liberated prisoners arrested for revolt and disorder; it arrested the magistrates, who had condemned them; it dictated its orders to military officers, for the release of soldiers put under restraint, pulling a general from his horse, and nearly immolating him to the wrath of its high justice, in the streets; it commanded the fortresses; it made barricades at will; it domineered over the whole city, as master—a herd of power-intoxicated savages! And citizen Emmanuël Arago, the commissary, looked on, applauded, sanctioned the people's deeds, rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and approved with such words as “*Allez, mes enfants! vous faites bien!*” Such scenes as these, carried to the utmost limits of anarchy and excess at Lyons, were exhibited also in almost all the greater towns of France, with all the effect of well-applied terrorism. There was scarcely one that had not similar outrages to lay to the charge of him who was set in authority over it to work his will—so said the letter of his instruc-

tions,—but to preserve peace and order in a country where convulsions, collisions, and commotions were so infinitely to be dreaded and avoided—so should his duty have told him. The outrage, the alarm, the suffering, the ruin to peace and order, to commerce, to wellbeing, to fortune, were all to be laid to the door of that central power, which thus turned a legion of demons upon the country, in the shape of revolutionary emissaries and agents.

The result, however, was the very reverse of that intended by *les citoyens commissaires*, and their supporter, the minister of the interior. They overreached themselves, and worked the very effects they attempted to exterminate. Instead of subjugating the departments to their will of ultra-republicanism, by the violence of terrorism, they almost roused the better feeling of the country, at first quietly-disposed and resigned, against the very principles of republicanism in general. The sentiment, at first accepted, was soured and embittered; the discontent and aversion daily increased; and it was more than once openly affirmed that the departments were ready to revolt, and formed the design of marching upon Paris. At all events, the feeling of opposition and resistance did not fail to manifest itself in minor demonstrations. Expos- tulations were at first made against the tyranny and the inflammatory manœuvres of the government commissaries: then broke out angry remon-

strances on the part of the *bourgeoisie*, backed by the better and quieter of the working classes; and, at last, when all these more legitimate means failed, the populations of several of the larger towns rose against the provincial despot who played the autocrat and the tyrant in the name of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." The national guards took up arms to demand the revocation and the departure of the obnoxious commissary. The commissary, in opposition, pursued the same system he had employed in his political manœuvres. He called upon the mob to take up arms and combat in his defence, as the only true democratic friend of the people. In most instances, however, the recalcitrant part of the provincial populations prevailed; and *les citoyens commissaires* were obliged to give way before an expression of popular indignation. In several towns, as in Bordeaux, Bourges, and many others, the commissary was compelled to take flight; in some, the palace of the little tyrant was stormed, and he himself was made prisoner, taken to the railroad, and "packed-off"—back to that Paris which had sent him. In very few instances only the influence of the commissary gained the day; in fewer still he was again returned, to be enforced upon the department from which he had been driven. In one case he was sent back by the powers that were, only to be again ignominiously expelled. Such, among many others, were the

results of the attempt of the ultra party, then typified by the minister of the interior, to assert the supremacy of a republic of violent and arbitrary principles; and yet, at that time, no reactionary feeling against the republic itself, or a republican form of government, prevailed to any great or powerful extent in the country at large: the feeling that was thought to be stigmatised by the ultra party with the term of "reaction," was then nothing more, generally speaking, than the acceptance of a republic based upon the principles of peace and order, combined with an opposition to all views and doctrines likely to produce anarchy and disorder.

But such was the state of feeling in the country upon the approach of the general elections. The spirit displayed, in general, by the nation, in the choice of the representatives, could not fail of being similar. It must not be forgotten, also, that, in their violent electioneering manœuvres, the minister of the interior, his allies in power, and his missionaries in the provinces, were aided by less acknowledged agents, in the persons of emissaries from the violent ultra clubs of Paris, who, arrogating to themselves the right to the only true expression of the only true feeling of the capital—and consequently, *à fortiori*, of all France—also racked the country with their manœuvres, their excitements to violence, their bullying threats and inti-

midations. Unacknowledged as they may have openly been by any ostensible government authority, their missions, however, were bestowed upon them by the quondam friends and fellow-conspirators of the minister of the interior under the former reign; their expenses were supported by funds, supplied no one could say by what hand, although most might divine; their measures were taken in accordance, and in perfectly good understanding with the departmental commissary. But all these efforts tended only to disgust and indispose the departments still more, and to call forth, in spite of the most desperate opposition made, their sense in favour of respect of property, order, and moderation in the republic—if republic there was to be. That all the ultra measures failed in a great measure—those of violence as well as those of moral constraint—may be attributed also to a variety of other complicated causes, which contributed to add to the discontent, and aversion to the new republican government, not only among the *ci-devant* upper and middling classes, but among the lower classes, particularly in the agricultural districts, and especially among that peasant-population that has, so universally in France, acquired a little property in land.

Under the preceding *régime*, France had been crushed down by the weight of its impositions. One of the first advantages of the republic had

been announced, in official proclamations, to consist in the removal of taxes, and in the enormous diminution of state expenses, necessarily attendant upon a republican form of government. Already the country people looked to a release from the greater part of their obligations—the system of “no taxes at all” they thought in their *naïveté* was to follow: instead of which came very shortly the decree begging the country for the loan, beforehand, of a certain proportion of the taxes for the ensuing year, in order to meet the deficiencies in the finances; followed up, almost immediately, by the more imperative ordinance, imposing the additional forty-five per cent in support of the increased, not diminished, expenses of the republican government. In many parts of the country, the peasant-population resolutely refused to pay this additional tax, or responded only to the demand with that equivocal answer, so characteristic of the French peasant, “We’ll see about it.” It was in vain that the government protested that these measures were necessitated only by the financial dilapidations of the dethroned dynasty. Clear-sighted enough where their own interests are concerned, the French peasants replied by denunciations of “that odious Paris.” Paris, they declared, had chosen to make “for the nonce” a revolution, in which they had not aided, and which they had not desired; and then Paris turned to its own advantage

alone the results of that revolution. It had imposed new burdens upon all France, by calling for fresh resources from a country already drained, to be lavishly squandered in rewarding the idleness of its own tumultuous and unruly inhabitants among the working classes, which it dreaded, by the establishment of its expensive so-called *ateliers nationaux*, and by paying fresh troops under the name of *gardes mobiles*, when the standing army was such a burden on the country, for the sake of draining off and regularising the worst dregs of its own population, and satisfying the caprices of a riotous Parisian mob, that chose to object to the presence of the old military force among it, while it accepted a new repressive force, in addition to the former, under a new title. Upon such questions, of vital importance to their own interests, the country people of the provinces were not disposed to listen to argument or reason; and, in their discontent at the exorbitant exactions of the capital, the jealousy of the departments towards Paris, and their aversion to a form of government in which originated these measures, grew stronger and stronger.

Another cause which greatly contributed to this state of feeling, was to be found in the preaching of the communist doctrines, upon the establishment of republican principles, and the support evidently given to these wild and spoliating theories by certain members of the Provisional Government itself. Now,

if there was any feeling more alive than another in the heart of the French peasant, it was that attached to the acquirement and the possession of landed property, in however humble a form, were it but a small field or a tiny vineyard. If he had any hope, any ambition, any sentiment, which he thought worth living for, it was the extension, by any or every means, of his small domain. On the fact of this possession were concentrated all the mainspring motives and agencies of his whole existence—in this, his industry, his talent, his cunning, his thoughts, his affections, his very love for his children, to whom he hoped to transmit it. The grand *mobile* of the character of the French peasant was his self-interest in this respect: for this he had struggled in the first great Revolution: this alone he considered the end and aim to him of all revolutions. The doctrines, then, which preached that the possession of all landed property was an infamous spoliation of the *res publica*, filled the country people in the provinces with the liveliest alarm, and contributed to establish a still greater hatred to a state of things that tended to produce results so fatally detrimental to all that they held dear. The Parisian communist of the ultra-republican clubs—almost as blindly ignorant of the state of his own country, which, in his theory that Paris is all France, he looked upon with indifference, if not contempt, as the Parisian is proverbially

ignorant of every other country beyond the frontiers of France, even the most neighbouring, and, in fact, of every thing that touches upon geography, or the state of nations, of which he has only the vaguest and most incorrect notions—thought that all his wild fraternity schemes, developed and accepted by those who possessed nothing in the capital, would be received with enthusiasm also by the “miserable, oppressed, and tyrannised inhabitant of the fields and plains:” such was the language used and eagerly caught up. The Parisian clubbist, however, soon found by experience that he had made a gross mistake. The emissaries sent down into the provinces by the professors of communism, and by the ultra clubs, and supported, as there could be no doubt, by the ultra members of the government, met only with the most active repulsion. Their utopian ideas of universal fraternity and spoliation of property were scorned, scouted, and opposed; themselves were hooted, pelted, almost lapidated as incendiary enemies of the peasant. “The innocent and humble inhabitant of the field” was indignant, insulted, aggrieved, that he should be so contemptuously considered “miserable and oppressed:” he showed himself in the light of the landed proprietor, the most avariciously interested in the possession of property, and by no means the *naïf* individual the Parisian had been accustomed to believe him, according to

his text-book of *vaudevilles* and melodramas. The agents of communistic doctrines were forced to retreat in dudgeon, to declare, in the new spirit of fraternity, that the French peasant was the most ignorant and pig-headed animal upon the earth, still under the yoke of tyrants, and *endoctriné* by aristocrats, and to avow that the departments were not ripe for the social enlightenment of communism, perhaps even to denounce them as “infamously reactionary.” Certain it is that the communistic doctrines found no enthusiastic disciples in the country; or, if the propagandism made any progress, it was after the fashion so characteristically depicted in a caricature published at the time by the *Charivari*, in which a peasant appears before the mayor of his *commune* to say, that, as a general *partage de biens* is to take place, he puts down his name for the lordly *château*, but makes a wofully wry face upon hearing that his own field has already been divided among the paupers of the village. The propagation of communism, then, only excited fears instead of hopes,—consternation instead of joy,—and tended still more to indispose the country people, and excite their aversion and discontent towards a system likely to prove, if successful, prejudicial to their interests. The only way, short of revolt, by which they could proclaim their opposition to the principles of the minister of the interior and his party, was by making use of

their newly-acquired privilege of voting for their representatives in the popular Assembly, by universal suffrage, in selecting men of order and moderate opinions, adverse to the "advanced" and advancing doctrines of the day.

In spite, then, of the violence of party manœuvre employed to support the principles of ultra-republicanism, advocated by the unscrupulous minister of the interior, the departments were generally ripe, upon the approach of the general elections, to support the candidates of the moderate cause. The violence of party manœuvre, on the opposite side, was, indeed, beyond all parallel oppressive. In many parts the country was purposely filled with disorder, tumult, terror, and, in some cases, bloodshed, by the atrocious and outrageous means placed in the hands of the riotous mobs of the towns to overawe the country electors, and thus sway the direction of the elections. Boards were posted at the doors of the halls in which the votes were collected; and the bodies of electors arriving from villages were prevented entrance, and driven away by the force of weapon where threats failed, when they were suspected of being "moderate," or so-called "reactionary," in the votes they were about to give. In many cases, as has been already said, these collisions were terminated in the effusion of blood. In other instances, the lists that the electors bore to deposit in the electoral urn, were torn from their hands

and scattered to the winds; in others, again, lists containing the names of the ultra candidates were forced, by menace, upon them; and the terrified men, who trembled for their houses, which were threatened to be burned down, and their families, which were threatened to be murdered, accepted, in fear, the lists of names thus forced upon them, and voted, against their desires and their consciences, for the candidates of the ultra party. Whole districts suspected of moderatism were thus prevented from voting by intimidation, and the threat of fire and sword: every where constraint was employed; only too often violence, collision, and conflict were the results.

In addition to this purposely-excited violence must be recorded the other electioneering intrigues of *les citoyens commissaires*. Some of these despotic gentry, after having their own lists of ultra-democratic candidates, whom they intended to force down the throats of the electors, printed, threatened the printer who should dare to print any other with their high displeasure, and caused them to shut up their press. In other cases, the journals favourable to the supposed moderate candidates were seized and destroyed, with every attempt to strangle, in practice, that liberty of the press which was so clamorously claimed in theory. A more odious manœuvre was in some places employed, in imitation of that which preceded the people's triumphant manifestation in Paris of the 17th of

March: agents were largely paid, and sent about to cry "*Vive Henri V.*" in the streets of towns, in order to induce the belief in the existence of a Bourbonist reactionary party, and thus rouse the passions and the feelings of the flattered and declamation-intoxicated mob against the moderate party, without any regard to the probable consequences, and the animosity and bloodshed likely to ensue. On the moderate side, influential men, and more especially the priesthood, were violently accused of imposing constraint upon their tenantry, or tampering with the consciences of their flocks, with the intention of gaining support to the supposed reactionary tendencies: but however these accusations, thundered abroad by the ultra party, may have been true in some instances, these influences were notoriously used in a very minor degree: it was from the ultra party alone that came the excess of violence and the wholesale intimidation.

There can be little doubt that, at an earlier period of the republic, candidates more frankly and genuinely republican might have been returned than those eventually elected by the majority of the country. At an earlier period the republic had been accepted as a new government,—as good, perhaps, in the eyes of France, as another, as long as it was one of peace and order. The ultra republicans had overreached themselves in their double manœuvre; firstly, in the efforts to adjourn

the elections, in order to "torture" the country to a better feeling of republicanism ; secondly, in the outrageous excesses of means employed to administer that "torture." In spite, then, of the violence of party manoeuvre to support the principles of ultra republicanism, or, rather, on account of that very violence, in the result of the elections throughout the country by universal suffrage, a very great majority of those men of moderate principles, whom all the ill-judged and hateful efforts of the violent and reckless republicans at the head of affairs had so greatly contributed to form into a decided, self-conscious, and compact body of opponents, was returned to the Assembly. Many of the leading men of the liberal party who, under the former dynasty, had stood forward as friends of progressive reform, but not as opponents to the constitutional monarchy principle, were likewise elected with great majorities by the suffrages of the nation : in some instances, even, representatives were returned of more ancient conservative and legitimist opinions. In fact, the country, in its majority, declared its will to be against the views of the principal and stirring influence which emanated from the reckless man who governed the interior affairs of the country.

To return, however, to revolutionary Paris, and the pictures it presented under the circumstances of the general elections.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELECTIONS IN PARIS.

The agitation of the capital previous to the elections—Probabilities of their result—The Luxembourg dictators, and their influence—Electioneering manœuvres of the ultra party—Election scenes in the streets of Paris—The clashing lists of candidates and handbills—Night-scenes upon the Boulevards—The electioneering doings of the clubs—The “professions de foi”—Pierre Leroux in the Barbès club—Scene in central club of the national guard—Popularity of Lamartine—Scene at the opera—Scenes before the Hôtel de Ville—Proclamation of the representatives on the Place de l’Hôtel de Ville by torch-light—Triumph of the moderates, and irritation of the ultras—The representatives of the department of the Seine—Confidence in the approaching meeting of the Assembly—Last acts of the Provisional Government.

THE agitation throughout the whole city was great, the excitement intense. Men thronged the streets more than ever; crowds stood dense and more gathering than ever upon public places, in great thoroughfares, in public gardens, and at street corners; more than ever men harangued and disputed in these festering throngs; angry feeling boiled higher and higher; and the clamour of acrimonious discussion, and even virulent menace, rose louder and louder upon the seething air of

Paris: parties stood more than ever face to face. No one could venture to prophesy upon which side the balance would fall. It was well known that the moderate party possessed the great majority in the mass of the citizens of Paris; and the *bourgeois* almost universally expressed their confidence in this majority, and in the decided triumph of their party: but they had two strong chances against them, which gave a presumption in favour of the success of the ultras in these elections, if not in this immediate instance, at least eventually. These chances existed not only in the want of union and concentration, among the many shadings of the moderate party, in their choice of candidates, but also in the indifference of what might be called the lower-middling classes to their newly-acquired rights of voting for their national representatives, and even to all the struggle passing around them. Thousands upon thousands had neglected to have themselves inscribed as electors; and the moderate cause thus lost a large host of passive adherents; while, on the other hand, the ultra party, especially among the working classes, in spite of the rivalries and jealousies of the clubs, was comparatively far more united in its choice of the men it put forward, and was infinitely more active in its open or underhand, its legitimate or illegal electioneering manœuvres. With the strangest notions of liberty of election—*i. e.*, license for its own faction,

and intimidation towards its adversaries—upon its usual principle, also, that Paris, as represented by the lowest Parisian populace, had the right to dictate to all France ; and the power to impose its will—the power manifested in the days of February—it worked as boldly as indefatigably. But in spite of these manifest advantages in favour of the ultra violent party, there could be no doubt that these first elections for the *arrondissements* of Paris, and its onhanging districts of the department of the Seine, could scarcely wear any other character than that of an immense lottery. Thirty-four candidates were to be chosen ; each elector therefore, instead of voting for two or three, had to vote for a large throng ; and, in spite of the host of candidates who came forward, many thousands found it difficult to fill up their lists in the abundance of the choice.

Never was government influence, meanwhile, so powerfully exercised in the most corrupt of times, as was the influence, among the working classes, of the two members of the Provisional Government, who had obtained for themselves the popular name of the “ dictators of the Luxembourg,” Citizens Louis Blanc and Albert. Agitation, manœuvres of the most active kind, threats of that scarecrow “ reaction,” which was menaced to the waverers of the lower classes, like “ Bogie” to naughty children, furious intimidation, intrigues, *ruses* of every nature—all were employed by this influence to organise

the votes of the working classes, and to work them up to excluding of all the moderates, even to the majority of the members of the government, and choosing only from their own class, with the exception, of course, of the said dictators themselves, the two other ultra members of the government, Messieurs Ledru-Rollin and Flocon, and a few other very choice spirits, such as Sobrier, Barbès, and Pierre Leroux, a half-mad communist, and wholly distracted concoctor of social utopian pamphlets, who now first began to come forward upon the stage of revolutionary history. To so open and flagrant an extent were their manœuvres carried, more especially in the twelfth *arrondissement*, the faubourg St Marceau, the chief residence of all the turbulent and unsated revolutionary heads among the lower classes, that the mayor of Paris was obliged to issue a proclamation, warning electors, that they might be severely punished for obtaining several voting cards, and laying the severest injunctions upon the officers employed in their distribution, to restrain this mal-practice. The existence of this abuse, which the ultra party in vain endeavoured to deny, was proved by the very handbill of the mayor of Paris; and it was a matter of public notoriety, backed by sufficient proofs, that, instigated and advised by those to whom they looked as their leaders and friends, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the working classes, in the *arron-*

dissements of the poorer faubourgs, had obtained several voting cards under different names, and that this abuse had been enjoined and tolerated by the negligence or aided by the connivance of the controlling officers of the districts. Upon the result of the elections in these immense *arrondissements* depended, likewise, in a great measure the destiny of Paris: in the twelfth the inhabitants were known to be chiefly at the disposal of the violent Barbès, the colonel of their legion of national guards, and to own beyond his influence that of no other men than, in common with all the other ultras among the lower classes, the "Luxembourg dictators." The triumph of the ultra party might be well feared by those unprejudiced and unconcerned "lookers on," who proverbially "see the most of the game."

In the midst of all these manœuvres, and the mighty struggle that was going on more or less in or out of sight, between parties, in which, more than ever, the two sundered factions in the bosom of the government were considered in men's minds as the two great rallying points for party feeling, the outward as well as the moral picture presented by Paris was a curious one. More than ever the walls of the capital were smeared, from far above man's height to base, with greater or lesser sheets of printed paper. Myriads of lists of candidates were every where posted up; the ultra lists gene-

rally distinguishing themselves by putting at their head the four minority members of the government, to the exclusion of the moderate majority—the moderate ones, by a similar exclusion of the violent faction in the government; some few alone being neutral and ingenuous enough to give the names of all the members of the government *en masse*. There were lists by the clubs, by all the newspapers severally, by parties, by committees, by individuals: notices, proclamations, and addresses there were also, from all these various sources, not only respecting the tendency of the general elections, or the pretensions of the candidates, but as to the future constitution of the country, and the line of conduct to be pursued by the future representatives in the Assembly. Never was puffing carried to such a monstrous extent, even in puffing Paris. “Here you have the best list of candidates,” stared men in their face at every step. The traveller could not but be reminded, by these conflicting lists, of those of the lottery-ticket-sellers in Naples, who affix to their shop-doors long rows of combinations of numbers for the choice of amateurs, all warranted to turn up. One thing alone was wanting—that the enticing announcement at the head of the Neapolitan lottery-lists, “*O! che bel terno,*” should be matched in the Parisian candidate-lists by an equally alluring appeal, “*Oh! les jolis candidats!*” In some places the different adverse lists were torn

down; in others, obnoxious names were scratched out—that of Ledru-Rollin very frequently. Some few exclusive candidates, especially among the *litterati*, such as Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, and Alexandre Dumas, had a handbill all to themselves, in which their names stood “alone in their glory” in immense attractive capitals. But they appeared to excite but little enthusiasm: the glory of literary talent, except in newspaper “leaders,” appeared utterly gone by. Eugène Sue, on account of the well-known socialist tendencies of his novels, seemed alone at one time to have a remote chance: the ingratitude of Alexandre Dumas to his ancient patrons and even comrades, the ex-royal family and princes, was, on the contrary, universally, although somewhat cruelly, stigmatised: Balzac, the fat man with many faces, who, like so many others, found himself suddenly a republican at heart, appeared for a moment on the surface, but quickly plunged down and was lost. The favourite French satirical proverb, “*Prenez mon ours*,” seemed the principle of the day. “*Prenez*” this man, “*prenez*” this other, was seen on all sides. “*Prenez Moskoura, l’ami du peuple*,” was to be witnessed in characters some five feet long, outstretching all rival competitors in size: the young ex-prince founded his claims upon the assassination of his unfortunate father, Marshal Ney, by the Bourbons—a somewhat strange recommendation! Other names were printed in

capitals almost as imposing, sometimes sideways, sometimes almost upside down, in order to attract attention, typical, probably, of the efforts of the candidates to perform any species of somersets, or even to stand on their heads, like tumblers in the streets, to catch a wandering eye, or a passing halfpenny vote. Hundreds there were of other obscure individuals also, who now put forward their pretensions to the name of "workman," and, as they could not take the aristocratic title of the day from any personal or ancestral precedent, called themselves "*ouvriers de l'intelligence*,"—although they might probably never have written a line in their lives, and although the second part of the title might, like many other *ci-devant* ones in France, be, at all events, very questionable—came boldly forward with their claims to be elected representatives of the people, and went to the expense of printing, for distribution, lists of popular candidates, in which their own obscure names were adroitly nitched in between those of two popular heroes of the day, with the hope that, among the rest, they might slip in by mistake. Many of these good gentry probably thought that, with five-and-twenty francs a-day, as wages from their country, they might play a pretty part as representatives, and might, or might not, pay their debts. At a moderate computation, the number of candidates, for the post of one of the thirty-four deputies for the department of the Seine,

might have been reckoned to amount to about seven hundred. In many of the voting sections of Paris, as it was proved by the scrutiny, there were countless quantities of candidates who had only one vote a-piece. These new republican heroes, in sport, probably each voted for himself! Names, known and unknown, good, bad, and indifferent, thus clashed, and screamed, and fought, and ran riot upon the walls of Paris. The handbills and notices, no less, flung objurgations in each other's faces. The general watchword of the ultras was "*Méfiance! méfiance!*" One of the most generally posted of the ultra party, in the face of its own abuses and intrigues, called upon its friends and "true patriots" in general, in the "doubtful" districts, to watch all day in the *bureaux* of their sections, that no "bad" votes were given, and to look over the shoulders of the officers and secretaries, when the votes should be collected and registered.

During the last two days preceding the elections, and especially on the first day of voting — on Sunday the 23d of April, Easter Sunday, the day of religious repose and of peace, but, in the distracted country of France, now the day of angry passions and of restless struggling party-conflict — the day chosen by the minister of the interior, in order that the priests in their departments might not use their influence, or even forbid their flocks to

vote on such a day—although this intrigue was “circumvented” by episcopal orders, that mass should be performed earlier in the day than usual, in order to leave pious electors free to vote after their performance of their religious duties—the ferment was great in the city of Paris. The streets were thronged with distributors of handbills, containing lists corresponding to the parties. No man could take two steps without having a dozen thrust into his hands. The noisiest pains were taken by these myriads of agents to recommend the wares they hawked about as “warranted sound,” of the purest republicanism, and without the slightest alloy of reactionary principle. In almost as many words they cried, “Here you have the best friends of the poor oppressed people, those who will upset the rich—Cabet, Sobrier, Barbès, &c., all hot!” Crowds of the lower classes, especially, lingered around these screaming candidate-mongers, eagerly carried off the lists, and seemed devouring them as they lingered on, thrusting aside, or being thrust hither and thither, in the throngs. Of these lists, two seemed to be especial favourites among the idle and the tumultuous: they were distributed in many thousands, in millions, it might be said, without any great exaggeration: both of them contained the names of twenty-four workmen—the number imperatively required to be elected at the very least, “by the masters of the land”

in the *ateliers nationaux*—many of which were the same in both the lists, the other ten candidates being supplied by the names of the four ultra members of the government, and a select few of the “choice spirits” already mentioned. One of them, avowedly emanating from the influence of the Luxembourg, was headed by a notice to the intent that, as the *peuple* had made the revolution, it was for the *peuple* to *impose* its delegates,—that the republic was in danger,—that the time was come when the “moderate,” (the word used,) reactionary, and retrograde members of the Provisional Government were to be “*chassés*,”—and that, to effect this purpose, it must vote, as one man, for the thirty-four candidates there set down.

In the mighty throngs, and the *al-fresco* clubs of the Boulevards, the confusion was naturally, in such a state of the public mind, “twice confounded.” During the fantastic *chiar’-oscuro* night-scenes, of such constant recurrence in “revolutionary Paris” as to render their painting any further a trite and tedious task, the agitators of the ultra party were in full force, evidently profiting, to their heart’s content, by the license now first again freely afforded, since the great communist movement of the 16th, to election excitement. All along the Boulevards, but especially on the more popular and traditionally revolutionary spots, the Porte St Denis and the Porte St Martin, they were

to be seen gesticulating, and heard declaiming against the supposed *réactionnaires*, as the best popular cry, however little defined, with which to inflame the spirit of the lower classes in favour of their party. One of their chief subjects of denunciation was, "*Point d'avocats! point de prêtres! Ils ne sont que des moulins à paroles.*" They only want to deceive the people." "*Point de propriétaires!*" they clamoured again. "They use the infamous influence of their property to intimidate." As the burden of the noisy song, came ever—" *A bas les réactionnaires!*" In the midst of their declamations, the agitators, of course, forgot not to distribute, with a spirit still more active than the agents of Moses and Son in London, their list of candidates, as the only true list to be followed—the "one and indivisible" as the republic itself. By day the agitation was scarcely less. Assemblies of the lower classes collected in every vacant space over the capital: spite of pouring rain, another monster meeting of the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux* was convoked in the Champ de Mars, which once more became the arena of violent discussion and threat.

The clubs were naturally not behind-hand, meanwhile, in this hurly-burly of electioneering conflict, and afforded endless scenes of confusion and disorder. They all opened their doors to those candidates who chose to come before them and declare

their *professions de foi*; and, according to the various tendencies of these clubs, the hundreds of candidates who mounted the tribune were received with "thunders of applause," or murmurs, hootings, and clamour. Each club, even the most moderate and orderly, had become a pandemonium. Each candidate was exposed to "interpellations;" and never were poor aspirants to any office so harassed with multitudinous and conflicting questionings on "all manner" of social, political, and even private matters. They were required by these arbiters of their destinies, as the clubs each and individually considered themselves, to enter into the minutest details relative to their opinions upon the most diffuse and abstract subjects, of which political economy, legislation in general, and every part and portion of the new constitution to be concocted, were but very limited specimens. The *aplomb*, however, with which the candidates in general met and replied to this distracting inquisition, was such as to give foreigners the very highest opinion of French self-confidence and assurance. In the influential ultra clubs the noise was perhaps the least, although the fervour was the greatest; for there no moderate candidate dared to show his face, lest he should be almost torn in pieces; and such had it "all their own way:" the great Blanqui club, more especially, had its violent accusations, its propositions of revolt, and its denunciations of moderate candidates all to

itself; it ruthlessly turned out every person offering the least opposition to its will; although, on the contrary, for the very love of propagandism, the communist and socialist candidates hesitated not to mount the tribune of the moderate club, and excite and defy the outcry and the storm of opposition.

In the *Club de la Révolution*, assembled, under the auspices of Barbès, in the ex-Palais Royal, the *profession de foi* of Citizen Pierre Leroux, the *soi-disant savant* and metaphysician of the people, exhibited a scene, the details of which were not without their merit of the extravagant and the picturesque. Even in mystical Germany such vague and unmeaning rhapsodies could scarcely have found vent as those which, for three consecutive hours, poured from the mouth of this French philosopher of the people. The only point, the sense or nonsense of which could be discovered in his confused effusion, was that all things in nature, art, and the social state of man, were to be resolved into *trinities*, of which the great trinity, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," was the type; and that this trinity-system must be made to prevail in the ideal republican constitution to be founded. The applause was tremendous, as was to be expected: in these "only true" republican assemblies, the more vague the language used, the more rhapsodical the theories promulgated, the more vapid the declamation of

the orator, the more noisy and furious was ever, of course, the approbation. At the conclusion of this extraordinary harangue as *profession de foi*, the great Barbès himself arose, and proposed that Citizen Pierre Leroux should be received a member of the club by *accolade*, in the name of the society; and, upon the general acclamation, the fat man, with his black hair flowing upon his shoulders, was immediately hugged in the conspirator-president's arms, and kissed on both sides of his greasy face, amidst the most deafening shouts. It was a grand scene.

In the moderate clubs the nightly storms blew from the very opposite quarter to those which swept over the ultra clubs. In the latter, the name of Lamartine and his associates was received with hisses and curses; while, in the former—as a scene in the *Club Démocratique Central de la Garde Nationale* can testify—when the names of the members of the Provisional Government were brought forward to be put on the list of the candidates recommended by the society, those of the majority were received with general acclamation, that of Lamartine with a sort of frantic enthusiasm; and when, at last, the words “Ledru-Rollin” came, the tempest burst in a perfect hurricane over the assembly. On the occasion mentioned, for the space of two hours, after the naming of the obnoxious name, scarce a word could be heard from the orators who tried to occupy

the tribune; some were violently thrust out of it as the partisans of the "hated one:" the scene of frightful disorder was at its height. When, with difficulty, the name was at last put to the vote of the meeting, the hands held up against it, as unworthy to be placed upon the club-list of candidates, were in the proportion of at least thirty to one. Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert, as acolytes of the minister of the interior, shared the same fate. At that time, throughout the country, as in Paris, Lamartine was the demigod of the moderates—Ledru-Rollin their devil.

The day of the elections came; and the doubts, the hopes, and the fears, to say nothing of the general alarm, were as great as ever. None could guess with any certainty how they would turn out. Except the names of the members of the Provisional Government, there were few that decidedly floated above the surface of the torrent. Among these few were Peupin, a journeyman clockmaker, who, in the moderate clubs, had shown himself intelligent, well-informed, and eloquent without phrase-making; Coquerel, a Protestant minister; and Wolowski, a professor of political economy—all men of moderate opinions. The moderate party then had some chance; and so it proved. The ultras knew not then, so surely as they knew afterwards, their strength of union.

Day by day, however, as the partial results in

the different *arrondissements* became known, and the name of Lamartine, then considered the very type and essence of moderation, rose higher and higher on the list, people might be seen in groups upon the Boulevards, by day as well as by night, shaking hands, and giving vent to their joy. In most instances it was persons wholly unknown to one another who thus fraternised in the sentiment of confidence and in the hope of future order, of which this name was supposed the symbol and the banner. The strength of this feeling an anecdote of the time will serve to illustrate. It was at the great opera-house, on the night of the Wednesday of the great election week. The result of the elections was already partially known. The opera was over, when Lamartine, who had not been accustomed, like some of his colleagues, to parade, as little kings, at public places of resort, was discovered in a side-box. "Lamartine! Lamartine is here!—*Vive Lamartine!*" was cried by a few, and then the whole theatre took up the shout of "*Vive Lamartine!*" M. Lamartine, however, could not be persuaded to come forward to accept the homage of the crowd. A partial silence was at length obtained, when the curtain rose. The ballet was about to commence. But no. The actors came forward, many half-dressed, *en masse*. The *Marseillaise* was sung, and then the whole chorus shouted "*Vive Lamartine!*" Every body stood:

hats were raised, pocket-handkerchiefs were waved amidst the universal cry. The "poet-statesman" alone did not rise from his seat. He hid his face in his hands. What may have been his feelings and his thoughts, his hopes and his ambition, at that moment? Whatever they may have been, however, this scene was to prove one of his last scenes of triumph. Once again, and yet once more, in a shortlived burst of enthusiasm, was he to enjoy the sweets of popularity and gratified vanity; and then he was to fall—then his star was destined to sink beneath the horizon in that first phasis of the revolution.

The ferment continued, and even waxed in the streets during the whole of the day preceding the official proclamation of the final result of the elections of Paris. Although more orderly than during the past days—for the die was cast, and manœuvre, intrigue, and menace, were now useless more—the scenes throughout the city were excited and agitated, as could not but be at such a moment of intense interest. The whole live-long day, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, in which building, as the seat of government, the last definitive *depouillement des scrutins* was going on, was filled by detachments of the different legions of the national guards, who guarded the old civic palace. But immense crowds thronged around, where standing space could be found, in order to catch whatever

flying reports might wing their way from the interior of that spot, upon which all party hopes and fears—it was even thought, all hopes and fears, upon which the destiny of France depended—were that day concentrated. Towards night the scene became still more animated and interesting. Torches were lighted by the national guards, and filled the confusedly-thronged Place, and its masses of waving heads, with strange patches of light and darkness: the murmur of curiosity from the crowd around grew louder and louder. At length a general undulating movement—a waving of the mass hither and thither was visible as it became known—by instinct as it were, for none could tell how—that the names of the elected were being declared within. Then came men with lists, hurrying out of the Hôtel de Ville: then there was one general deafening shout of “The names! the names!” In obedience to this call, Marrast, as mayor of Paris, appeared upon the low terrace before the building; torches were held on either side of him; and in face of this strangely lighted scene of popular masses he began to read aloud the list of the elected representatives, and the number of votes obtained by each. As the name of “Lamartine” was first given forth, at the head of all, with the immense majority of 259,800 votes, a shout burst forth—a shout impossible to control—which lasted for many minutes, and died away only

to be renewed. From the national guards proceeded chiefly the deafening clamour of applause ; and yet from the outskirts of the crowd, and the masses of the "people," as so-called, came shouts of approbation also. When silence was at length obtained, the other names were read over with comparatively less tumult ; although here again the consecutive names of the other moderate members of the government elicited also a lesser meed of applause. Men waited for the others of the minority, obnoxious to the moderates. At length came Albert, first, the twenty-first upon the list—then Ledru-Rollin only the twenty-fourth—his colleagues Flocon and Louis Blanc, still lower, the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. At the announcement of these names there was some confused and tumultuous shouting, although it sounded sadly disappointed and faint-hearted, from the outskirts of the crowd : the national guards, who thronged the middle space, with but a few exceptions, uttered not a cry, as they were pronounced. At last all the representatives of the people for the important department of the Seine were announced to the capital, to France, and to the world. At the conclusion came cries of "*Vive l'Assemblée Nationale !*" the military bands struck up the *Marseillaise*, amidst the usual chorussing : the crowd gradually dispersed ; and the different detachments of the national guards, except those that remained to

watch over the now ever-threatened building, disseminated themselves through the city, returning in picturesque bands, with torches and music, to their several quarters. When thus, only late in the night, the decisive result became generally known in the capital, the definitive list of the "representatives of the people duly elected" was hastily distributed from hand to hand: in most instances it had been hurriedly written in pencil. Men congregated about the lighted windows of the still open *cafés*, or in thick clustering groups under the gas-lamps: again and again were the more fortunate possessors of lists compelled, by those who had them not, to mount upon steps or benches, and to read the names aloud to gathering crowds. Still, as on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the general responsive shout was "*Vive Lamartine!*"

The moderates then had gained, for the time, an immense and unexpected majority, even in the tumultuous and dreaded capital itself. Paris, for the time, still responded to the sense of the nation, as generally expressed by the majority of the departments. The partisans of peace and order began again to raise their heads with hope. Yes! for a few days men hoped the ultra party would succumb beneath the expressed sense of the majority. The immense superiority attained by their type of moderation, the idolised Lamartine, together with

the fact, that the seven moderate members of the Provisional Government stood at the head of the list, they considered significant enough to repress all hopes and further manœuvres of the violent faction: the position of the ultra members, so low in the rank of candidates, they declared sufficient to prove the sentiment of the majority of the *voix du peuple souverain*, according to the true interpretation of this ill-used expression, and not the distorted meaning given to it by ambitious demagogues. As usual, under such circumstances in France, they triumphed a little too soon.

It was not to be supposed, at the same time, that the ultra party should quietly sit down to chew the cud of their defeat in silence. Its organs of the press began from the first loudly to denounce the "infamous reactionary representatives of the people, elected by an infamous reactionary *bourgeoisie*." The *Réforme*, the more or less avowed organ of Ledru-Rollin, could not conceal its rankling soreness. It attacked the "weakness" of the elections, as resulting from the influence of the "servitors of royalty, and the fact of the electoral balloting-boxes having been left in the hands of old monarchic functionaries." Of course it totally forgot, or set out of sight, how completely the departments had been packed by commissariés, and sub-commissaries, and mayors, and *juges de paix* in almost every village and town, expressly chosen or sent down by the

minister of the interior himself, and how they had been "*travaillés*," to his heart's content, by commissaries, and ordinances, and manœuvres, and intrigues, and mob-demonstrations, and his own *bulletins*, which had so strangely overreached themselves. Baffled Ledru-Rollin spit out his sourness in other ways. A little satirical squib upon his quasi-regal mode of life, published at that time in some of the papers, was responded to by a letter written in a most infuriated tone, in which he declared that he had, ever since the revolution of February, devoted twenty out of the twenty-four hours, without respite or repose, to the good of the "suffering and oppressed people," adding, at the same time, the treacherous insinuation against his more successful colleagues,—that if he had not done more for the people's welfare, it was because he had been prevented by "other influence." The ultra party might be baffled then; but its active rancorous spirit was not to be quelled by the evidence of the sense of the nation, as expressed by universal suffrage.

So terminated the first general republican elections in Paris. Paris had sent forth its representatives from all classes of men, according to the truest spirit of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," but in a sense of moderate progress, and of moderate practice of these republican theories. Old Beranger, the poet of popular song, was there among them,

although he quickly left the field of strife : he followed on the list the moderate members of the government, even before the other ministers, not among those at the head of affairs ; this was, perhaps, a popular tribute to his geniality, as much as to his honourable character. The other government functionaries all found their places according to their popularity. Among the remaining of the elected, Vavin might be supposed to represent the old liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, along with biting old Cormenin and others. Wolowski might be said to be the representative of the political economy questions ; although the financial interest were, in that first batch, hardly treated, and excluded altogether. Journalism, of course, had its supporters, "enough and to spare," in a country where every body wrote, and journalism, more even than elsewhere, was a power to be wielded so as to obtain every advantage and satisfy every ambition. One of its representatives was Bastide, who was afterwards to play a more distinguished part as minister for foreign affairs, to say nothing of the others, such as Marrast, also of the *National*, who figured among the members of the government then being. The working classes too, it might have been supposed, had no reason to complain ; although their ultra journals would have preached to them—and they succeeded in their indoctrinisation only too well—that they had been humiliated, spurned, excluded.

They had those of their own class to represent them. Peupin, the man of intelligence and information, the type of the more enlightened and better-thinking of the artisans of Paris—and Perdiguier, and others, all *ouvriers*. Coquerel, also, was there, the representative of the Protestant church, and thus of freedom of religious opinion, congenial to the times and to their doctrines. The Roman Catholic, or established Church interests had been “distanced” in Paris, in the person of Deguerry, the Curé of St Eustache—a tolerant and enlightened ecclesiastic however, and a good specimen of the French clergy of the day—and in that also of the eloquent Dominican, Father Lacordaire — although this latter was elected in the departments; for Lammenais, who appeared the last upon the list, could scarcely be looked upon as a defender of the Catholic interests, in his character of a schismatic and seceder. As to the ultra party, except in the persons of its supposed fosterers and supporters, the four members of the government of the violent minority, it had been excluded altogether; it was even probable that the false report, carefully spread, however, and prevalent during the time of the elections, that Albert had gone over to the majority, had had as much influence, as the sympathy of the lower classes, in placing him at the head of the four.

The elections, then, in Paris had terminated in the triumph of the moderates. Throughout the

country also they had finished. The new Assembly, that was to decide the destinies of France, was formed. Men asked themselves, however, how the Provisional Government, and especially some of its members, would meet the reckoning that must hereafter necessarily be demanded of it by this same National Assembly, which was to take its seat as the sovereign power, emanating from the expression of the people's sovereign will. There was much that was dark, that would have to be enlightened—an account to be given of violence committed on the one hand by the minority, and weakness shown on the other by the majority, with that strange perversion of parts acted in such bodies, where majorities are usually violent, and minorities weak—an anomaly peculiar to the circumstances and the men. The Assembly was now shortly to meet; and yet reports were prevalent, that the intrigues of the minority would still be employed to effect an adjournment of the meeting, and might succeed. Haste, however, was necessary. The great desire constantly expressed by the Provisional Government, and one to which the moderate majority had made so many truckling concessions, had been, that it might meet the Assembly without a disunion of its body; and every day now rendered the task more difficult. Its power, however, was slipping from its grasp; and it used its last moments of existence to pass "all manner" of sweeping decrees, which

could not but excite murmurs of remonstrance and indignation, thus enacted in the very face, so to say, of the sovereign Assembly. It ordained the completion of the Louvre, and the extension of the Rue de Rivoli, with a failing treasury ; it instituted schools ; it abolished slavery in the colonies, without retribution to colonial proprietors ; and it organised the colonies throughout anew, upsetting and destroying to the last, without any firm reconstruction : it reorganised also the national coinage ; it attempted to reorganise the army ! It seemed not to know what it should not next do to use its power to the last. Its decrees burst forth in an inundation, like the last gush of a stormy torrent of rain. The high commissioners of the delegates of the working classes, the dictators of the Luxembourg, citizens Louis Blanc and Albert, published wholesale measures for the reorganisation of labour, and the equalisation of wages, and built new utopian structures, no better than children's palaces of sand on the sea-shore, to the very last. Heads were shaken ; and men loudly murmured. But the Assembly, upon which men had set their trust as a last resource, was at hand ; and they still hoped.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

Minor fraternisation banquets—Agitation caused by the insurrections in Rouen and other towns, in consequence of the elections—Fears of a similar catastrophe in the capital—Agitation of the ultra newspapers—Incitements to insurrection of the disappointed party—Scenes in the clubs of citizens Barbès and Blanqui—Night scenes before club doors—The incendiary proclamations of Barbès and Blanqui—Their effect upon the public mind—The proclamations torn down—Agitation and uneasiness pervade all—Proclamation of the Prefect of Police, calling for unity—Discontent at the state of the country—The meeting of the National Assembly approaches.

MEN hoped. Men tried once more to have confidence and find assurance in the vain oft-repeated cry, “*Tout est fini.*” Paris attempted to look gay, and contributed to its picturesque aspect, at the same time that it added to its outward confusion, by the fraternisation banquets, which took place at all sorts of cabarets and guinguettes, high and low, as little popular prologues to the new great fraternisation *fête*, which the government again promised to the republic, immediately after the meeting of its representatives, and for which official programmes already announced such old republican wonders as

Grecian allegorical devices and tripods with flames at street corners, and little girls in Spartan costumes, singing patriotic hymns under Grecian temples on the Boulevards, and bearing aloft gilt wheat-sheaves, and antique cars, and Grecian statues under trees, and monster machines, representing the republican in Grecian attire, dragged about by oxen with gilt horns!—a piece of taste suggested by the female prophet of modern republicanism, the great George Sand himself—and tents, to be raised to form *velaria* over the heads of a hundred thousand fraternal banqueters, and all such other work of allegorical show and frantic absurdity of Greco-Franco-theatrical taste, so much in vogue during the old republic, but so completely *malapropos* in the present day, which on this occasion was only to cost the country, in its state of poverty and ruin, a small million of francs—a trifle too dear, perhaps, for the payment of this old-fashioned republican whistle, as at last the better-thinking of the government forced the patriotic minister of the interior to see. In further expectation of all these glories, the ultra-fraternisation banquets were continued with all that spirit of pleasure-seeking which Paris could not suppress, sometimes between parties of the national guards and troops of the line, sometimes between parties of troops of the line and artisans, with a vain appearance of union. In truth, men would have been disposed to throw aside

their party strife, had not the clubs continually mixed in among [them enough of their leaven of bitterness, and hatred, and mistrust, to leaven the whole mass. These bands of fraternising holiday-makers were nightly to be met in the thronging streets of Paris, with torches and music, chorussing, shouting, and yelling with all their might. Yes! men might then, perhaps, have been again willing to show a better spirit, as in the first days of the republic. But all would not do; and the agitation increased fearfully rather than diminished, as the important moment approached for the meeting of the Assembly, and for the realisation of those hopes, or the accomplishment of those fears, which were to decide the more immediate future fate of the country.

This agitation was chiefly caused by the accounts received in Paris of the bloody insurrections that had broken out immediately after the elections in the provinces, and by the consequent fear that similar scenes might occur in the capital. In each of these instances, the cause of the insurrection, revolt, or riot, had been one and the same. Emissaries of the violent clubs, and of the ultra party, as was afterwards sufficiently and abundantly proved, had been despatched into the provinces by the disappointed faction, disappointed at the turn the elections had taken after all its manœuvres, in order to rouse up the lower classes to open insurrections in arms and new revolutions. Every where the

avowed purpose of the outbreak had been to upset the authorities and annul the elections, which had turned out in favour of the moderate principle. The ultra-republican party scrupled not then to kick down their own idol of universal suffrage with disdain, as soon as it found that, in spite of all the hidden machinery set to work within, the idol had not obeyed its will or declared its oracles: it pronounced universal suffrage a hoax: it proclaimed, in its place, constraint, tyranny, anarchy, conspiracy, civil war, to be the only true elements of the only true republic. These emissaries of the party succeeded only too easily in their atrocious task, by their incitements to insurrections, and their preachings of armed resistance against those elections, which they declared contrary to the rights and interests of the people. In many towns, in consequence of these incendiary manœuvres, the easily excited and tumultuous populations took up arms. In Rouen the bloody conflict in the streets lasted two days. During this fearful struggle—a prototype of the after events of Paris—a struggle in which the Red Republic first avowedly raised its head aloft *as such*, and displayed the *red* banner openly, as the symbol of its principles of propaganda by violence and bloodshed—the complicity of some of the very magistrates, appointed under the direction of the minister of the interior, attached the slur of an apparent connivance in these

insurrectionary schemes to his name, that it was afterwards not wholly possible for him to throw off. The facts in Rouen were too flagrant to be denied: the adjuncts of the mayor, appointed by the government commissary, who had failed in his election, were finally arrested as the instigators and leaders of the insurrection. The conflicts of Elbeuf, of Lyons, of Nîmes, of Issoudun, of Rodez, of Toulouse, of Carcassonne—of so many other towns, that the list would stretch beyond all patience of enumeration—had all followed from the same causes. In each one of these several instances, also, the working classes had been excited by the ultra party to rise and upset by force of arms the elections, which had turned out in favour of the moderates—at the very least, to break the electoral urns containing the votes, to tear and burn the *bulletins*, and to expel the authorities obnoxious to the party, who had presided at the reception of the votes. Conspiracies and incendiary projects were detected in Marseilles to the same intent. In Limoges alone, however, the popular party in the minority remained masters of the field. There an insurgent mob was turned loose in the polling-house, to destroy the votes: it completed its task of destruction, drove out the national guards, disarmed these defenders of order and right—not without some suspicion of treachery on the part of the commanding officer; and, after constituting themselves into a provisional govern-

ment, ruled the town by terrorism and spoliated at will. And there the commissary of M. Ledru-Rollin only looked on and laughed in his sleeve, and told the people it did well; and the *Réforme* newspaper, that spoke the sentiments of the same M. Ledru-Rollin, declared that "the brave and true republicans of Limoges had done right so to defend the democratic principles which so gloriously triumphed in February." Every where thus, throughout the country, the cause of the disorder and bloodshed was avowedly and notoriously the same—the struggle of the vanquished violent party against the cause of moderation and order gained. The cry, however, among the ultra papers, was, that it was the bugbear "reaction" that had excited a civil war. The will of the people had been appealed to; and when, by universal suffrage, it was known, endeavours were made to set it aside by violence: and then all the world was told that the moderates were the cause of all!

Under these circumstances, and with the fear before the eyes of the Parisians that the infuriated and disappointed ultra party, thus finding itself excluded, and considering itself ill treated, might make a bold stroke in the capital, in order to imitate with better success the revolt of Rouen, the agitation could not be otherwise than considerable. Thick troubled groups formed on the Boulevards and the *places publiques*, giving a perpetual aspect of alarm and confusion to the city. Rumours

were rife that posts at the guard-houses had been attacked by armed men. These mere reports, however, were not needed to account for the agitation and alarm: the different organs of the ultra press were continually mixing up obscure hints of armed insurrections with their open appeals to their party to take up arms. The very words "*Aux armes! aux armes!*" were the burden of the inflammatory chant of many of these papers, some of which were known to be influenced by the minority in power. The *Réforme* called upon "all true patriots to discipline their ranks, to be ready for any event, to remember that the day was not distant when their courage would be needed." The *Représentant du Peuple* commenced a leading article with the words, "The vague idea of a new and inevitable terror circulates in the air, and agitates the public mind; the working classes declare that the revolution must be recommenced." A communication in the *Commune de Paris* contained the announcement—"A social war is before us, a war of extermination between the *blouse* and *redingote*, between democracy and reaction." All the ultra papers followed in a similar strain: they openly announced the future bloody struggle of parties and principles; they all fulminated against the suppression of the armed revolt of Rouen as a "bloody assassination of a poor, innocent, suffering people." Most of the moderate papers only breathed fears of civil war.

In all the clubs of the now avowedly organised Red Republic, the language used by all the orators was inflamed to a pitch of violence and audacity until then unknown. In the club of Citizen Barbès, as in the others, the constant "order of the day" before the meeting was the consideration of what the citizen clubbists were pleased to term, "the foul assassination of their brethren at Rouen." Violent addresses to the government were voted on the subject; commissioners from the club were delegated to Rouen and Elbeuf, in order to institute a judicial inquiry of the society into the true causes of "the infamous massacre of the people." Other threatening measures were taken, asserting the authority of the club under the critical circumstances: the condition of the country, and the turn the elections had taken, were made topics for the most virulent diatribes against the *réactionnaires* and *contre-révolutionnaires* of these gentlemen's fancies; during which the priesthood, more particularly, was attacked with a frenzy which showed how completely the party seemed to look upon the track of the last Republic as the only true one to follow, and was desirous of urging the country again along the same bloody path *à tout prix*. Imperative addresses to the Provisionary Government, and to the Assembly, when it should meet, for the appointment of a day of mourning, instead of the expected *fête*, in honour of "the

massacred victims of Rouen," were carried by acclamation. A low significant murmur told the secret intentions of the club, when an orator, on one occasion, let fall the words—"The address shall be presented to the National Assembly, now about to be constituted, or *to that which may be then sitting in its place*;" and the meaning hint implied in the expression, and in the low applause that followed, was cautiously stifled by the president. A system of organisation, in order to enable all the true democratic clubs to "act in concert, and to combine at a moment's warning," was declared a subject for discussion in "secret council," from which the public was excluded. A summons to the government, whatever it might be, to assume its true rights in the face of the world, and to call on the country, in aid of suffering Poland, to avenge "their infamously assassinated brethren in Baden;" to prevent "such butcheries" by the force of arms; and to reject the European manifesto of Lamartine—all voted by acclamation—betrayed already the underhand machinery which was to be set in movement in order to rouse, agitate, and prepare for open revolt. Proclamations and notices to the people were also voted: enough, in fact, was heard and seen to know that the public peace was again in danger from such revolutionary societies, which thus boldly and openly set up authority against authority, or rather set up their own above that

supposed to be legally constituted as the will of the whole nation.

In the rival club of cool and cunning Citizen Blanqui, similar, or even yet more violent language was held. Before the dense and sweltering crowds assembled in this lurid pandemonium, the president himself, like his rival in the club of the ex-Palais-Royal, denounced—but in the quiet, purring, hesitating tones so peculiar to this conspirator by profession—the “*infames réactionnaires et contre-révolutionnaires*,” as the butchers of their brethren assassinated at Rouen—a lugubrious string upon which these clubs harped long, until it was nearly worn out, for it called forth no echoing sounds from the masses—denounced the national guard *en masse*, as premeditated murderers of the people, and sought to stigmatise it by the title of the *garde bourgeoise* as a term of cutting reproach—for the name *bourgeois* was, in Citizen Blanqui’s mouth, a title more infamous even than that of “aristocrat,” in times past or present—denounced all possessors of property or capital as *voleurs*, who must be forced to give up their unjust spoliations to the people—denounced all the world, collectively and severally, except his own “true democratic,” violent faction—denounced, in fact, all that he thought stood between himself and that power for which he conspired. As to the “infamous reactionary corruption of the elections,” it was denounced,

along with the whole Assembly elected, so often, that the denunciation greatly palled upon the ear. Falling from the vehement to the pathetic, Citizen Blanqui declared himself ready to weep over the grave of poor, dying democracy, were it not resuscitated by their united efforts; then, sinking again into his quiet, stammering pretence of energy, he repeated again and again the cry, "Civil war is at our doors, and we must do our duty;" and, on the eve of this inevitable civil war, he declared that a despotism and a dictatorship—of course in the sense of his own party—were means far preferable, for the salvation of the country, than any moderate measures, that allowed that monster Reaction to raise its head, and thus 'caused all the country's misery. Adopting a new-old republican axiom, which was based upon the principle of the sovereignty of the people, he declared that the people could not humiliate itself by petitioning, but must impose—the axiom naturally presupposing that the future assembly was by no means the concentrated emanation of the people, and that "the people" meant the club of Citizen Blanqui. Here then, also, an address to the people, not to the government, was voted, rousing the lower classes to arms, and denouncing the government, as having lost all confidence by its weakness and tergiversation: and demands were made upon the spot, by the handing round of a cap of liberty, for the

collection of funds for its printing and circulation upon the walls of Paris.

Strange enough were these scenes of open conspiracy in the face of a mixed and curious public; even stranger still were those of the crowds that, after the conclusion of the meeting, formed in groups in the court of the old palace building, or in the street before the gate, under the dusky night sky, or beneath the faint illumination of the street lamp. Here wild orators declared, with frantic gesture, that the people had been too generous after its victory in February; and that, when a second revolution, "which was not far off," should come, it would show that it could avenge as well as pardon: there men boldly canvassed the means of overthrowing and annihilating the Assembly. Here, when young long-haired patriots expressed their impatience for immediate action, mysterious looks and nods hinted to them "that their impatience might soon be gratified;" there big, black-bearded, ruffian-looking fellows sighed over the disunion and secession of Barbès and his gang, with whom, were they united, "all might go well!" And thus remained the fermenting herd to a late hour of the night, conspiring openly against the authorities of the day, and the peace of the country.

The famous proclamation of the two rival leaders of the ultra party, that of Citizen Blanqui, as president of the Central Republican Society, and

that of Citizen Barbès, as president of the Revolutionary Committee of the Palais National, appeared on all the walls of Paris. Which of the two excited the greater indignation and alarm it would be difficult to say: that of the latter demagogue may, probably, have had the precedence in this good task, in as much as the principal name affixed to it was that of an individual at the head of a numerous body of armed men, as the colonel of the legion of the national guards of the twelfth arrondissement. The proclamation of Barbès, however, was the more moderate and cautious in language; for, although it adopted the principles of the evil name of Robespierre as *point de départ*, called upon the party to rally round their banner ready for action, and talked of substituting “justice” in the place of the “pardon”—as yet granted to the reactionists—it nevertheless spoke of calm expectation as their real force. Citizen Blanqui, on the contrary, summoned his party to immediate action; denominated the suppression of the revolt at Rouen an infamous assassination; accused the whole town of having long plotted a second massacre of St Bartholemew against the working classes—and summoned the Provisional Government, with every kind of threatening language, to disband the national guard of Rouen; to arrest and send to trial all its officers, as well as the commanding officers of the troops of the line, and the magistrates who

had dared to arrest and judge the insurgents; and, finally, to send away from Paris all the troops, combined with whom, he went on to say, the *réacteurs* were then conspiring the supposed massacre in the capital. The manner of these men had changed on paper: the violent Barbès was the more cautious and cold in tone; the cool cat-like Blanqui the more violent. Much as these inflammatory proclamations may have tended to arouse the already purposely-irritated feelings of many of the lower classes, yet, for the time being, they failed in their attempt. Alarm, as well as disgust, was generally excited against their authors and instigators. A great portion of the working classes, also, mindful by sad experience already, that anarchy could only produce further ruin to trade, and, consequently, further misery to themselves, were animated by a spirit of resistance—not against the national guard and the friends of order, as their agitators hoped, but against all attempts at anarchy and insurrection. This feeling the writer himself heard frequently expressed. In one instance, where, under a gas-lamp at a street corner, an emissary of the clubs placed one of these proclamations in the hands of a group of young artisans *en blouse*, and asked them to read it and judge of its contents, he was answered, by him who read it aloud, that he considered it “worse than the cholera or the plague”—a rude

sentiment echoed by all his comrades — and was threatened with a gentle “physical force” anti-demonstration if he did not forthwith decamp from their presence. On another occasion, similar missionaries of violence, who went about calling upon all “true” citizens to take up arms, were arrested by such men of the lower classes who listened to them, and carried off to neighbouring guardhouses. It must be added, however, that the spirit and disposition of these specimens of the lower classes depended greatly upon the part of the city in which they resided; and in the Faubourg St Marceau—the sphere of Citizen Barbès’ authority—or the Faubourg St Antoine, the two most tumultuous districts of the capital, the feeling was otherwise, the scenes exhibited were far different. In some parts of Paris, these inflammatory proclamations, as well as the famous yellow circulars—so called on account of the paper on which they were invariably printed, signed by all the chief *meneurs* of the ultra party, and establishing the principles of “*Les droits de l’homme*”—were universally torn down. When again posted they were guarded by men, in some instances armed, who by force prevented their destruction. Little collisions were thus constantly taking place between the indignant of the populace and the *afficheurs* and guardians of these inflammatory placards, in the attempts to destroy or to protect them.

The alarm was thus daily on the increase, although the popular movement did not take place as yet. The time was not yet come. Meetings of the working classes, with evident intentions of "agitating," in the public squares, excited more lively apprehensions sometimes; but as they only called upon all true patriots and friends of democracy to join them in manifestations in favour of the four ultra members of the government—manifestations which, under the circumstances of the position of these gentlemen on the list of the representatives of Paris, certainly could not be for the purpose of felicitation and congratulation—the more immediate apprehension died away. There was, however, a ceaseless visible agitation, murmur, and alarm in the groups collected along the Boulevards and in the main streets, like the uneasy twittering of birds before the thunder-storm, or the instinctive consternation of the brute creation at the approach of an earthquake. The cry of the ultra journals, "*Aux armes!*" the still more violent language of the ultra clubs, and their avowed principles of insurrection; the inflammatory nature of the addresses and proclamations issuing from those clubs; the open appeals to arms against the majority of the Provisional Government before the meeting of the Assembly; the attempts to excite the people against the national guards—as if the national guard was not the people—all this, combined

with the vague rumours of plots, conspiracies, projected insurrections, of organised attacks to be made on the National Assembly, sufficiently accounted for the movement of fear, the anxiety, the constant fermentation. Dark enough was the horizon, of a surety; the thunder-storm was evidently nigh at hand; men only asked themselves, when will it break forth?

In the midst of this confusion of public feeling, a proclamation, issuing from the Préfecture de Police—one of those proclamations which then led men to believe in the honest intentions of Caussidière, the prefect—decried the provocations made by one party of the population of Paris to the other, called upon citizens, in the name of the republic, to lay down their angry feelings *and their arms* at the feet of the monuments, on which were inscribed “the sublime words, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*,” and summoned all magistrates and good citizens to use their efforts to quell the approaching “*lutte à main armée*.” The proclamation did no more than betray the actual state of things to those who could still doubt it. In its vain conciliatory efforts, what was it in the face of the proclamations of hatred and revenge set up by Citizens Barbès and Blanqui?

Meanwhile the accounts of the convulsed provinces added daily more and more to the doubt and the fears of an imminent and inevitable civil war. The situation of Limoges, on account of the

triumph of the insurgent party, excited the most serious apprehensions in the minds of the lovers of order. It was known that, at that hour, nothing had been done to suppress the self-constituted provisional government of that town, which naturally based its claims on similar revolutionary principles to those that had established the Provisional Government of the capital, beyond sending another government commissary to reason, argue, and appeal to the *good sense* of the insurgents ! and great and loud was the blame attached to the majority of the government, for its weakness and truckling to the minority, in the face of its own strength, demonstrated by the elections.

Under these circumstances, and in such a state of the public mind, the day arrived for the meeting of the National Assembly, and the solemn opening of its sittings.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

The opening of the National Assembly—Holiday street scenes on the occasion—Procession of the Provisional Government—The hesitation within and without the Assembly—The proclamation of the republic—The demand of General Courtais—The representatives appear before the people—Sketch of the hall of Assembly—General arrangement of the Assembly—The Montagne—The rejected costume of the representatives—The composition of the Assembly—Some of the leading members—The character of the Assembly stamped from the first—Its tumultuous nature—Scenes sketched during its first sittings—President Buchez — Barbès — General sketch of the sittings of the Assembly—Fears of an attack of the ultras upon the Assembly, and means taken for its defence—The general agitation and expectation of an outbreak—The parody of the Club des Femmes.

THE day appointed for the opening of the National Assembly, the 4th of May, was clear, and bright, and beautiful—a really lovely day—a spring-day so pure and genial, that the mind could no longer take in the consciousness that angry passions were fermenting, and that the struggle and the conflict of parties were being prepared in that joyous-looking city, over which the sun thus shone so sparkingly; and the air shed down was brilliant

with light, and calm, grateful, renovating life. The Parisian, superstitious in auguries, where the national interests are concerned, all *esprit fort* as he may otherwise conceive himself, looked upon the gay spring-day as typical of the future glories of the republic, now about to be based upon a more legitimate foundation, and, perhaps, as sent from Heaven to smile upon its baptism. Poor Parisian! eager to believe in the best! easy to be duped! from temperament, and upon principle, in spite of sombre past experience, looking through a glass *couleur de rose*! The day came: fears and apprehensions were forgotten, or purposely thrust aside: all Paris was of one accord to see the show. At an early hour all the streets and public places were swarming with eager crowds, floating about like motes in a sunbeam, now in steady stream, now wafted hither and thither in confusion, as by a current of air. The middle spaces were bristling with bayonets and patched with bright thickly-thronged uniforms everywhere. Infantry, cavalry, national guards, and *garde mobile*, were drawn up in streets and on quays in all directions, near the old building of the monarchic-constitutional Chamber of Deputies, to which the new temporary hall of the republican Assembly had been attached, like a young Titus-befrizzled head to an old sober semi-classical body: horses pranced, plumes waved, bayonets gleamed ever. Up and down, on pave-

ment and asphalte, pushed and gazed the throngs of eager citizens. The whole panoramic scene was flashing with brightness and glittering with colour in the sun. In the Rue Castiglione, on the Place Vendôme, in the Rue de la Paix, along the Boulevards to the step and terrace-thronged church of the Madeleine, up to the ex-Rue Royale, on the quondam Place de la Concorde, the mixed crowds of military uniforms and *bourgeois* dresses occupied every available space; for it was from the Place Vendôme, along that line, that the Provisional Government was to proceed, in its last act of state, to the hall of the Assembly, in order to give up its power into the hands of the now sovereign delegates of the nation. Among the troops were to be seen the brightly-gleaming costumes of the *vivandières* in red and blue, with tricolor adornments and tricolor plumes, and coquettish military chakos. On the Place de la Concorde the great gorgeous fountains gushed, and bubbled, and sparkled in the sun, and covered with their rainbow spray, or soused with thicker streams, the eager masses, mounted on their parapets, who gaily welcomed a ducking to see the show on positions elevated above the mass: and the broad sloping terraces of the Tuileries, above the garden walls, were thronged also, amphitheatre-like, with fresh variegated crowds of spectators. Well might the excitable population of Paris forget, for a day, its sorrows and its

alarms! the whole broad fair scene was, of a truth, so gaily smeared with bustling colour, so brightly gilded by that all-gilding sun of a Parisian May.

The members of the Provisional Government came at last, with Louis Blanc and Albert, the heroes of the "people," at their head, and Ledru-Rollin, looking proud and scornful, with his *affidé* Flocon; and then Lamartine, trying to face the great blazing sun of the republic with noble port, but obliged to blink before its beams, and shade his eyes with his hand; and tall old Arago and the others, all with tricolor gold-befringed scarfs. They came between the long lines—hedges, the French call them—of national guards and thronging spectators, and open windows, filled with gaily-dressed females, and crowded roofs, and church terraces covered with fresh throngs, and walls and steps all swarming with life: they came, guarded before and behind by cavalry and infantry and *garde mobile* and *garde nationale*, and followed by old General Courtais, proud of his new semi-military title, with his staff. They came in their last parade of quasi-regal power, and passed on in their parade to the hall of the Assembly. And that day a Polignac, son of the banished minister of a banished king, served in the ranks of the civic guard; and Thiers, ex-minister of an ex-king, who had wrought the former's banishment, stood sentry

also as national guard at the gate of a *Mairie* in a bye-street, far from that Assembly of the nation's representatives, from which he was as yet excluded. Was there not food enough in that for men to moralise upon destinies and chances, and, above all, the ceaseless mutabilities of ceaseless French revolutions? They came, and passed on; and that day again, once more—it was nigh for the last time, and he knew it not—the masses shouted alone, “*Vive Lamartine!*” and pocket-handkerchiefs were waved from fair hands at windows on his passage; and the “poet-statesman” lifted his head, from time to time, with a gleam of pride on his pale face—pale from much exhaustion of business and oppressive thought—pale from care; for he feared ever assassination from that violent party, whose favour, with vacillating, truckling conciliation-policy, he had in vain tried to curry, and was yet to try again, and fall. He was still the idol of the public, as the type of moderation, and peace, and order.

Long after the members of the Provisional Government had passed into the hall of the Assembly, where most of the representatives of the people, who had been able to arrive in time to Paris from their distant departments, were already congregated, did the seething crowds, mixed of national guards, and troops, and *bourgeois*, and people, ferment upon the Place de la Concorde in

the thickest masses ; and long did they await, first patiently, then with marked impatience, the result of that first meeting of their National Assembly. Official programmes had announced that when, within the hall of the Assembly, the republic should be accepted and proclaimed, salvos of cannon should announce the great event to Paris, to France, and to the world, and that all the bands of military music on the Place should forthwith "strike up" the patriotic so-called "hymn," the *Marseillaise*. But people waited long : and the fountains still sparkled ceaselessly in the sun : and the crowds pushed more and more to and fro, in bright variegated confusion : but the cannon did not roar ; there was no chorussing of the *Marseillaise*. Agents of the ultra party, meanwhile, were circulating in the crowd, instilling suspicions against the representatives of the nation, already stigmatised as "reactionary," and declaring them "traitors to their country," and announcing that they were plotting, within that building beyond the bridge, the overthrow of the republic, which was to be a people's glory and a people's happiness. Insinuations first, and then louder declamations, were not spared to excite to movement and revolt. There was much confusion, more alarm, and the impatience of uneasiness and doubt. But the people did not move. Again the day of the party was not yet come.

Within the hall of the Assembly, meanwhile,

there had been the delay of much form and ceremony, and much hesitation also; for it was not easy to decide how the Provisional Government should meet an Assembly of the nation, whose will was not yet known, or how the National Assembly should greet the Provisional Government, under circumstances so novel, and without precedent. It had been promised that the question of the form of government, to be definitively adopted by the nation, should be submitted to the sense of the Assembly: and now the republic was to be proclaimed without consultation of its suffrages: it was to be imposed upon the representatives. Men hesitated truly. But at last the Gordian knot was cut. The Provisional Government called upon the Assembly to proclaim the republic, which it announced, upon its own authority, to be the people's will: and the whole assembly answered, "*Vive la République!*" The republic was accepted by the Assembly, as it had been accepted by the nation at large, as a *fait accompli*, a form of government to be adopted, or rather to be experimentalised, rather than that the risk of further convulsions and further civil conflict should be run. The whole Assembly, then, as one man, cried "*Vive la République!*" The deed was done. The republic was accepted as the sovereign government of the nation: the *fiat* of the people's representatives was pronounced. The Assembly, however, refused to

take any oath of allegiance: it declared itself the sovereign power: it had decided that the republic was, and was to be: it would not take the oath of allegiance to itself. But it was yet, in its inexperience, to be the dupe of a surprise.

The cannon, at last, had roared; the *Marseillaise* had resounded in grand chorus of military bands; the masses shouted and yelled upon the *Place*; and hats, and caps, and chakos were again thrust up, like a forest, into the air. Then came General Courtais, the commander of the national guards, into the Assembly, and announced, of his own authority, that the people required its representatives to appear before it. The Provisional Government, with certain members of whom, probably, this scene had been preconcerted, made the first movement to obey. The whole mass of the Assembly followed, without pausing to deliberate on what it did. Upon the steps of the ancient Chamber of Deputies, facing the vast thronged *Place de la Concorde*, stood there the representatives of the nation, and bared their heads to the people; and the people shouted and yelled still more, and cried "*Vive la République!*" until lungs seemed to burst, and ears were deafened. Grand, truly, was that great historical scene upon that vast arena for theatrico-historical exhibitions, such as no capital in the world, perhaps, can present, like Paris, on its huge glittering monumental *Place de la Concorde*.

And picturesque it was, and bright, and glorious, such as few such scenes may be. But there were men who augured sad things, when they saw the representatives of the people, who, as its essence and emanation, had just declared themselves the sovereign executors of the "sovereign will," thus came forward to bow their heads in humiliation to the mob of Paris. Did they not already appear to abdicate, into the hands of the revolutionary masses, that authority which they had just symbolically received from them?

Be that as it may—whatever the impression made upon the masses by that act of *quasi*-humiliation,—whatever hopes of success in their future designs it may have given to the agitators of the ultra party—the National Assembly was definitively formed, and installed in its new hall, in which the destinies of the nation were to be decided. The greater part of the nine hundred were assembled, exclusive of those who had to reach their destination from the distant departments or the colonies, and making allowances for representatives doubly and trebly elected—in the case of Lamartine, in ten different places. In the future history of the first phasis of the revolution, many and many a picture of the great historical drama was there to be painted by the hand of revolutionary fate. The background, and general accessories of these pictures, may perhaps then bear a sort of loose sketching in.

In a vast oblong hall, attached to the great façade of the former Chamber of Deputies, simply decorated, but yet not with the very best taste, rises an oblong amphitheatre of benches, to which diverging spaces, mounting by steps, give easy access. At the further end, facing the amphitheatre, is a high parapeted *estrade*, ornamented with all manner of republican symbols, upon which is placed the arm-chair of the president: it is flanked on either side by the seats of the secretaries and parliamentary officials, forming a whole which the French technically term the *bureau*, confounding, in this nomenclature, the name also of the parliamentary committee-rooms. Before and beneath it stands a sort of rostrum, the less elevated *tribune*, as it is called, of the orator, to which leads a double flight of low steps on either side. At a later period a sort of huge dais, or stage, or painted canvass box, or whatever it might be called, was erected behind the *bureau*, enveloping both the president's high seat and the orator's tribune, for the useless purpose of throwing out the voice of the speaker in the tribune—the unfortunate members, exiled to the furthestmost seats of the far bend of the amphitheatre, having made daily complaints and piteous expostulations, that they could hear nothing of what was going on; although, certainly, the loss was no great one on ordinary occasions. This frightful structure bore a striking resemblance to those temporary orchestras, well

known to the *habitués* of Paris as standing in summer, like little theatres for child's-play, before the cafés in the Champs Elysées, and bearing a vague affinity to similar boxes in English public gardens. The moral resemblance, however, in the future dealings of the Assembly, was but slight; for the sounds that proceeded from beneath its overhanging canopy proved generally to have the reverse of orchestral harmony in them, and excited exclamations of disapproval, instead of the plaudits of an easily-contented crowd; although, to be sure, in order that the resemblance might not be fully lost, the solos were frequently sung lamentably out of time and tune. Around three sides of the oblong hall, upon the first and second floors, are the galleries, also, by a confusion of terms, called "tribunes," opened to the public. They are vast enough, and are divided and subdivided into various compartments. There are the reserved tribunes, generally filled with gaily-dressed ladies; and the tribunes for the national guards on duty; and the tribunes for the numerous editors and reporters of the thousand-and-one journals of republican Paris; and the tribune at first reserved, until after the smash of events to come, for the delegates of the clubs, that are thus *quasi* recognised as authorised component parts of the state, or of the *res publica*,—authorised powers, in fact, to watch over the proceedings of the Assembly, and perhaps—

who could then tell?—to control it. It was set apart for them by the autocratic minister of the interior and his acolytes; and the clubs of moderate opinions long protested in vain, that it was filled, by preference of privilege, with the delegates of clubs of ultra and anarchist tendencies. There is the diplomatic tribune also, which is as scantily incommodious as possible; and there are the tribunes, which occupy nearly one whole story, for the public at large, and for the delectation of those zealously-idle patriots of the mob, who will spend hours at the door to enter in time, and give their sanction to the proceedings of *their* delegates and servants, the representatives of the people. Tri-color banners and pikes, and other republican emblems, are grouped as ornaments in every interval where they can be stuck up. There is no mistaking the hall for otherwise than what it is intended to be—the seat of a republican assembly.

When, in the sittings, the benches are filled with representatives, the National Assembly will be found, after a very few days bestowed upon its organisation, to have adopted the old political divisions of the *quondam* Chamber of Deputies. The present conservatives of a republican régime, the so-called moderates, chiefly consisting of the ex-liberals in opposition, shortly to be the “suspected” and denounced of the out-and-out republicans, have taken their seats on the benches of the

right wing of the amphitheatre: they are the present men of the opinions of the *droite*, as the vague French parliamentary designation has it. The opinions then go shading off, through all the *nuances* of the *droite*, to the more neutral tints of *centre droite*, *centre*, and *centre gauche*, and thus to the blacker colours of *gauche* and *extrême gauche*, and all the ultra-radical tendencies thereto belonging. This shading process, however, is not followed up with the same accurate nicety of gradually dissolving colours which characterised the former Chamber of Deputies. In the republican National Assembly some of the colours could not at first declare themselves, or only came out in the heat of the fire. Others, from want of experience, have not at first found their proper places in the gradations of tint. Others seem to refuse to amalgamate, and remain blotches upon the canvass. But, generally speaking, the tinting process is more or less observed, as of old. No colours, however, will shortly take their proper place more decidedly than the dark ones—the deep black—in other words, the *extrême gauche*. There, upon the uttermost top benches to the left, sit the representatives of the violent ultra-republican and extreme communist principles—those who have no faith but in the old traditions, the old forms, and the old manners of the first Republic, the men of which they strive to imitate in dress, tone, gesture, and word—those

who are the avowed admiring imitators of that burlesque tyranny and bloody buffoonery, called the revolution of '93, who dream but of the return of the days of the Convention, who think to play one day the parts of the new Marats, Robespierres, and St Justs of a new republic of their choice—who must have their new *Montagne*, and consequently sit upon the “mountain” benches of the extreme left, and be self-called Montagnards. Thence, from the mountain, are to come thundering down, in future scenes, the chief roars of interruption of these Titans, which Jupiter-President will be utterly unable to control with his own little thunder, and the lightning of his bell—thence the coarse abuse and violent attack of true old republican fashion—thence the “*allons donc*,” “*parbleus*,” and other gentle oaths, which will figure as apostrophes in the journals—thence the demands for vote by division, and insertion of the names of the voters in the *Moniteur*, in order that the moderates may be “marked men,” and known to the “true republic” as its enemies—a system of intimidation that shall more than once attain its ends—thence the denunciation of the rest of the Assembly as *réactionnaire* and *contre-révolutionnaire*, and as “dishonouring the republic, one and indivisible.”

Such is, in vague sketch, the background of the picture. The representatives wear no particular costume: an edict of the Provisional Govern-

ment, under the influence of the minority, it must seem, had enacted that they should don a uniform dress, similar to that worn by the heroes of the Convention. • The immense majority, however, of the representatives, unwilling, at the same time, to be the representatives of the ideas of '93, in their hatred of an acknowledged symbol, to which a dangerous sentiment was attached, have done justice to this edict, by their disdain of its ordinances, and their refusal to wear the costume imposed upon them. The cocked-hat with its gold-lace border, such as may be seen in pictures, on the head or in the hand of Danton or St Just, has been declared absurd, if nothing more: the tricolor scarf, to be bound round their waists, with its gold fringe, has been thought simply puerile; but the famous white waistcoat, with its broad lappels flung back upon the shoulders—that waistcoat, known only under the popular names of the "*gilet à la Robespierre*," or the "*gilet à la guillotine*"—names sufficient to excite feelings of abhorrence—has been indignantly flung aside by the new representatives of a new republic, founded upon other principles. They will wear, hereafter, a badge and scarf, however, in times of popular commotion, to mark themselves as portions of the sovereign Assembly.

The Assembly, then, was formed, or nearly so, in its totality. It was known, in its majority, to be favourable to the cause of moderation and

orderly progress. But it was of strange and heterogeneous compound. Inexperience, and want of the best-known parliamentary tactics, could not fail to be felt in such a conglomeration of "all manner of men:" the seething-pot, in which the revolutionary dish of a new constitution for a country was to be cooked up, was filled with ingredients "good, bad, and indifferent," perhaps with a large proportion of the last: some of them were really healthful and good; but there were poisonous weeds mixed among the solid meat and salutary vegetables; although men hoped at first that, in spite of the bad taste they could not fail of bestowing more or less on the whole mass, their unhealthy effect might be lost, by proper skimming, in the overpowering excellence of the good. In the preponderance of men of moderate opinions, it must be owned that there were many men of talent, of instruction, of good sense, of good feeling, and, above all, of good intentions towards their country, and their country's real weal, towards their fellow countrymen of the lower, and too often suffering classes, and towards those principles of democracy which a new revolution had attempted to establish in France—of good intentions even in attempts to make something practical and tangible of those vain, vague, phantom-like words, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." And yet—but results must not be anticipated.

Among the mass, upon the first meeting of the Assembly, there were many who attracted attention, or were known as men on whom faith might be placed. Of the clergy there were several of note and talent; among them the Bishop of Orleans, the supporter and advocate of peace and charity, spite of the objurgations of the ultra and anti-Christian party. Gleaming, from among the throng of dark coats, was also the white robe of the Dominican monk, the Père Lacordaire, the young and eloquent preacher, with his dark anchorite face and burning eyes: he, however, was soon about to withdraw in disgust before the tumultuous nature of the Assembly. Old Beranger, the poet, was also there, with his long gray hair and fine intelligent head; but he, too, was soon to retreat from a scene unfitted to his age. There was to be seen the head also of a young man, on which the eye could not rest without interest: it was the living repetition of a world-known face; it was the breathing portraiture of Napoleon Buonaparte once more, in features if not in genius; it was that of the son of Jerome; and, from the very first, men began to look at him, or rather at his name, they scarce knew why themselves, as a something at which to grasp, in those times of general confusion and mistrust, when they already sought a leading-staff in the first phantom placed before them, were it but a name, the lustre of which shone only with a reflected glory. Many

of the old liberal Opposition there were, as has been already said—they who were once the *gauche*, but were to become the *droite* of the republic. There was Tocqueville, the man of the committee-rooms, with his practical experience; and Leon Faucher, the sensible and clever economist, whose words were always words of reason, foresight, and sound practical judgment; and Odillon Barrot, who had plunged beneath the surface, when the waves of revolution swept over the land, but who now began to raise his scared head again above the inundation; and many others. Little, bullet-headed, versatile, impatient Thiers was not yet there; but he was to come thereafter; and Molé also, but not in the first phasis of the revolution; and Victor Hugo, with his heavy forehead and little eyes, looking as if he thought his genius must needs rule the world. The ancient legitimists were also not without their representatives: among them were Berryer, with his dominating and convincing power of oratory; and young De Falloux, with his energy and ready sense; and gigantic heavy-browed Henri de la Rochejaquelein, the type of the bold but cautious and expectant of his party. There were the types also of the intelligent of the working classes—Peupin, already mentioned, and Corben, both to be chosen secretaries of the Assembly in its first organisation, as well for their real merits as with a desire to give a due share of influ-

ence to their class; and, among other workmen, most of them chosen for their moderate principles by the suffrages of their caste, was Astoin, the *porte-faix*, common street-porter, and popular poet of Marseilles, dressed, however, in ordinary and even gentlemanly attire. There was throughout a rare medley among these *dramatis personæ* of a nation's drama, to be played—the leading classical tragedians, the *pères nobles*, the traitors, and even the actors of comic parts.

The Assembly, then, had met to regulate the destinies of France. But how, amidst the confusion without, the increasing mistrust, the threatening strife of parties, the visible violence of the ultra party, which already judged and condemned it without trial, the audacity of the ultra clubs, and the general alarm, was it prepared to weather the storm lowering upon the horizon of the country?

From the very first, and in the first days, its character was stamped. Nor was such a judgment hasty or premature. Those accustomed to the habits and manners of popular assemblies must be aware that their whole character, the direction they take in the whole course of their proceedings, their entire future destiny, depend almost invariably upon the turn they take in the first few days, or even on the first day, of their meeting. The seal is then stamped upon them, frequently, once and for ever: the expression of the physiognomy is

daguerreotyped, in indelible characters, on the plate. Like a child, brought into the world with its individual temper and disposition, the popular assembly seldom gets rid of those first impressed upon it; and it is rare that it finds a tutor or tutors powerful enough afterwards to modify and correct those characteristics, should they prove unruly. It was thus a curious task for the expectant observer to watch the first meetings of the new National Assembly of France, and mark the fold it took, the seal it set upon itself. From the first, the physiognomy it assumed—that physiognomy which was to become its second nature—was as troubled, as haggard, as morose, as quarrelsome, as it was well possible to be. Its chief features were disorganisation, confusion, personal altercation, recrimination. The National Assembly, in fact, assumed, from the very first, the aspect of one of those great republican clubs, with which all the great towns throughout the country then teemed in manifold disorder. Unfortunately, the clubs had had their full swing of tumult long before the elections assembled the representatives of the nation: instead, therefore, of the clubs being modelled after the fashion and example of a great and grave deliberative assembly, it was the deliberative assembly of the country that seemed to think its high mission was to model itself after the forms of its furious predecessors, the clubs, and the rude disorder and hideous confusion

of the club-rooms. Every allowance should be made, perhaps, for the want of practice and experience in the neophytes of the Assembly; for their ignorance of those old parliamentary forms of the old Chamber, in the track of which so many were unwilling to follow; for the confusion of the hasty arrangements of an internal machinery so complicated; and for their inexpertness in the trade of people's deputy—a trade that needs a rude and long apprenticeship, like any other. Every consideration may be given to the earnestness, the sincerity of conviction, the ardour of individual opinion, which, while they produce a pell-mell of individual remonstrance and opposition upon strong occasions, yet prove that all men are not mere sheep to jump over the hedge of principle at the tail of every bell-wether leader. Every excuse may be made for those tumultuous feelings that must arise amidst the confusion of such a revolution as had suddenly overwhelmed all France, overthrowing all previous positions, affecting all vital interests, and filling men's minds with alarm and dread. And yet—and yet again—the impartial spectator could not sit by and see the disorder, the disunion, the want of all dignity, of all calm, of all decent feeling, from the very first displayed by the mass of this Assembly, without shaking his head at scenes which seemed but only too true prototypes of the destinies of the country. In truth,

an evil spirit of disorder, like a wicked fairy in a tale, seemed to have presided over its birth, and to have marked it with a burning finger.

This tumultuous character, it is true, was not wholly unknown to or unrecognised by the old French Chamber of Deputies, where personal recrimination was not wanting, and the "kick-up-a-row" feeling, on great occasions, was one on which public curiosity regaled itself as a holiday treat. But such a veritable spirit of animosity—such a pouring forth of the "vial of wrath," the effects of which no patent conciliation-drops would ever afterwards be able to scour out—may scarcely ever have been recorded in the annals of great deliberative assemblies, on the first days of their meeting, as that which burst out over the hall of the representatives, in their very first deliberations and votes upon the arrangement of the Assembly and its *bureaux*, and in the election of president and secretaries: perhaps the disorderly assemblies of the first French Republic had few stronger scenes of tumult to offer.

In one of the first sittings, upon a question relative to the election of the secretaries, the importance of which could not be well understood, although the ultra party seemed to attach much weight to it, the stormy confusion reached a pitch which, it was *then* thought, could not be exceeded. Members, among whom Louis Blanc and Emmanuel

Arago, the famous despotic commissary of Lyons, from the first distinguished themselves by their violence, rushed all at once to the rostrum, shouted from its stairs, clung to its parapets, invaded the *bureaux*, mounted up even to the seat of the president to clamour thence, in spite of the poor man's protestations against this violation of his rights. Citizen Buchez, a republican doctor of tolerably moderate principles, and author of a history of the first Republic, had been then elected president—a man whose burly weight of physical force, and power of lungs, were supposed, perhaps, to give him a preponderating authority, but whose moral force was far from being typified by his exterior—one of those whom a vaguely-felt fusion and conciliation-policy then put forward. The most striking figure, among those who thus crowded to the tribune, was Barbès, the ex-conspirator, the future conspirator anew. There he stood aloft, with his pale, dark face, his discontented air, and lowering eyes, inflamed by anger, and, with his usual unsteady speech, anathematising and denouncing several of the members below as “aristocrats:” while, from beneath him, arose a veritable yell of indignation from those who filled the space before the rostrum in fermenting mass, and who hurled back to him the recriminatory accusations of “*factieux*” and “*anarchiste*.” There he stood to play the part, which he had now openly assumed, as the ancient

Montagnard of violence. His tactics had been well played as yet: he had at first kept himself aloof, and, even in his election as officer of the national guard, had relied more upon his character as a hero-ex-conspirator and victim *détenu politique*, than upon any opinions he had openly announced. Up to the time of the general elections he had held back his sentiments even in his own club: he had avoided the decided line taken by Citizens Sobrier and Blanqui: he had even passed for a man who, taught by sad experience, was desirous of remaining more quiet and subdued in his opinions: but no sooner was his post of representative of the people in the Assembly assured to him, than he threw off the mask of prudence: his club, as had the word of command been given, burst into vehement and virulent invectives against the supposed *réactionnaires*, the moderate members of the government, and the so-called assassins of Rouen: in a few days he signed that furious proclamation *à la Robespierre*, which had excited such a burst of indignation in the public. And now he stood forward at once like a frantic spirit of evil: now, as on many after occasions, he had sprung from that topmost bench of the *Montagne*, where he had fixed his seat, like a demon on a mountain-height, rising only in the midst of tumult and storm—never otherwise—to fly to the tribune at the moment the agitation and fermentation were at their highest pitch,

and when every word he uttered was as a spark upon a powder-barrel—there, with every tone, every gesture, and every look, full of the utmost irritation, to envenom, to aggravate, to exasperate—thus designedly taking upon himself the part of a spirit of discord, in order to convulse the Assembly, and, by increasing its agitation, to prepare the way for its overthrow; thus aiming also, now openly, at the character of the leader of the ultra-violent party. These, however, were throughout the tactics of his party, in the opinion of which, as no republican form of government could exist without a state of continued violent revolution, so no deliberation could be held in the republican Assembly without its being plunged into an abyss of disorder. In the scene of confusion that day, Barbès played well his part. Little Louis Blanc, with all his parched-pea vivacity, was crushed and overwhelmed by him. In this scene, General Lamoricière appeared again to come forward on the stage, for the first time since the days of February. His fine soldierlike head was continually to be seen, declaiming with much energy and vivacity, among the throngs which, during the scenes of disorder, crowded the space beneath the tribune. In vain the president, agitated, and seemingly much alarmed, rang his bell—then declared the sitting terminated—then, upon the tumultuous protestations of the great majority, covered his head, and waited until the

storm should have passed. The curtain dropped at last upon a scene of a chaotic nature, in which members clung to the tribune, thrust hither and thither in a throng around it, jumped up miscellaneously from their seats, all crying "Silence!" with a perseverance that destroyed the last hope of its being obtained; all calling "order," and none obeying their own call; shouting, declaiming, expostulating, and gesticulating all together. The impression of the scenes of that day, which was only to be the prototype of so many others in the Assembly, during its stormy and uneasy reign of the first phasis of the revolution, might be summed up in the words pronounced at last by the president, with an air of wretchedness almost despairing, "*En vérité, en vérité, citoyens, nous donnons un spectacle peu digne.*"

In the midst of such tumultuous scenes as these—each of them a whole drama, which might be said to vie, in uproar and movement, with any of the most noisy national melodramas of the ancient *Cirque Olympique* in Paris, in spite of the battles, and the bustle, and the *coups de canon* of the latter—it seemed a mystery, during the many consecutive days and weeks, how a vote upon any proposition whatever could be arrived at; how any discussion could be carried through, was a daily miracle. Few only of the members who mounted to the tribune were ever allowed to remain there

in peace, and to command a shortlived attention, during the spaces of respite which, at various intervals, the representatives of the people allowed themselves in the exercise of their lungs and limbs. Fewer still were those who, by their reputation, called forth some degree of respectful silence as they spoke. Of this number were, of course, Lamartine, and Odillon Barrot, and Berryer at times, and Thiers, when he at last came to play his part upon the parliamentary stage. Jules Favre also, with his biting tongue, and Bastide, and some others also, were sometimes able, by greater moderation of manner, and a certain stamp of respectability and decency, to dominate over the Assembly, in spite of the numerous interpellations and interruptions. Father Lacordaire, once before his retirement, received this honour, but more perhaps from the curiosity excited by his white Dominican robe, and the interest attached to the fact, that a monk was standing forth to sway the spirit of a popular assembly in republican France, than from his reputation for eloquence. To do justice to the Assembly, it ought to be added, that it listened with every observance of decency to the most intelligent of the representatives of the *ouvriers* of France, Peupin, whose manner, be it said for him, however, was mild, moderate, and gentlemanly, whose style was lucid, intelligent, reasonable.

To describe each scene of ceaseless disorder

which occurred during the after-deliberations of the assembly, on subjects of more or less importance, would be to paint over, again and again, the same pictures, with more or less strong and glaring colours. One rapid general sketch may serve as a slight portrait of the whole family of sittings.

The hour is arrived for the opening of the sitting. Indeed, it is already past; for punctuality is not a French virtue. The benches begin to be filled with representatives. The public tribunes have long since been crowded. The president sits in his *fauteuil*, and vainly rings his bell for order. He has scarcely any other task to perform: he ought to be elected for the untiring strength of his arm, and the no less untiring strength of his lungs. The representatives not seated are rushing hither and thither, or talking in groups, or collecting on either side of the *bureau* below, or forming noisy knots in passages behind the benches. It is more difficult to get them into their places, and, when at last the work is effected, to keep them there, than to drive a herd of wild colts. There are many who seem to possess a flea-like nature: they are eternally hopping about, and fix only to bite with animosity. When at last some degree of so-called order is restored, and the representatives are at last hunted, like disorderly sheep, to their places, by the sheep-dog *huissiers*, or officiating servitors of the Assembly, some disregarded orator mounts into the rostrum

with one, or perhaps more, of those thousand and one notices of motions, which are daily showered upon the heads of the nation's representatives. His voice is drowned in the murmuring hum of voices, or perchance he utters some word that wounds some party susceptibilities. What a riot ensues! There is but one resemblance that can give some idea of the picture presented by the Assembly. It is a school-room in an uproar—a herd of rebellious school-boys, who have lost all respect for cane or rod—a revolt of ill-ruled children! Poor master president rings his bell with fury to obtain order—flings it down in despair—takes it up again—rings still more furiously—and, at last, breaks the poor vain instrument in his energies, until its cracked sound is finally lost in the roars of laughter which dominate the uproar. In vain he calls “silence;” in vain his ushers, the *huissiers*, bawl “silence,” in echo, with well-practised stentorian throats. He flings himself back, in an agony, upon his chair: he coughs and spits: his lungs are ruined: he rises again—again in vain. Poor man! nobody heeds him. No wonder that his temper should share the ruin of his lungs. He bellows at last, “*Voulez-vous bien vous taire?*” (*vide* parliamentary report of the presidency of Citizen Buchez,) just as a governor would call out to an outrageous set of noisy misses. He catches sight of a member, not far from him, who is gesticulating and vociferating, all by

himself, and evidently to his own heart's content: he shakes his fist at the recalcitrant individual whom he has singled out, with the cry, "You ought to hold your tongue—you there! Who are you? What is your name?"—(*vide* Parliamentary Reports.) Never was schoolmaster in a greater dilemma; never did schoolmaster use language more fitted for the occasion. In the midst of the hurly-burly, a knot of boys—pardon!—of men—of legislators—of representatives of a great nation—have got to fighting among themselves in a corner, upon 'the top benches. And now comes rushing down one, his face inflamed with passion, to whine out to *Monsieur le Président*, with piteous voice, that *Citoyen* "so and so" has called him names—(*vide* once more Parliamentary Reports,) "*il m'a injurié*" were the words—and insulted him. Is not this the very complaint of the school-boy? Can the school-room resemblance go further?

But it is not in the utter absence of all the ancient forms of respectability in the young Assembly, in spite of the presence of so many "old boys," who have already passed through many an examination in such "classes," and might well serve as tutors of propriety, and do also try in vain, with all the force of their lungs, to serve as such—it is not in the clapping of the hands instead of crying "hear," contrary to all supposed decorum of parliamentary precedent—it is not in the noisy stamp-

ing of boot-heels, to the popular measure of "*Des lampions*," an innovation not consecrated by any previous regulations of parliamentary manners—it is not in such little freaks and fancies—in the want of proprieties, which might be pardoned to the uneducated in the parliamentary rules of "behaving one's-self," that must be sought the true stamp of the tumultuous character of the Assembly, and that far more agitated, and oftentimes convulsed physiognomy, from which its portrait must be taken. It is when there is some one to be accused, denounced, or defended—it is when there is a collision of men, rather than of principles and views—it is when a sentiment of suspicion and mistrust prevails, which every one feels, but which no one ventures openly to express, and is all the more irritated that he is too weak to give a shape to—it is when there is a party to be put down, or there exists some other cause of secret or open conflict—it is then that the veritable portrait must be painted—the face convulsed by the animosity of party-spirit. It is then that the real storm breaks forth. The occasions are not rare. The barometer of the Assembly is generally at "set stormy;" or if it ever rises toward "change," it is to fall quickly again to its previous gradation. As to getting round the top to "fair," it never makes an effort to produce such weather; it soon gives up the matter altogether. Hark how the wind first whistles—then the storm rises—then it

bursts forth ! Hark to the outcries from the benches, the objurgations, the remonstrances to the orator in the rostrum—all at once, and from all parts ! Hark to the insults, the coarse satire, the thundering abuse, the stamping with the feet, the bellowing, the howling ! See !—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty members rise at once, stretch forth their arms, gesticulate, abuse, deny ! Several rush down the steps from their high benches, and apostrophise the orator as they run. Hundreds twist themselves upon their seats in an agony. A crowd is now in the space before the tribune, where it stands in thick throng, gesticulating and denouncing. It is impossible to hear a word amidst the deafening clamour. And see ! scé !—from ten to twenty all dash again at the tribune at one moment ; they climb the stairs ; they cling to the balustrade ; they appear to cling to each other, like a living string of onions ; they seem to have studied the scenes of the *cage des singes*, in the Jardin des Plantes, as the worthiest of imitation ; they all shout at once. The scene of tumult and confusion is at its height. Utter lassitude seems the only oil to smooth down the angry waves. The appearance in the tribune of some well-known orator, to whom every one is accustomed to listen with more or less of respect, has sometimes a calming effect, like a ray of sunshine in a storm ; but not always. But the picture might be painted, like one of Martin's

wildest conceptions, to an infinity of dark thunder-cloud distance, and yet not be fully painted, or convey a true impression of the distracted and convulsed reality.

While such scenes as these were beginning to be played within the hall of the Assembly, other dramas, connected with its existence, were being played without it. Mysterious rumours of conspiracy and probable insurrection became more and more the daily food of public curiosity, and received a stamp of truth from the extraordinary precautions evidently taken for the defence of the Assembly. Detachments of national guards from every legion in Paris, to the number of about 20,000 men, were ordered to be ready for every emergency, although one battalion, as usual, alone visibly guarded the Hall of the Representatives; the rest of the civic guard summoned were dispersed upon various spots, whence they could immediately march upon the building: It was already known that a monster deputation from all the ultra clubs was to go up to the Assembly, with a petition upon some pretext or other: the ultimate hope of such a demonstration could be little doubtful—it aimed at the overthrow of the body. The clubs were strictly watched; and domiciliary visits were made in hotels, with cautions to the innkeepers to see that their inmates remained quiet—a measure arising from advices received that large bodies of

tumultuous men, from Marseilles and Lyons, had suddenly gone off to the capital. The assurance that the "sections" of terrible memory, which had played so important and bloody a part under the first republic, were being again organised in Paris, under the influence of Barbès, with terrible names, contributed no little to the general feeling of uneasiness, which the report that the two principal leaders of the "Red Republic," Barbès and Blanqui, had come at last to a reconciliation, and a determination to work in common, was far from mitigating. People looked to the approaching day of the new great republican fête, in honour of the representatives, as the probable day of the outbreak: the ultra-republicans had openly decreed that they should wear mourning on that day for their "*frères assassinés à Rouen*," as a distinguishing mark of their opinions in the scene of festivity; and when it was put off, although seemingly on account of the delay in the preparations, men's fears were not lessened. On those beautifully-bright nights of spring, when the streets of Paris were crowded as by day, the agitation was waxing more and more. Great herds of men *en blouse* paraded the middle space of the lamp-lit streets in disorder. Men looked askance upon them, and asked each other, "Is it, then, for to-night?" A *soulèvement* was visibly expected: those who denied its probability, and based their hopes in the overaw-

ing force of the majority, were only the optimist few.

Meanwhile, as a farce tacked on to the great drama, a parody of the tumultuous Assembly and its probable destinies was being acted, in true burlesque, almost every night, upon one part of the Boulevards. In the large painted subterranean hall of the "*Concerts-Spectacles*," a "*Club des Femmes*" had been established under the auspices of the already famous Madame Niboyet, the *éditeuse* of the "*Voix des Femmes*," who acted herself as *présidente* of the assembly, and had collected around her a *bureau* of females. The scenes of confusion here displayed nearly outdid those of the National Assembly itself. In vain the poor "*Voix des Femmes*" attempted to make itself heard. In vain did the venerable Abbé Chatel, the self-installed "Bishop of the Gauls," rise to take the defence of the persecuted females; he was only assailed by indelicate allusions to his craft, when not employed upon his episcopal duties,—by demands as to the price of sugar and candles. At its very second meeting, parties of gallant Parisians attempted to force the doors, in order to disturb the proceedings; collisions took place between the defenders of the privileges of the sex, aided by a body of national guards, and the assailants; a band of small *émeutiers* contrived to invade the hall, and create a deafening tumult. The poor *présidente* was at length obliged

to veil her face, as a sign that the sitting was suspended: the club was finally dispersed by this rude aggression of the ruder sex, and retreated eventually to some less central spot of Paris, to meet once more, undaunted, under a more favourable organisation.

Thus, in parody or reality, the popular movement and the public agitation increased and fermented ever; and the general mind was prepared, once again, for some convulsion that could not fail to come.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT.

The appointment of the Executive Government by the Assembly—Party feelings—Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine—The support given to his colleague by the latter—Five former members of the Provisional Government elected—Feeling of the Assembly against Lamartine, who thus imposes a moral constraint upon it—Feeling against him of the public—His sudden fall from popularity—Installation of the Executive Government—The new ministry—Nowhere satisfaction or confidence—Discontent of the working classes at the exclusion of Louis Blanc and Albert—Failure of the former in the Assembly.

ONE of the first most important acts, by which the National Assembly had to signalise its doings, in the reconstruction of some species of administration of the country, after the momentous one of the proclamation of the republic, was the appointment of an Executive Government. The debates upon this subject were among the most violent and disorderly of those which, as has been already said, characterised the proceedings of the Assembly. The affair was, in truth, important: it was one upon which party feeling could have full swing. One of the great causes, however, of the intense agitation that prevailed in the Assembly, was to be

ascribed to the internal conviction of every member that, spite of all that might be said, spite of the efforts made by conciliation-tactics-loving members to set aside personal considerations, and make the question of the appointment of the Executive Government a question of principle, it was ever, at the bottom of men's minds, a question of persons—a question whether or not certain members of the old Provisional Government should be excluded from the new executive power. These conciliation friends of the Provisional Government, or those who saw no possibility of the maintenance in power of the ultra members, except by such a measure, proposed that the members of the government, which had just laid down its self-assumed authority, should be re-appointed *en masse*. But this measure was unacceptable even to the then unformed parties in the Assembly. A vote of confidence and thanks was given to it thus, after great tumult and acrimonious debate, in a moment of much disordered haste; but the Assembly refused to go further. On this occasion, M. Ledru-Rollin, the more marked of the obnoxious ex-members of the government, when delivering a laboured and yet confused defence of his conduct, in spite of his visible efforts to be calm, and rise superior to attack by a dignified manner—in spite of his attitude of cold disdain—his head raised aloft and tossed back with an air of insolence—his nose *au vent*, and his hand placed in

his waistcoat, the attitude of his portraits—was evidently a prey to an extreme irritation, the over-boilings of which he had difficulty in repressing: he was listened to with attention, but with visible mistrust. Lamartine was still, at that last moment, the man in whom men confided; and his defence of his measures, as minister for foreign affairs, although full of misstatements and misrepresentations, was accepted also, from the appeals to the national vanity and glory, which it had wrapped up in flowery language. Then came, however, the question of the appointment of the Executive Government; and from that moment it was destined that Lamartine should fall from his pinnacle of glory, on which men had put him up to idolise him. One member, or three, or five members, to form the Executive Government, were, among the propositions of the day, put forward amidst the tumult and disorder. The number of five was at last chosen. The names of Lamartine, Arago, Garnier Pagés, Marie, and Ledru-Rollin, were proposed to the Assembly. Then it was that Lamartine rose to the tribune, and, to the astonishment of men, gave vent to a speech appealing to the sense of the Assembly in favour of Ledru-Rollin: he declared that he could not separate himself from his colleague: he virtually took upon himself the responsibility of the obnoxious acts of the ex-minister of the interior: he appealed to the generosity of the Assembly with

the words, "Do not separate us;" and his fate was sealed. He was forthwith to be classed as the associate of Ledru-Rollin—the former type of order and moderation hand in hand with the type of violence, republican despotism, and rule by terror. Did he feel at that moment any presentiment of the hazardous depths to which such a course of proceeding might be leading him? His attitude in the tribune was that of a man harassed and oppressed; his look was one of profound weariness and melancholy; his air that of one doomed to some misfortune. He had not even put on that theatrical *pose* of nobility, and almost heroism of bearing, which, however weak in moments of passiveness, he knew so well how to assume when his spirit mounted with the storm.

The majority of the Assembly, already, in those first days, well wearied of conflict and strife, and, as it were, desirous of accepting any proposition as a respite of peace, decided upon the acceptance of the five members of the ex-Provisional Government as its members of the new executive power. But it showed, at the same time, its sense of the violence done to its feelings by the moral constraint laid upon it by the declaration of Lamartine. The name of the "poet statesman" came only fourth upon the list of the members of the Executive Government according to the number of votes bestowed, and far in number below that of Arago.

Where was now the majority which had placed it so high throughout the whole of France in the general elections? It had fled from him in one hour, and by that one act of conciliation policy which attempted a fusion between those elements which the sense of the country had already considered as water and fire—the elements of moderatism and ultraism, as the language of the day expressed it. From that hour the star of Lamartine began to set. It was to gleam forth only once more during the first phasis of the revolution, and but for a short moment, in the midst of the dark clouds of a thunder-storm. Throughout the city, as the news circulated of the events of the day, which had accompanied the appointment of the Executive Government, the same feeling respecting the fallen idol of the day was every where expressed by the mass of the moderate majority of citizens: and those were days, it must not be forgotten, when men of all ranks congregated in nightly crowds upon the Boulevards, and loudly gave vent to their feelings among each other. It was expressed on all sides and by all classes. By this *quasi*-ratification of the previous acts and deeds of the hated ex-minister of the interior, Lamartine had as violently displeased the majority of the citizens of Paris, as it was proved by the vote of the Assembly that he had displeased the majority of the representatives. In the rapidly

shifting phantasmagoria pictures of a revolutionary panorama, and more especially in changeful capricious Paris, the changes are naturally so rapid that one is scarcely seized and understood before another supplies its place : sentiments and opinions vanish, or are transformed into others, with a rapidity of magic that scarcely admits of the gradual blending of dissolving views. But none of these sudden transformations had as yet been so unexpected and so rapid as the change in public opinion respecting Lamartine. Quickly raised, by the power of general enthusiasm, to the height of popular adoration, he had fallen far more quickly from it—he had fallen in one day : he had been wafted to the skies in a balloon of idolatry, to tumble back to earth in a miserable parachute of mistrust. The *bourgeois* of Paris showed himself all the more irritated, and was, perhaps, all the more extravagant in his reactionary feelings towards Lamartine, inasmuch as he felt himself once more the dupe of his predilections, and convicted of having worshipped a false idol. Some there were of the more mysterious shakers of the head, of the Lord Burleigh tribe, who took up his defence upon hidden prudential motives, “*d’une grande portée :*” some accused him only of an excess of poetic sentimentality of generosity ; the mass loudly flung the accusation of poltroonery upon his name. Harsh as was this judgment of the majority of a heedlessly-judging public,

it may, in a modified sense, have had some foundation in truth. There was some reason to believe that the bugbear "reaction" had been placed before him, by his designing colleague, as a scarecrow, a phantom-monster, before which he retreated in alarm; that he had been taught to believe reaction was at work to overthrow the republic, and, consequently, to overwhelm himself in the fall of his own ambition's temple; that he had been thus placed between two alternatives—the destruction of his own edifice, or a shelter beneath the roof of another more violent propagandising system; and that, yielding to the fears which inspired him, he had flung himself into the arms of the still avowed chief of the more violent party. Still more probably, he was said to be influenced only by that already mentioned vain system of conciliation policy, which, in the marked opposition of revolutionary parties, was a system based upon hopes as likely to be realised as those of a "happy-family" establishment between the sheep-dog and the wolf; and which, when attempted to be applied, could but lead to a "fall between two stools." Whatever the motives of this line of conduct, however, whether public opinion was to be accused of injustice or not, it could not be accused of inconsistency in its condemnation. The great cause of Lamartine's popularity had been his supposed vigorous resistance to the unpopular acts of his col-

league of the interior—he had been exalted in proportion as Ledru-Rollin was to be humbled; by supporting the obnoxious minister, he had fallen almost to his level, instead of raising him to his own height. Nor had he gained credit among that ultra party to whose former hero he had lent his support; on the contrary, in their opinion Ledru-Rollin himself was lost, as a man in whom they could no longer put their trust, since he had allowed himself to be put forward as the “candidate” of reactionary Lamartine. It was a pell-mell of opinions and judgments, that night, upon that ever-ready, ever-teeming revolutionary *al-fresco* club, the vast avenue of the Boulevards—a pell-mell which told a striking tale of the fate of popular revolutionary heroes, and of the wavering wind of popular revolutionary passions.

The Executive Government was, however, formed, by a vote of the National Assembly, of a selection of the men of the old Provisional Government. It was shortly to enthrone itself in the palace of the Luxembourg, there, with its wives and families, to inhabit princely chambers, and to incur the accusation, at least in the persons of some of its members, of acting “the prince” once more. It was to appear but seldom in the National Assembly, brought thither in scanty selections of its component parts—almost by compulsion, it would seem—to render an account of its acts. It was to

play no great leading part in the destinies of revolutionary France. It was to come forward only during a fast-approaching crisis of violent convulsion, and then under circumstances of deep mistrust on the part of the Assembly, and nigh of accusation. It was to submerge, and to be lost in the inundation of blood which deluged Paris, at the end of the first phasis of the revolution.

The conciliation-policy, that was attempted to be put forward as the basis of the new Executive Government, was exercised, naturally, by that power, when once installed, in the choice of its ministers; and the selections of these ministers, as naturally, found as little favour in the opinions of the public in general, as in those of every party shade. In the two decided camps of journalism they were equally attacked: on the one hand, they were too "advanced" to meet the views of the moderate party; on the other, they were too "weak" to meet the enterprising aspirations of the ultras. In the public, meanwhile, as representative of the majority, there was a mistrust of all untried men—those vaunted and supported heroes of the ex-minister of the interior. Bastide, a journalist, formerly a writer in the *National*, was minister of foreign affairs; and his nomination may have been considered as the most popular, because he was supposed to be the advocate of war—a feeling popular at the moment: but how or why the war-cry was raised, and with what

results, and with what dupes, coming events have yet to tell. Next in popular favour, in the new appointments, came Jules Favre, the under-secretary of state for foreign affairs—again a sudden change. The public feeling had been violently roused against him, as avowed author of some of the obnoxious republican bulletins of M. Ledru-Rollin. The wind of moderatism, however, had blown towards better things since those days: the weathercock had gone over: his speeches, in a moderate sense, in the Assembly, which had ever commanded attention in the midst of its storms, had rallied public opinion on his side. He was again to secede, and turn still more violently against his former party in future events. Flocon—pipe-smoking, pot-house haunting Flocon of yore, the heavy ex-acolyte of the *Réforme*—marked the influence which showed itself in the formation of the Executive Government, by his nomination as minister of commerce. He was looked upon with an evil eye, as the supposed bad genius that had ceaselessly whispered ultraism into the ear of Ledru-Rollin, and pushed him on from behind in his career of arbitrary violence: he was noted for his attachment, with an obstinacy that approached stolidity, to the extreme opinions of the extremest times of the old Republic. Two doctors next appeared upon the list of the new ministers—Doctor Recurt, as minister of the interior; Doctor Trelat, as minister of

public works. Here, again, all was at variance. By the ultra organs of opinion they were condemned, as being members of the "Dynasty of the *National*," which, under the auspices of Marrast, had raised its head so high, and spread its influence so wide in place and power, and which, spite of its old republican precedents, was now so hatefully denounced by all the "pure and only democrats," and more especially by the Blanqui crew. By the moderates, again, they were accused of belonging to the "advanced" party, or that which might have rather been termed retrograde, so bent was it on retrograding to the recollections of the past, and looking upon the old Republic as the only true model to be followed in its course. In the public they were jeered at on account of their former profession; and men asked, with a laugh, with what purgatives and vomitives they intended next to drench the country. Cremieux was minister of justice now again, but soon to retreat, like a scalded dog, flinching from a hot accusation of falsehood, flung upon him by the Assembly. Bethmont remained also for a time as minister of finance.

In this formation of a new republican ministry, however, there was yet no confidence to be found either in past, present, or future. In the tumultuous and fermenting herd, pushed on, more and more, to outbreak by the clubbists of the Red Republic, much discontent was occasioned, or rather

was excited, by the exclusion from the management of affairs of the supposed heroes of the people, the two members of the Provisional Government, who had throned, as their self-appointed supporters at the Luxembourg, citizens Louis Blanc and Albert. These good gentlemen had laid down their functions as commissioners for the organisation of the working classes before the Assembly : but they probably did not anticipate such a result as their exclusion. Whence the murmuring of the party they had formed among the lower classes now arose, it was not difficult to see ; what hopes might be yet in store for them, after events were to show. For the time, Citizen Albert, the so-called *ouvrier*, withdrew from public gaze, and remained silent in the Assembly : he bided his time—and it was to come—with what results ? The meridional vivacity and acknowledged superior intellect of little Louis Blanc, could not be at rest, however, beneath the damp blanket of disappointment thrown over his ambition. On one of the stormiest days of the Assembly, he rose upon that little stool, which a *huissier* always prepared for him in the tribune, thereby to hoist himself to a visible height, and gesticulate and fulminate at ease—he rose to propose that a ministry of progress should be created for the advantage of the industrial classes ; and he was met with scornful jeers of “ we know what you want ”—“ *Take me !* ”—“ *Prenez mon ours.* ” Red-

dening with rage, he declared himself the defender and saviour of the people, and accused the Assembly of disregarding their interests. "But we are all friends of the people!" cried one voice in return; and then, in the midst of an outburst of tumultuous objurgations, the whole Assembly rose as one man. All stretched their right arms as they rose, as if to take some solemn oath, with the simultaneous cry of "*Oui!—tous! tous!*" However genuine the feeling might or might not have been, the dramatic movement was not without its grandeur of effect; and citizen Louis Blanc, if he produced no other result, brought forth one of those striking theatrical displays, as historical pictures, in which the French rejoice. It was in vain that he attempted to obtain again a patient hearing. His fall was rendered the more signal by the speech of Peupin the workman, who followed in the tribune, and, in the name of the working classes, protested, amidst thundering applause, against the utopian views of Louis Blanc. The bitter mortification must have rankled deeply. But the day was to come when perchance he might seize again the influence lost, and avenge the insult given. The day was near at hand. It was the 15th of May. The excluded ex-members of the Provisional Government, the "friends of the people," derided and insulted by "reactionary and retrograde" representatives, needed not to wait long, then, for the day which they might deem their day of triumph.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE 15TH OF MAY.

The hopes of the Red Republic—The “war” cry—The cause of Poland taken up by the anarchists as a pretext to agitate—Cry of “Vive la Pologne!”—The projects of a monster demonstration—Preparations of the Assembly for its defence—Agitated state of Paris—The monster procession, in appearance to petition for the cause of Poland—Scenes on the Place de la Concorde—The passage to the Assembly given up by treachery—Scenes on the Place Bourbon—The Assembly invaded by the mob—Scenes in the hall of the Assembly—The representatives driven out—Barbès in the tribune—State of the city as the news of the overthrow of the Assembly spreads—Consternation and hesitation—Advance of the national guard—The Assembly cleared of the mob—The sitting resumed—Again scenes in the hall of the Assembly—Arrest of General Courtais—The conspirators at the Hôtel de Ville—The advance of Lamartine with the national guards—The arrest of the conspirators—Arrest of Raspail and Sobrier—Blanqui and Huber at first escape—Night-scenes throughout the capital on the 15th of May—Effect on the public mind of the events of the 15th—The accusation of Louis Blanc—Virulent discussions in the Assembly on the subject, and final negative vote—scenes in the Assembly—General Clement Thomas—The approach of the fête of concord.

AN explanation of the audacity with which the leaders of the ultra clubs, and the aspirants to future power under the reign of the Red Republic, openly formed their plans for the overthrow of the Assembly, and the subversion of all the then exist-

ing state of things, in order to make way for a more violent system, more congenial to their tastes, or more advantageous to the personal interests of these "brave patriots," must be sought for in the deluded conviction which they cherished, that, should they rise and show the way with their own immediate forces, for a general upset of the moderate party, all the lower classes would rise and follow in their steps. They had proclaimed themselves to the world the only defenders of the people's rights; they had declared the people, in their sense of the word, as injured and oppressed, as by their own manœuvres it was truly miserable. They had begun to believe this doctrine themselves; at all events they fancied that the masses of the lower classes must believe them. They shut their eyes to the fact, or they never really knew, that they had then only a minority of the lower classes at their beck, chiefly the organised and well-revolutionised bands of the *ateliers nationaux*—a minority, it is true, formidable from that untiring restlessness, and undaunted recklessness of its spirit, which may be ever found among such, who have naught to lose by convulsions, and only hopes of better change to gain in the lottery of the chances of insurrection. This conviction in the minds of the ultra party had reached the pitch of a monomania. Such a feeling, at all events, can alone account for its wondrous self-confidence in the success of all its

plans, and its careless audacity in the execution of them. The legitimacy of their proceedings—if such a thought ever entered into their heads—these men based upon the “sovereign will of the people,” in their own limited definition of the term “people,” of which they declared themselves, and perhaps even in some cases believed themselves, the only true interpreters, and upon the example of the self-arrogated authority of those who had seized upon the rule in the days of February. That the nation at large had since sent delegates to regulate the affairs of the country in the sad emergency, who were thus the expression of the will of that same nation, was, of course, a fact and a principle to which they wilfully shut their eyes.

In spite, however, of the entire confidence placed, by the subversive and anarchist party, in their conviction that the lower classes were, in their totality of force, at their command, some inflammatory cry, some watchword, some rousing call was necessary to excite the passions of the populace, and thus lead it on to execute their will. The cries of “Reaction!” and the banner of a “Democratic and Social Republic,” that they declared wrested, by “infamous spoliation,” from their grasp—of which two cries more has to be said hereafter—had been long tried; but they worked their way too slowly to meet the impatience of party designs among the masses. The “war” cry then was raised; and an

appeal was made to the sympathies of the people in favour of "sister countries," which were declared to be still "struggling in the thralldom of tyrant chains, and calling upon liberated France to aid them in their cause of freedom." Certainly no cry was better calculated to awake that spirit of vanity in the national glory which forms so strong a characteristic in the composition of the Frenchman, and thus to attain the ends of "agitation." The affairs of Posen, and the civil conflicts which had just then occurred in that unhappy district between the Polish and German inhabitants, came apropos to form a fine field for democratical declamation: of course, in all the journals and proclamations of the ultra party and the ultra clubs, the facts were designedly distorted; and all the blood that had been so cruelly shed was smeared upon the threshold of the "Prussian tyrant." They had already manœuvred so far as to raise the cry of "*Vive l'Italie! Vive la guerre!*" But now came Poland more prominently forward, to serve as a handle for agitation and a pretext for insurrection. The people were taught to cry, "*A bas la Russie! A bas l'Autriche! A bas la Prusse!*" The violent clubs loudly declared "war in favour of the oppressed and tyrannised nations of Europe" the duty of republican France, and the *sine quâ non* of the existence of the National Assembly. Their more ulterior designs were more clearly evidenced in the

doctrines they openly preached—that the representatives in the Assembly were but the *commis* of the people, and must be dismissed by the people, should they not do their work according to the people's will; that the people had the right to revoke their representatives and change the government whenever they pleased—the “people” being, in this sense, the revolutionary mob of Paris alone; and, finally, in more violent mouths, that the members of the Assembly, if they did not declare war on the instant, should be tossed into the Seine, “which was providentially placed there for that purpose”—an old story that. Night after night, upon the Boulevards, and, indeed, in all the principal streets of Paris, emissaries of the clubs were posted to use violent declamation upon the Polish question, as a means of inflammation, to excite the minds of the people, and prepare them to rise against the government, or rather the National Assembly, should it not declare war. Day after day placards to the same effect were posted all over the city, teeming with utter perversions of the real facts of the conflicts in Posen, and calling upon all France, if it valued its national honour, to rise in favour of the Poles. The agitation-system succeeded; the “people” was this time agitated to some purpose. The cry of “*Vive la Pologne!*” was caught up by the middle as well as the lower classes. Everywhere declamations about war, and about the necessity of

going to the succour of "*notre sœur la Pologne*," were to be heard along the streets. The utter ignorance of all geography, and of the state of other nations, so constantly to be found among the Parisians, and, indeed, the French in general, aided the delusion of the masses. Of Europe, and of the state of Europe, they knew no more than their clubs or their journals, oftentimes so designedly perverted, chose to tell them. When they raised the cry, "*Vive la guerre! aux frontières! aux frontières!*" they thought all was said and done. Poland, Russia, all the world, lay to them "*aux frontières*." *Aux frontières* was, in their minds, every glory. Their imaginations went no further. It would have been vain to have told them that Italy and Germany did not raise the cry of bitter supplication to the French to aid them, and even refused all French intervention. Their vanity knew better. How could it be otherwise? They were well assured that the French republic and the arms of France must needs be received in all lands with enthusiasm, except by tyrants and aristocrats. It would have been as vain to insinuate to them that the outcry and the popular manifestation in favour of Poland was only a pretext in the hands of the agitators of the ultra party to excite a *soulèvement*, by which their own schemes alone might profit—as they would have profited, in truth, by a war, which would have left the field of action open to their designs

at home, when the restrictive force of the military should have been sent to these famous "frontiers."

That the subversive agitators succeeded in their manœuvres, in rousing the spirit of the great mass of the Parisian population, was soon sufficiently visible. The "war" cry ran like wildfire: it was one of those changes of feeling with which the Parisians are accustomed to be suddenly "charged," and as suddenly to explode, as with an excess of electric fluid. Even the "*bons bourgeois*," those ardent advocates for peace, suddenly "chopped round," and became the loudest profferers of the cry of "Italy, Germany, Poland! and armed intervention!" The duped citizens echoed thus the cry designedly raised by the violent clubs for their own anarchical purposes: these types of the moderate majority thought themselves spontaneous in their condemnation of their fallen idol Lamartine and his manifesto, and in their expression, "*il faut forcer la main du gouvernement*," when, in fact, they had only yielded to the influence of the artful manœuvres of a party that they feared and hated. Some of this spirit, in the Parisians at large, might be attributed, at the same time, to the effect of the numerous fraternising banquets, which continued incessantly to take place between the national guards and the troops of the line, and to the military influence propagated by these fusion meetings. Night after night were the disorderly streets of

revolutionary Paris animated by the throngs of the mixed civic guards and troops, returning noisily home from their numerous banquets, with music, and drum, and torch, and making the night-air ring with their now popular cries of "*Vive la Pologne ! —Vive la guerre !*" Poor Parisians ! The bourgeois and the better-thinking of the working-classes were again to be the dupes of their designing enemies, and again, afterwards, to hang their heads, to repent their folly, and to own themselves the "fools of the day !"

Meanwhile, among those who looked on and saw whither all this agitation was tending, the greatest alarm prevailed. It was well known that the clubs had passed votes for the organisation of a monster demonstration, and for the presentation of monster petitions in favour of Poland ; and it was well supposed that the occasion of this great manifestation would be seized upon by the agitating malcontents, to follow up their own subversive schemes. The jealousies existing between the rival chiefs of the ultra clubs alone appeared, at first, a hindrance to the united furtherance of their joint designs. On the evening of Saturday the 13th, Barbès in his club, which had now been transferred from the halls of the ex-Palais Royal, against the occupation of which, by such a man, remonstrances had been made in the Assembly, to the *Salle des Concerts Spectacles*, evacuated by the routed *club des femmes*, had com-

plained bitterly that he had not been consulted by Huber and other club-chiefs relative to the forthcoming Polish manifestation, and had been heard by hundreds of spectators to declare that he thought the moment unpropitious, inasmuch as no manifestation should be made *until the time should be fully come to overthrow the National Assembly*. At first it was supposed that the Sunday, the day for which the new great republican fête had been fixed, would be chosen as the occasion of a revolt of the anarchists. But the day of the fête was hastily put off, under the pretext of an impossibility to complete the preparations: the government was more probably afraid of a popular demonstration, even in the midst of their enthronement on their seats, in the Champ de Mars. A vote of the Assembly was also hastily passed, prohibiting all monster demonstrations; but this prohibition seemed not even to modify the projects of the demonstrators, much less to disappoint these open conspirators in their hopes of the success of their projects. The Assembly did more; it evidently became seriously alarmed; it prepared its means of defence. It called once more the civic troops around it; troops of the line were now also placed at convenient distances; battalions of *garde mobile* paraded the whole quarter of Paris near the building. In truth, during the whole of the Saturday and Sunday, large crowds stationed themselves on the Place de la Concorde and the Place de la

Madeleine. When the *rappel* was beaten for the summons of the national guards, in many instances men of the people rushed forward and burst the drums, in order, they said, to show that their demonstrations were entirely pacific, and that the civic guard was needless! The movement, throughout those days and nights, increased; the Boulevards swarmed with the most violent agitation: the thunder-storm was visibly in the air, and could but burst forth. How strangely the whole tumultuous and angry scene contrasted with the still-continued preparations for the fête of "concord" and "fraternity" that was to be shortly held!

The city was in this agitated and tumultuous state when the day of the 15th of May dawned—a day on which a scorching sun again poured down its flood of heat upon the city, making the blood to boil in Parisian veins, and the brains to ferment in Parisian heads. All Paris was again abroad. It was quickly known that the grand demonstration in favour of Poland had been fixed for that day. After much internal diplomacy, the rival clubs had united their bands; the usual means of getting up a people's manifestation had been put in practice by the experienced in such matters. At a tolerably early hour of the day, the monster-procession congregated on the Place de la Bastille; thence it came down the Boulevards, ever and ever increasing by the way, until it swelled again into

one of those frightful armies of the people, of which the evolutions had already frequently spread awe and consternation throughout the city since the days of February—one of those armies, the numbers of which seem multiplied a hundredfold, as it pours ceaselessly through the confined streets of a capital. The streets were thronged with the curious and the alarmed. Great bands and lesser knots of men of the people, and boys *en blouse*, were congregated in several parts along the passage of the great force, and more especially upon the open spaces in the neighbourhood of the Assembly, like outposts of the army. General Courtais, accompanied by his republican staff, was ceaselessly riding up and down among the groups, speechifying to them in those flattering strains which had become long since the daily food of the mob: he counselled them “union and order;” and it even then struck men’s minds as singular, that the commander-in-chief of the civic guard should thus marshal, as it were, the people’s forces, and not disperse them as disturbers of the public peace. The *rappel*, to summon out the national guards, was at the same time being beaten in all directions; the civic troops were hurrying hither and thither in all directions to their appointed places of meeting. On all the wide thoroughfares and open spaces, but especially upon the Place de la Concorde, masses were fermenting under the hot sun.

The popular cry was still "War—war—war." The agitation, which for the three last days and nights had been boiling higher and more furiously, rose in a seething flood, and boiled over throughout the city.

At about half-past one the vanguard of the monster procession began to issue forth upon the Place de la Concorde, like the crested head of a huge dragon. Banners, and emblems, and mounted placards bristled as usual above the rolling body. Green boughs were waved in the air. Five or seven abreast came on the files of men, shouting ever the deceptive watch-cry of "*Vive la Pologne!*" Men of all classes there were among them, well-dressed men, as well as unshaven men of the people, in their *blouses*, and with blood-red scarfs: even uniforms of the national guards gave patches of bright colour to the sides of the huge human serpent: the leaders of the clubs were marshalling their battalions on their way with frantic cries. The duped and the designing were mixed together in the mass: and the duped, the unknowing agents of conspiracy, still formed the major portion of the army. At the same moment several bodies of the national guards, under arms, were issuing from the neighbouring streets, and avenues, and quays, their bayonets glistening in the hot sun. In a few minutes the Place de la Concorde was one mass of confused heads: the sloping terraces of the Tuileries were

again covered with those throngs of curious spectators, who are ever ready in Paris to look upon the "show," and who wait passively the issue of historical events that are to regulate their future destinies. The monster-procession, however, was compact; and it moved forward by the massive force of its own body. The national guards were everywhere stopped by the mob, and prevented from advancing: the column, meanwhile, moved on slowly, but surely, towards the bridge leading to the hall of the Assembly. At the opening of the bridge, which was crowded, in compact mass, by bodies of national guards and of *gardes mobiles*, the officer on duty refused any further passage to the mob. Its delegates alone, it was said, would be allowed to pass, in order to present their petition to the Assembly. While men thus hesitated in the face of the armed guard, and while the leaders of the procession seemed to be consulting among themselves, whether they should not attempt a forcible passage in spite of the show of bayonets opposed to them, came unexpectedly an order, written and signed by General Courtais, commanding the national guards to lower their arms, and offer no resistance whatever to the further passage of the people. The astonished guard had naught else to do but to obey the astounding order of its commander. The arms were lowered and reversed, although with unwilling shame and mistrust. The

young and inexperienced *garde mobile* gave way, of course, at the sight of the non-resistance of the national guards. The passage of the bridge was gained: the monster-procession marched forwards unopposed to the hall of the Assembly. On poured the attendant crowd also, invading, at the same time, the steps, and parapets, and terraces of the façade of the old Chamber: men *en blouse* stood, shouting and yelling, on every stone height; and *gamins* sat, as popular *coiffure*, upon the tops of all the statues, dishonouring thus the time-worn head of poor old Sully. On the steps also stood the passive bodies of the *garde mobile*, and then, easily led away, and not knowing what they did, shouted also the cry taught them by the people—“*Vive la Pologne! Vive la guerre!*” and the now more significant watchword-cry of the party, “*Vive Barbès! Vivent les Clubs!*” That dangerous body of young janissaries, organised by the Provisional Government for its own purposes of good or evil, was at that time to be turned with a breath; it might as easily have been led to side with the subversive leaders of the mob, as with the established cause of order. Chance was to decide its sympathy with the revolt, or its adherence to the power of the Assembly. Passive at first, the *gardes mobiles* were now led on to howl with the mob: and the next cry was to be “*A bas l'Assemblée!*” Along the narrower street flanking the

ancient Chamber poured on the thronging files of the procession: it turned into the open square of the ex-Place Bourbon, in front of the hall of the Assembly: the whole space was soon a compact mass of human beings. The leaders of the mob now thundered at the closed gates of the court of the Assembly; well-instructed men were aided to climb the walls and the great gate. The national guards, posted within the court, had received likewise orders from General Courtais to offer no resistance. The gates were opened from within: the mob again poured forwards. The precincts of the Assembly were invaded by the people: any resistance on the part of the representatives of the nation, to the invading force of a Parisian mob, had been removed by treachery. Yes, treachery; for there could be no longer any doubt that General Courtais, in thus yielding up the Assembly by his own command to the gang of mob-leaders, had made common cause with the designs of the conspirators. While a great part of the mob thus rushed into the courts of the Assembly hall, compact throngs still remained without, howling like wolves around their prey, with yells that had long since penetrated the hall, and filled it with a perpetual, deafening thunder. One incident, at this critical juncture, when the agitation was at its highest pitch, showed how cunningly the plans of the parties conspiring the overthrow of the Assembly

had been laid. By one of those historical "unto-ward accidents," the real sense of which had long been demonstrated since that fatal one which had occurred before the Foreign Office in the days of February, two shots were fired in the great court of the building. The national guards had been strictly commanded to come with unloaded muskets. There was no "untoward accident," then, possible. Pistol-shots were fired off by design by the *meneurs* who had entered, in order to inflame the public mind. The effect on the Place without was electric. The old howl of "*Aux armes! on nous assassine!*" was raised by men evidently posted for the purpose, who immediately rushed up all the neighbouring streets, crying still "*Aux armes!*" and spreading irritation and consternation wherever they went, with the design of renewing the general outbreak of the night of the 23d of February. The confusion was soon at a terrific height: some men fled; others of the better-thinking tried to pacify the mob, and even arrested those who cried "*Aux armes!*" on account of the inflammatory effect they produced. Men were no longer such dupes as they had been before; they had learned a lesson of experience in the tactics of "unto-ward accidents." Several national guards now rushed forward, and were received with hooting: yielding to the force of the mob, they again took down their bayonets, and turned up the butt-ends of their muskets. But

while this scene of screaming confusion was being acted without, the hall of the Assembly within had been invaded by the mob.

The Assembly had been, in truth, invaded by a ruffian crew. At the first announcement that their sanctuary had been thus treacherously given up, the utmost consternation reigned among the representatives. They sprang up from their benches in confusion and disorder. The voice of Wolowski, who was at that moment making a speech to the Assembly in favour of the cause of Poland, was immediately drowned in the clamour. Invectives, expostulations, cries of "treachery," sounded on all sides in the midst of a hideous scene of confusion, in which Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, and others, endeavoured to dominate the tumult with their protestations in favour of the people's right of petitioning in person: the tumult only increased. Louis Blanc, accompanied by his friend Albert, left the hall in order to harangue the people, authorised, it has been said, by the president, to attempt the task of bringing them to order, as their best-known champion. To the crowds that poured into the courts he appeared at a window, and in truth harangued the people; but to what effect? Again to flatter and cajole, and recognise the justice of their cause. They poured on—they poured into the building by every entrance. They filled the halls of petition and of conference, where

their "friend" once more welcomed them. Meanwhile some degree of order had been re-established in the hall of deliberation. The sense of their dignity had been restored to the representatives. The yells and cries still came from without; but they had more calmly taken their seats to await the issue of events. Wolowski was desired to proceed; but his voice was immediately again drowned in the shouts of the hordes that now, on all sides, burst into the Assembly, as, but three months before, a similar mob had burst into the Chamber of Deputies to proclaim that principle, which another subversive attempt was now made to proclaim again, in a far wilder form. Into the centre space, before the tribune of the president, rushed the leaders of the clubs, surrounded by a mob. Into every gallery, the doors of which were forced, poured crowds of yelling, ruffian men, with their banners. Many glided down into the hall, by the pillars, upon the seats of the representatives. Collisions everywhere occurred; but the thought of resisting the inundation of the mob was hopeless. It poured in like a waterspout into a shattered building. Most of the ladies in the galleries fled with screams: spectators struggled in vain with the horde of men, who mounted on their shoulders. All at once came a crash as if the whole building were falling: a part of the hastily knocked-up structure had cracked and settled; it was for a

moment thought that the hall was about to give way. The consternation and alarm at this incident added to the utter confusion.

Then came the triumph of the clubbist conspirators. Their victory appeared to be within their hands. Thus far they had marched on in their designs. The overthrow of the National Assembly, which they declared reactionary and counter-revolutionary, was decided. In spite of the vainest protestations of the violation of the national conclave, they proceeded to their work. Again, in the midst of the confusion, Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin pleaded the people's cause, and their right of petition. Petition ! what irony in that word, in the midst of that scene of triumphant conspiracy ! And now Raspail, the old republican apothecary, mounted in the orator's tribune, and proceeded to dictate the will of the people—*i. e.* of the mob of Paris—to the people's representatives ; and a horde of other would-be demagogues clung to its sides, and shouted in their turn. And then rose the clubbist chief, Huber, and declared the National Assembly dissolved for ever by the people's will ; and the invading horde shouted, and yelled, and cried, "*A bas l'Assemblée !*" and ruffian men, bursting up into the *bureau* of the president, upset him in his chair ; and so, in truth, the Assembly was overthrown—its meeting was dissolved. All was over for the time ! The cause of the conspiring

clubs had triumphed ! The representatives gave way before the force of the mob. Some retired to the ancient hall of the Deputies ; some took refuge in the adjoining house of the president ; some fled into the city, by what issue they could gain in the throng. The hall of the Assembly was left to the triumphant mob. And now rose Barbès, the spirit of evil, amidst shouts and vivats to his name. And he again declared the Assembly, *not* of the people's choice, to be dissolved ; and he promised a new régime of terror, violence, and oppression, to meet the people's will. He decreed, of his own high authority, a tax of two *milliards* upon the rich ; he decreed the suppression and the disarming of the national guards ; he decreed that whoever should dare to beat the *rappel*, to summon them, should be declared " traitor to the country," and be thus dealt with forthwith ; he decreed the re-establishment of the guillotine ! And the people, not yet content, cried, " No, no, Barbès, that is not all ; thou hast promised us a two days' pillage of the infamous reactionary city of Paris ;" and he decreed the pillage ! And lists of the names of a Provisional Government—of Barbès, Raspail, Huber, Blanqui, and also, as it afterwards appeared, of Ledru-Rollin, and Flocon, and Louis Blanc, and Albert—the friends of the ultras and the violent—lists, written *beforehand*, were distributed among the howling mob, with orders to disseminate them

throughout the city; and then Barbès—with the deluded conviction that the people *en masse* would welcome his triumph, with the trust in the overwhelming consternation at the news of the overthrow of the Assembly to keep men dumb, and with the knowledge of the moral force ever exercised, throughout the capital and the country, by the *fait accompli*—decided that he and his associates should hurry to the Hôtel de Ville, and there establish, as in those days of February, upon the example of which he based his hopes of success, the new Provisional Government, newly appointed once more by the divine and sovereign voice of the people! And he departed with his triumphant friends; and the mob still revelled, and rioted, and howled once more in its palace, evacuated by its delegates.

While these scenes were passing in the interior of the Assembly hall, what a drama was passing in the city without! The news of the overthrow of the Assembly by the mob, of the desperate appointment of the new Provisional Government, of the demand of the guillotine by the mouth of Barbès, flew through society like wildfire, spreading consternation and the stunning effect of sudden surprise. On the Place de la Concorde, men who had rushed out of the Assembly distributed the lists of the Provisional Government: in some few cases they were hustled and arrested: for the most part

the crowd, like the *gardes mobiles*, who still stood upon the steps of the building, remained inactive; many of those even, who had joined in the insensate demonstration, hung their heads, already lamenting the deed they had been led on to aid; many could not believe the astounding intelligence, or with difficulty could lend their minds to think that it was true. The movement, however, hither and thither, was tremendous. "Treason and cowardice" were thundered against all those who had failed in their duty of defending the Assembly. No one any longer doubted the treachery of General Courtais; and anathemas were hurled at his name. There was a general rush from all parts of the city to the scene of action: some few bolder men snatched up arms, crying out that the Assembly must be saved; but, generally speaking, the mass remained passive as usual. The *rappel*, however, was still being beaten far and near, in spite of the terrific decree of Dictator Barbès. The national guards felt that their hour was come, when they must act or be lost! Several battalions, however, as they advanced upon the Place de la Concorde, still hesitated; in many instances they allowed themselves to be turned back by the agents of the conspirators, with the usual fatal cry, which so often already had worked its influence, "*Il est trop tard!*" They had no orders, in fact; they had been betrayed by their general. It was a battalion of the first legion that

at last forced its way across the Place de la Concorde, with the bold counter-cry, "*Rien n'est trop tard!*" If the Assembly is overthrown, it is for us to re-establish it." These national guards burst forward to the hall of the Assembly; they persuaded the *gardes mobiles*, who still stood there—doubting, inactive, without orders, half inclined already to fraternise with the so-called people—to join with them in entering the hall, and driving out the mob at the bayonet-point. During this movement the general anxiety was at its greatest pitch. Presently came the visible proof of the advance of the national guards: the insurgents came pouring with yells out of the building; many were arrested by other national guards, who, inspired by the first movement, hurried up without waiting for general orders. Then at last came the news that the Assembly had been reinstated in its hall, and that Lamartine had himself marched, at the head of a body of troops, upon the Hôtel de Ville, to summon the conspirators to surrender. Then a general jubilee burst forth. A strange drama indeed, to those who stood by to witness them, were the sudden changes in popular feeling during that brief space of an afternoon—the terror, the despair, the relief, the joy, the enthusiasm, following one upon another every quarter of an hour.

Another drama there was, and other scenes again,

and other stirring pictures, in that hall of the Assembly, to which the representatives of the nation had again returned, led on by the national guards, and where they now proclaimed their sittings *en permanence* until conspiracy and anarchy should be vanquished. There Lamartine had come, from his place of concealment during the hour of terror, and had been received by the wildest acclamations of the national guards, who again, and for the last time, crowded round, to seize his hand as their saviour, and even to kiss the skirts of his coat in their frantic embraces. It was his last and short-lived triumph in that first phasis of the revolution. He mounted the tribune, made one of those stirring speeches, with which, in moments of decisive action, before the eyes of men, he knew how to electrify the crowd: he declared himself ready to put himself at the head of those who should march upon the conspirators; and he did so. There came also General Courtais, endeavouring to shield himself from accusation, now that the party he had favoured was nigh its fall, after its temporary triumph—to be flung down, to have his epaulets torn from his shoulders and dashed in his face by the indignant national guards, and to be borne away a prisoner. There, at a later hour, was thrust in also Louis Blanc, who had been seized by the national guards and dragged into the hall—his face pale and distorted, his dress torn from his back—to be met with

yells of "traitor" from the mixed multitude of representatives and national guards, amidst vain protestations of his innocence—to be met also with the exclamation, "Thou hast no honour!" when he appealed to his honour as his testimony of truth. There was established at last, amidst the ever-fermenting agitation, some slight degree of order, after the tumultuous scenes of the day within that hall; while cries of "*Vive l'Assemblée!*" rang ever from without, on the spot where a mob had so lately yelled against it. These were all pictures of a revolutionary history, which will not easily pass from the memory of those who witnessed them, and should never lose their warning influence upon the world.

Meanwhile, Barbès and his coadjutors had gone their way confidently to the Hôtel de Ville, there to take up their seat as members of the new Provisional Government, and dictate their will to all the land, as the new masters of France, delegated once more by the sovereign voice of the people. A mob of their immediate friends of the people, representing this sovereign voice, accompanied them on their way, spreading confusion and consternation as it went yelling along. They thundered at the gates of the Hôtel de Ville demanding admittance: a short struggle took place with the guard of the old building; but there also treachery appeared to be at work; and the conspirators soon swarmed into the halls of their seat of government.

Stanch Marrast, the type of republican moderation, who under the present order of things possessed, perhaps, with his friends and allies, more influence than any individual in the country, in vain attempted to oppose his moral force to the deeds of the conspirators. He was forced to hide, and send stealthy messengers to the Executive Government and the Assembly for aid. And Barbès, with Albert of the ex-Provisional Government, anxious again to taste of power, who had followed in his wake, and other conspirators of minor note—and whispering suspicion said also Louis Blanc, who, when he found what course events were about to take, deserted the conspirators and his “noble friend” the *soi-disant ouvrier*, and ran back to the Assembly, in order not to be missed, although upon this point contradiction and designed mystery have done their work well to dim the clearness of history—all installed themselves in state, and prepared lists of their new government, and disposed of the different public offices, giving the foreign affairs to old Cabet the communist, and the interior to Sobrier of the “Comité du Salut Public” den in the Rue de Rivoli, whilom self-appointed police-prefect No. 2, and reserving dictator Barbès as president of the council, and even took Blanqui to their bosom, spite of the jealous rivalry of the dictator, and added also Ledru-Rollin, and Flocon, and Caussidière to their gang, and

even questioned the propriety of bestowing the same favour upon Lamartine, as a make-weight; while the attendant mob of sovereign people distributed the hastily-written lists among the crowd, that already thronged the Place without, and tried, with the ready tactics of daily experience, to "agitate." And none doubted but what they were in truth the rulers of France, and so of the destinies of the world. But the national guards were now advancing in their own triumph, and with resumed courage, upon the Hôtel de Ville, with Lamartine, and other enterprising and ardent representatives at their head, and likewise at first Ledru-Rollin, unwilling to compromise himself with the imprudent adventurers, but obliged to turn back before the loud expression of general dissatisfaction. They invested the building. The struggle with the invaders was again short: they burst in; they poured through the passages and vast gilded rooms of the old edifice. The conspirators now retreated to a smaller room—the very room, by a strange fatality of history, in which Robespierre and his Jacobin friends had been arrested, when all Paris rose at last against the Reign of Terror; and in that room *their* short-lived reign of terror, scarce yet begun, was to be strangled in its birth. Barbès, like that famous prototype whose deeds he was ambitious of emulating, flew to the window, and endeavoured to harangue the "people," his firm allies, he fancied,

in his favour, and to his rescue; but no outbreak followed at his call: he was received by the vast majority of the mob with groans and hisses; and yet that very mob, had he triumphed, might have echoed the shout of his attendant crew, and cried "*Vive Barbès!*" also. But the door was forced; the national guards rushed in; the conspirators were arrested. Barbès was first dragged forth by the thronging national guards, pale with rage and disappointment, and with wild haggard eye, but still erect; and then Albert, staggering from the effects of liquor, with which he had striven to give himself courage, with hanging head and failing limbs, and sobs, and entreaties not to be massacred, dragged along powerless; and then all the others found in that room of history, in the midst of their first sitting of government, as their predecessors in their last. As soon as preparations could be made, they were carried off in carriages, well guarded with cavalry and artillery, to the donjon-fortress of Vincennes, there to remain prisoners, with those still to be arrested, during the first phasis of the revolution, and to be a rallying watchword and a signal of agitation to the Red Republican malcontents, who clamoured for their release from their "tyrant chains," just as if they had been the victims of "monarchic despotism," and not the outcasts of the republic of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," of which they had at first proclaimed the rule.

As the hurried and agitated day went on, and drew towards its close, the domiciles of the other best-known conspirators were invested also by eager bodies of national guards—that of Raspail, and that of Cabet, although the old Icarian again appeared innocent of any immediate complicity, and that of Sobrier. The latter, ex-prefect de police No. 2 for many months of suffered illegality, and minister of the interior of an hour, had rushed, as he rushed too late to the Prefecture de Police in February, to be forestalled by another, to the Home Office with his famous Montagnards, and had thence issued proclamations by electric telegraph to all France, to announce the new régime: but he had fled when the building was attacked by the national guards; and his gang had been overcome after a short resistance. Not knowing whither to bend his steps in the increasing ferment, Sobrier had entered a *café* at the corner of the Rue du Bac, upon the quay, for some drink to support him, and had been there recognised and arrested, and first conveyed to the barracks on the Quai d'Orsay, as a temporary prison. Around his famous bureau of the “Commune de Paris,” No. 16 Rue de Rivoli, all the neighbouring streets were long intercepted and guarded, far and wide, by torch-bearing national guards, while this den, so long the terror of the more timid of the Parisians, was searched and ransacked, and such papers as

were not burned by his acolytes within, were seized : and there were found decrees, half-printed already, in which the tactics of the conspirators were made manifest, inasmuch as it was therein “set forth,” that the “infamous national guards” had fired upon the innocent people in the midst of their peaceful manifestations in favour of the cause of Poland—a collision, it was evident, that they had designed to provoke by another “untoward accident.” And these decrees showed also well what all Paris and all France had to expect from the tender mercies of the “Red Republicans”—a “*Comité du Salut Public*”—for this, it appeared, was Citizen Sobrier’s “whistle”—a persecution of the *bourgeoisie*, a general spoliation of property, and a reign of terror more terrible than that of the old Revolution. Of the other well-known conspirators, Blanqui contrived to escape the general arrest, with the connivance, it was said, of Marc Caussidière of the police, who was, from this circumstance, and from many others, to be also suspected of complicity in the deeds of the conspirators, or at least to be accused of negligent and culpable oversight. Long did the clubbist chief escape detection in his retreat, having wandered about, it was reported, disguised in female attire : long did he audaciously launch forth letters from his hiding-place to the Assembly and the journals, still denouncing all things and men, as was his wont,

whenever he spoke or wrote. It was long before he was detected, finally arrested in a secret upper chamber of a friend's house, and conveyed also to the donjon of Vincennes, protesting loudly against being lodged, in his imprisonment, near that "*imbécile de Barbès*." Huber also at first escaped, after having been once arrested and confided, at the Prefecture, to the care of Marc Caussidière, who let him go again, as he said in his defence, with that *naïveté* he knew so well how to employ, "after giving him a sound lecture on his misconduct," but upon a principle of union, peace, and conciliation. And Flotte, the conspiring cook, was also allowed to escape by another official, and was only found, long afterwards, in much misery and want, in a stable at the bottom of a court in the Rue St Honoré! But the arrests were still manifold that night in fermenting Paris. The Montagnards of the body-guard of Citizens Caussidière and Sobrier—a body long suspected, not without good cause, of being the agents of many designs of the conspirators—long held out, however, during several days, in the Prefecture de Police, from which they were endeavoured to be removed, and long caused alarm, mistrust, and suspicion throughout the city and in the Assembly; until, at last, after much recrimination and counter-recrimination among representatives, they were ousted and disbanded, to be reorganised, with the usual truckling system, in another corps.

During that evening and that night there was the wildest confusion throughout all the city. All the population of Paris was again in the streets. Men thronged to the Hôtel de Ville, which was now strongly guarded by cannon, to gaze upon the scene of an historical event. A great portion of the city was illuminated—this time spontaneously! The greater part of the visible population, as well as the national guards, boiled with frenzy, or shouted shouts of triumph over the vanquished anarchists. One of the principal cries that passed from mouth to mouth, and was shouted by the various bodies of troops, as they went by each other, was “*A bas les clubs!*” The evil of the day, it was well known, had arisen from the flagrant abuses in which these meetings had been allowed to indulge; and the citizens of Paris now took courage at last to protest against them, with the full force of their lungs. In many instances the national guards burst into the most notorious of the ultra clubs, which had ventured to meet under the circumstances, and dispersed the assembly. In one case a bloody collision took place; and several of the national guards fell victims to their zeal. Some eventually closed for a time, to be allowed, with the old conciliation-policy system of ruinous compromise, to reopen again with renewed license, until another catastrophe was to produce harsher measures.

What pictures did the streets then again present amidst the confused movement, the illuminations, the curiosity of the thronging crowds, the doubt, the joy, the shouting; the marching hither and thither of all the troops; the battalions hurrying upon Vincennes, whither the chief conspirators were being conveyed; the national guards bivouacking on the Place de la Madeleine, and the Place de la Concorde, and all round the Assembly, and supping gaily by torch-light, amidst *improvisés* kitchens, and stacked arms, and shouting, in their triumph, "*Vive l'Assemblée!*" and, over all, the light of the bright moon shed fully down in an inundating flood of brilliancy upon the scenes! The pictures were those of a city taken by storm, and in the possession of an army, and yet in the midst of triumph! They were pictures, once more, long to linger in the minds of those who gazed upon them.

The first effect of the result of these events of the 15th of May, was most favourable upon the great majority of the population of the capital. All the circumstances of the time were at first forgotten in the sense of relief from danger, in the joy and triumph. The city seemed in a perfect state of jubilee. The public thoroughfares were still thronged with a holiday crowd on the following day; the national guards of the neighbourhood all came pouring into the streets of the capital, showing thereby the

sense of the country against the anarchist party : everywhere they were received with congratulatory shouts. The joy was not, however, unminged with alarm. A movement was still feared from the discontented of the working classes, from the organised agents of the ex-dictators of the Luxembourg, from the agents of the clubs—in fact, from all the on-hangers of the vanquished party. Reports were continually circulating of insurrections and barricades in the faubourgs. The drums on the Place de la Concorde several times beat to arms ! The whole quarter around the National Assembly was occupied by troops of the national guards and the *gardes mobiles* ; the building was guarded with all the appearance of a fortress in the time of war ; cannon was drawn up around it ; by day as well as night the streets were patrolled by frequent and heavy bodies of all kinds of troops, following almost incessantly upon each other's heels ; sentinels were placed along the streets at short distances from one another ; Paris had still all the aspect of being, as in truth it was, *en pleine révolution*. Arrests were, hour by hour, continually taking place. Coaches filled with prisoners were constantly to be seen, driving hastily along the streets, escorted by heavy bodies of cavalry. The national guards, furious at the treachery of their commander, which had so mainly contributed to the temporary victory of the conspirators, were

longing to come to arms; the *gardes mobiles* were now as eager for action, and anxious, while their young blood was up, to fight, were it even against the men who called themselves their *frères*: they were no less indignant and insulted that, by obedience to a treacherous order, they should have been accessory to the passage of the bridge, and should have been betrayed into sympathising with the anarchists. On the crowded squares the guards shouted to each other, with reciprocal vivats; while, waiting the expected attack, the younger fellows sang and danced in rounds, amidst their shouts, with all the reckless *nonchalance* of the true *gamins* of Paris. From this date the character of the young *gardes mobiles* was commencing to be stamped as allied to the cause of order. The whole population was then so completely under arms, that any immediate attack of the malcontents could really only take place in the frenzy of desperation. People again began to take confidence, and to exclaim for the hundredth time, "All is over!" and yet there were few who could in their hearts trust to their own confidence. It could scarcely be supposed that the desperate anarchist faction, the "Red Republicans," as they now began avowedly to call themselves—the party of the "Montagnards" of the Assembly—would remain utterly cowed and quiet under their defeat. They might still hope to make up by violence for their weak-

ness in numbers ; they might still be again deluded by their false conviction, that they must yet have all the lower classes on their side, to fight for them and with them to the death. It could not be doubted that, when the insurrection should come at last, terror would have to take the place of disappointed surprise, and that the resistance would, in truth, be strong and terrible. The how, the when, and the where, remained the only doubts. The how, the when, and the where, had still to be seen at the end of this first phasis of the revolution. For the time being, however, the revulsion of feeling among the masses was great. Throughout all classes, even to the lowest workmen, thousands, who had clamoured for war the one day, now clamoured against it the next. The eyes of the lower classes were *for the time* opened to their folly, as if by a miracle : those who were innocent of all intentions, beyond joining in the monster procession, to cry, "*Vive la Pologne!*"—they knew not why—seemed cast down with shame at having been the instruments of conspirators. One stout fellow, in a *blouse*, told the writer, almost with tears in his eyes, that he could never forgive himself for having been a dupe to the designs of the subversive anarchists. The war-cry was as suddenly ceased as it was raised ; the war-party was obliged to yield to the fresh feeling of the day ; it had been swamped in the events of the 15th. Among the

sudden transformations, of which revolutionary Paris was so often to be the stage, this sudden revulsion of feeling was one of the most sudden, extraordinary, and complete—for the time being. But who could say what new change an accident, or an incident, might not produce in this excitable and fickle people?

After the first impression of triumph and joy was gone, there came thus again, in the midst of the eternal agitation—the agitation of the streets and public places, of the military movement, and the military occupation of the city—the internal agitation of men's minds. Suspicion, recrimination, vague fear, and discontent, were again in everybody's thoughts, and at the tip of every-body's tongue. The spirit of the public grew stronger and stronger against the weakness, to say the least, of the Executive Government, that had nearly thrown Paris into the hands of the anarchists, and even broke into open suspicions of connivance on the part of some of the members of the government and authorities in power. "Why, if there be not treachery," was the constant cry, "does not the Executive Government show itself sufficiently energetic to avail itself of the emergency, and consolidate the spirit of moderate order? What should it fear now? Why not act with a strong hand?" The Executive Government still evidently truckled and wavered, and worked at its vain con-

ciliation-tactics. Those who had never dared to raise their voices now declaimed loudly against all who had had any connexion with the subversive party. In public, the arrest of Flocon, Caussidière, and even Ledru-Rollin, was loudly called for. The men, whose names were put down upon the prepared list of the *soi-disant* provisional government, ought all to be arrested, it was declared, until their complete justification of any complicity in the schemes of the conspirators could be proved. Flocon, the minister of commerce, who openly in the Assembly had made a vain attempt to prevent the arrest of the confederates, was loudly denounced. Suspicion attached itself more and more to Marc Caussidière : Ledru-Rollin was generally supposed to have played a double part, holding himself back in order to join the triumphant party, whichever it might prove to be : his address to the rioters in the Assembly, to induce them to quit the hall, alone saved him from the sweeping condemnation. The man, to whom the majority had once more for a moment clung, as to an anchor of hope, seemed again inclined to break cable, and leave them tossing on a stormy sea. Lamartine, however unjust the insinuation, did not wholly escape suspicion : at all events, by his conduct in and out of the Assembly, he ceased again to be the man of trust and confidence, on whom men might rely : he fell again in public opinion, and for the last time. He was

supposed to be ever balancing, wavering, and truckling between parties, with his moderate convictions in the one scale, and in the other his fear of that insensate phantom "Reaction," which was still continually thrown in the teeth of the moderate majority as an insulting reproach, by the agents of the government, tending thereby to call into life that very phantom it had created. Men grew indignant that he should not have shown more confidence in the true spirit of the national guards, who had twice so signally saved his government, and his own life perhaps, in the moderate majority of the country, which had accepted the republic as a necessity of times in France, and in its essence the National Assembly. A circumstance, connected with the arrest of Sobrier, contributed, at this juncture, to turn the scale of public feeling still more against him. At the barracks, where Citizen Sobrier was still detained, an individual presented himself with an order for his release, signed "Lamartine!" The order was resisted; and the individual disappeared. "Why," people asked, "did he connive at the escape of the prisoner? for what purpose? or to screen whom?" The temporary escape of Blanqui and the others also naturally led to the rumour that they were possessed of secrets connected with those in power, which rendered their arrest dangerous. Instead of openness and explanation, every effort was evidently made to throw

a veil of mystery and concealment over the past. Men murmured at this underhand dealing. The general mistrust daily increased ; suspicion floated from one person to another, without resting exactly upon any head ; and the vague fears of treachery, of betrayal into the hands of the violent party, of future convulsion by connivance, gained ground day by day, or rather, so rapidly did events pass, so suddenly did feelings develop themselves, hour by hour. Men seemed to be walking in a troubled dream, or, like men blindfolded, not knowing what staff to grasp or what abyss to avoid. The Assembly seemed no less dominated and directed by the same feelings in its discussions, the tumultuous character of which waxed greater and greater. No one ventured to speak openly, in order to give a form to the indefinite and the vague, to determine the apprehension which existed in every heart. All was indecision, mystery, reticence.

Meanwhile, in the public, the arrest of Louis Blanc was even more loudly called for than that of the other suspected accessories. In spite of his vehement protestations of innocence, his connivance in the designs of the conspirators was never doubted. His close intimacy with Albert was considered a damning charge against him ; and the discontent at his constant presence in the Assembly after his open encouragement there given to the rioters—the evident lax forbearance of the government, which

counted some of his best friends among its members, and the report that proofs, placed in the hands of those in power, revealing his complicity, were suppressed, were a constant source of irritation to the public mind. What long boiled thus in men's minds abroad, found at last vent in the Assembly. In narrating events, however, so closely connected with those of the 15th of May, it ought to be added, that they did not take place until the first days of June, and that the discussions in the Assembly upon the subject are here forestalled. Amidst turmoil and confusion, the *mise en accusation* of Louis Blanc was demanded : it was for the Assembly alone to permit of judicial proceedings being instituted against one of its members. The *requi-sitoire*, or judicial suit, was presented by the official dignitaries of the great courts of justice—under the indirect auspices, therefore, of the minister of justice himself. The affair was referred to a committee : Jules Favre, the under-secretary of state for the home department, was nominated its reporter. It was evident that the government considered itself forced on to this act. The hour came to ask the *mise en accusation* at the hands of the Assembly. The members of the Executive Government and the ministers then vacillated : a first vote was declared doubtful : they saw that the sense of the Assembly also wavered ; and most of them finally voted against it. Their attitude was embarrassed and

uneasy : they seemed unwilling to face an accusation that might fall back upon themselves. Favre, the reporter of the commission in favour of the accusation, threw up his place in disgust at being thus deserted. Crémieux, the minister of justice, even went so far as to disown his own judicial dignitaries ; but, convicted of falsehood, in denying the fact of his own warrant to their act, in the face of the whole Assembly, he was obliged to quit the ministry. The Assembly, actuated by fear, it would seem, that an insurrection of the working classes might follow the arrest of their " friend " Louis Blanc, or influenced by the example of the government and its allies, let him free : a jealousy, that all the facts of the case were not revealed aloud in the report, also appeared to actuate this unexpected decision. Whatever the motives by which it was led, however, the Assembly afterwards showed itself ashamed and repentant of its weakness and indecision, and was thereafter, at a later period, to retrace its steps. Louis Blanc, for the time, was free, but remained, in spite of all, an object of suspicion, more or less openly expressed. Caussidière, attacked and accused, made a blundering defence of his own conduct, and finally resigned his office as prefect of police, and his post as representative, to make an appeal to the sense of his constituents ; and, in the ensuing elections of Paris, for those representatives whose places were to be supplied, he was again

to dupe the majority with his seeming rugged honesty, but at last to be involved in the same accusation as his colleague.

Amidst such scenes as these, it would be a vain and monotonous task to paint the pictures presented by the Assembly: the dark blurred tints were ever the same, or but increased in depth of colour. That Barbès, the spirit of evil, should be no longer there to blow up the flame, seemed to have done nothing towards extinguishing the embers of disorder. During these days of accusation and defence, or rather defiance,—these days of uproarious recrimination, and counter-recrimination, and thundering abuse; when discussion, even of an animated nature, was lost in the hurricane; when the storm of angry passions swept over all; when the lie was bandied backwards and forwards from mouth to mouth; when tumult triumphed of every kind, except absolute fighting hand to hand—France shamed itself for that Assembly, which had been saved from anarchy.

During the debates upon the proclamations relative to the late events to the country and the national guard—debates which took place at the period in May, now resumed—the disorder was scarcely less. On one of these latter occasions, Citizen Clement Thomas, an ex-sergeant of dragoons, and republican conspirator under the monarchy, who had been nominated by the Executive Government commanding-

general of the national guards, gave vent to the sentiment that the national guard would do its duty towards the Assembly *as long as* the Assembly should be judged to do its own duty towards the republic—a sentiment, the famous qualifying “*tant que*” of which spread immediately the spirit of discord and mistrust against him, although but just nominated, among those national guards of which he represented himself to be the mouthpiece. In these days, also, it was that Father Lacordaire, the Dominican, retired in disgust, uttering against his late colleagues a bitter satire in the words of the official renunciation of his post—“That he could not reconcile his duties, as a representative of the nation, with his *peaceful* functions as a priest.”

And yet men still clung to the National Assembly, in their confusion and doubt of mind, as their only rock of salvation.

Amidst the confusion, the apprehension, the mistrust, and all the other uneasy preoccupations of the public mind, when Parisian citizen was still more set against Parisian citizen than ever, the *Fête de la Concorde*, so long promised, was announced for Sunday, the 21st of May.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCORD.

The great Fête of Concord on the 21st of May—The disorderly nature of the preparations—The scene presented by the Champ de Mars—Typical confusion—The military review, and the monster procession of the arts and trades—The illuminations—Want of enthusiasm—The donjon of Vincennes, and the prisoners of the 15th of May—State of the public mind in Paris—Agitation under the surface of comparative tranquillity—Causes of the subdued ferment—The clubs resume courage—The mysterious signals—Rumours of reactionary plots, a party manœuvre—Party use of the cries of “reaction” and “democratic republic” as instruments—Where is the concord?

It was assuredly a strange time for the celebration of a great fête of concord—that time of general mistrust, and hostility, and apprehension—that time, when not a last illusion was left to give it a reality, not a last spark of enthusiasm to heighten it. Those who railed not at its folly, or did not look at it with alarm, grumbled at an expense, in a half-ruined country, out of all proportion to the advantages it might produce to the trade of Paris. The Greco-Franco-theatrical glories, announced with so much old republican pomp, were, however, much shorn of their tinsel beams.

There were no oxen with gilded horns, *à la George Sand*, any longer in the programme, nor Spartan costumes, nor Grecian pavilions on the boulevards, nor *velaria* spread over thousands of banqueters; but there was much confused glitter and show, and as much Grecian trumpery as possible. After all the doubts, delays, and dangers of the past, the morning of the Fête of Concord at last dawned on the 21st of May. The sun again, after days of rain, gleamed unexpectedly upon the show; and people again augured glories to the "young republic."

No popular movement, as has been said before, can fail of its imposing and picturesque effect upon that great stage for theatrical exhibitions, which Paris affords; and yet an evil genius seemed, on this occasion, to have cast an unlucky spell upon every element, that might have been supposed to have bestowed an air of grandeur on the exhibition. The impression left upon the bewildered brain of the spectators of this great Fête of Concord, was one of confusion, disorder, want of purpose, want of arrangement—a chaos of glitter and of colour. *Hap-hazard* was the genius that presided; and its rule was religiously observed to the last. From the earliest hour of the day, a complete bewilderment seemed to have fallen on all concerned in processions, or ceremonies, or demonstrations: in spite of official programmes, which, however, were

vague enough, no one appeared to know what to do. People ran hither and thither to find their places; and places there were none. Flags were fluttering about, like birds seeking shelter in a storm; and the banners borne, with their respective inscriptions, by the delegates from the provinces, rushed distractedly about the Place de la Concorde, without a trace of concord in their movements. The national guards, it had been found out the night before, had been utterly forgotten in the unarranged arrangements—the national guards, who were, for the time being, the heroes of the day! To repair this neglect of forgetfulness, they had been pitilessly drummed up and out, at four o'clock in the morning, when they first learnt, confusedly, how, when, and where they were to be employed. The evil spirit seemed even to have descended upon certain famous “five hundred little girls in white,” who, as all Paris had been officially informed, were to be chosen from among its fairest daughters: all Paris hung its head with shame that day, for its reputation of beauty. Had the famous “five hundred little girls in white” been chosen for the quality the very reverse of loveliness, they could scarcely have been better selected. The *fête* had been announced to begin at seven o'clock in the morning: at half-past nine the Place de la Concorde, and its neighbourhood, were still the scene of that pell-mell confusion,

which had more the aspect of a great orgie, suddenly dissolved by a thunder-storm, than a great national festival organised beneath a smiling sky.

At length the military part of the great procession, and the Executive Government, and the representatives of the people, and the *détenus politiques*, and the enfranchised negroes—the members of the diplomatic corps had been requested to join in the procession in the midst of these respected individuals, in order to complete the principle of fraternity, but had declined the invitation—and the *blessés*, and the *décorés*, and the *délégués* of the departments, and the foreign deputations of insurrectionary nations, and no end of schools, and delegates and corporations, and deputations of working classes and tradesmen—a goodly show on account of the bright confusion of colours, however disorderly and ill-arranged—all moved towards the Champ de Mars. In the vast space of that plain was the same fearful disorder: nothing was completed. Pyramids at its entrance, emblematical of the union of nations, were truncated, and showed only bare, ugly poles above: the parapets at their base were only half-placed: the statues around them were hitched uncomfortably and awry into their places. In the midst of the large plain was elevated a colossal statue of the Republic—a stunted, heavy-browed figure, with broad shoulders and a big head, holding a sword as if about to commit

suicide—a not very unfitting allegory, maybe. This monster model republic had been made of *papier mâché*, and belung with canvass folds, smeared with plaster to look like stone: but, alas! storms had very typically dirtied her pasteboard face, and dismally streaked behind her flowing robes of sail-cloth. The “*Autel de la Patrie*,” on which she stood, as on a pedestal, had also not had time for consecration: it was covered with ill-attached white sheets, barely covering the scaffolding, and tacked on with red velvet strips and gold fringes. Around the whole space were plaster statues and tripods innumerable, which, at night, were to contain fire, upon gigantic canvass pedestals, and banners upon poles, and “all manner” of preparations for illuminations with variegated lamps. The soil of the plain was as typically muddy and puddly—a veritable “slough of despond,” through which the representatives of the nation, great and small, and of all classes, had to plunge boldly before they arrived at their thrones of honour, established upon *estrades* before the Ecole Militaire, that closed the vista, where the ladies of the republican court, and their friends, already formed a goodly show of republican fashion. There were ranges of guards, and lines of troops around the whole plain; and there was a vain attempt to preserve order among the great masses of spectators who covered the amphitheatre height of the sur-

rounding slopes of earth, and who swept down into the space below. All was then considered ready for the chief business of the day. It was now long past eleven o'clock.

How paint now the picture of the fête? A few broad dashing colours can alone be employed to sketch it off. A thronging crowd, moved by much ungratified curiosity, and little or no enthusiasm—tumult, disorder, bayonets, galloping officers with contradictory orders, confounding still more the confusion, incessant cannonading, with bursting gushes of smoke from the height of Maillot beyond the Seine, and a tricolor balloon, which, to keep up the myth of the French republic, went up all awry, and managed to lose itself in the clouds! The moving masses of the national guards, the troops of the line, and the *gardes mobiles*, had taken up one side of the Champ de Mars, to pass in review before the *estrades* of the Ecole Militaire—the great procession of the *arts et metiers*, the other—hence confusion, collision, disputes, disorder! The procession of the arts and trades, however, as it struggled onwards, was not without its picturesque effect. An immense, much-vaunted car, emblematical of the republic, or of agriculture, or no man knew well of what, did its best, however, to spoil even this part of the show: it was a hideous machine of red velvet and gold paper, ill-constructed, without harmony or arrangement, presenting above a confused mass of

plants, and ploughs, and trees, and instruments of labour, and joined hands of gilt wood, and flags, and streamers, drawn by twenty horses all adorned with the ugly, blue, long-haired horse-mats of the French. But even the famous "five hundred little girls in white" did their duty of the picturesque tolerably well in the distance, where the eye could not be distressed by ugliness, or the ear tormented by their singing out of tune. Private bands of other little girls preceded also the bodies of the different trades, holding the banners, or leading the horses, that dragged along the *chefs-d'œuvre* of each trade, by long streamers. Most of the productions, thus dragged or borne by men, were displayed beneath canopies or pavilions all glittering with ornament. The armourers, the silversmiths, the feather and flower makers, and the gardeners, dazzled the sight with the bright glittering colours of their trophies. Even the bakers and cigar-makers had elevated tasteful temples of their less richly coloured productions, beneath velvet-behung pavilions. An immense moving temple containing the arts, represented by a select bevy of angel-looking infants, with standards, and every description of musical instrument, closed the huge picturesque procession. But little did all the show avail in the midst of the chaos of disorder. It was already four o'clock when this mighty artistic corps came clashing together with the review of the troops before

the *estrade* of the numerous notabilities of republican France: and then the uttermost confusion reigned. There was a great crying, and much acclamation, although men no more shouted now, as on such occasions formerly—" *Vive Lamartine!*" and the famous "five hundred little girls in white" threw their bouquets into the midst of the representatives; and the national guards waved branches; and the cannon still roared; and the spectators, spite of the semi-peaceful aspect of the mob of processioners, might have fancied themselves upon a battle-field; and certainly, if the fête was to be a type of the republic it was intended to glorify, the republic could not be said to possess the elements necessary to render it attractive in the eyes of the world.

The sky, however, still favoured the fête in the evening: and, of a truth, the illuminations on the Place de la Concorde, around the garden of the Tuileries, before the Champs Elysées, and down their centre, with garlands of lights, and magically hanging candelabras of variegated lamps, were brilliant and fairy-like, as if an enchanter of an Eastern tale had sent a fairy horde of salamanders to do his bidding. The whole great space was one blaze of fanciful fairy glitter. A girandola burst up aloft from the top of the arch of triumph. It was now the hour to be deluded by the glitter, and to cry, "*Vive la République!*" And yet none cried

it with true enthusiasm that night. The city too, did ill its duty of enthusiasm: its illumination was pale and scanty. A few hours passed, and all was sad again. Long before midnight, the lamps in the Champ de Mars were fading in their last glimmer—the flames in the tripods had caught the immense pedestals, which were burning in isolated fires of ruin all over the plain: some were falling to the ground in a crash of blazing scaffolding; and there was nothing but confusion and smoke, and the crackling of burning altars around the great gaunt statue in the midst. And so was the light of the republic typically extinguished. And so went the Fête of Concord to its end.

Not far from the walls of Paris, there were also, in those days, other bright scenes, but again little symbolical of that vain word of concord, in the semblance of which the republic would have made the world believe in fêtes and shows. To the east of the city looms the donjon fortress of Vincennes, with its masses of towers, rising from the midst of walls and moats, not far from the roadside, and flanked and backed by the low trees of thick woods. It is a dark and gloomy prison-house: the cannon are on the battlements: the garrison is on duty, as if the fortress were at that moment in a state of siege: and gloomy is the edifice, although the picture presented by its wooded environs contrasts strikingly with this stern spectre of stone. The

scene partakes of the camp and the fair. The whole space is beleaguered with troops : tents gleam forth among the green of the trees : pickets are scattered here and there : here bodies of troops of the line are drawn up under arms : there they repose upon the grass, or play among themselves. At intervals rises up, from among the trees, the white smoke of a fire, at which the mid-day meal of the soldiers is being cooked : these temporary kitchens are glimmering and crackling in all directions. Jaunty *vivandières*, in their short blue petticoats, and tight red-jacket boddices, are serving out wine from their little painted barrels, to red epauletted and red-breeched soldiers, under the green branches : and booths there are in all directions gleaming out from the low forest, where there are wine and cider venders, and where sausages, and other savoury dainties, are being fried over little hand-stoves on the ground. Venders of pamphlets and newspapers, all for one *sou*, are there also in great numbers, to tempt the young soldiers to buy their ultra-republican literary wares : and there is a deeper purpose than that of mere speculation in the movements of some of the herd. Petty merchants are also roving about, with every imaginable article of petty merchandise : ragged men with cracked voices, old women, and children of both sexes, are among these speculators upon the scanty purses of the military. The picture is gay and diversified ; but when its component parts and

their various details be considered, it tells a sad tale of a city close by, far gone from its semblance of concord, and given up to all the miseries of party opposition, hatred, mistrust, and active conspiracy; for within those towers, connected with many a dark page of French history, are those frantic and disappointed demagogues who, on the 15th of May, just gone, endeavoured to overthrow the Assembly, constituted by universal suffrage, and substitute their own regime of tyranny and terror in its place. There sits moody Barbès, who cannot be persuaded that the whole people of the city are not constantly rising in revolt to effect his liberation; and the cold-blooded and cunning, but furious Blanqui, who hates his rival fellow-prisoner; and mournful Albert, so lately one of the autocratic rulers of the land; and others of those furious ultra-republicans, who dreamed of founding a government upon pillage, and supporting it by the guillotine. And the government knows that a disappointed party is plotting the surprise of the fortress and the liberation of the prisoners, as the master-spirits who are to lead it on to power, and is preparing pretexts of petitions in their favour, in order to excite to revolt, and devising other schemes for their rescue, which will appear in time. And thus is that fortress guarded by an army. There, then, is a scene forthshowing the reverse of that concord a fête would typify. Where is the concord? Is it in the streets? Let us see.

Paris, it is true, paused a while to take breath after the hurrying events of the 15th of May; but it still panted after its exertion and alarm. Under the auspices of its so-called Fête of Concord, it smoothed down its wrinkles of agitation, as best it might, put on a more smiling physiognomy sometimes, in which good task it was aided by bright summer skies, and walked abroad with a less hurried gait; but there were still throes and spasms ever flitting across its face, which showed its real state of health after the convulsive past, and prognosticated the convulsion still to come: it sobered itself down from its intoxication of agitation and alarm, and pulled its tattered attire more decently about it; but it still reeled with revolutionary gait. The *rappel* was every now and then beaten, on account of some alarm of the government, true or false: troops again hurried continually through the streets: uniforms and glittering bayonets passed incessantly before the wearied eyes; more than half of such of the *quondam élégants* of fashionable life, who remained in the capital, never appeared otherwise than with the tunic and epaulets of the national guards: and the drummings eternal ceased not in the city, making wearied ears long to be conveyed away to some unknown land, where drums were not yet invented, and their sound was unknown. No! revolution never stagnated, in truth, one moment in revolutionary Paris. Habit only, that

great modifier of all states of things, lent its aid towards the comparative air of tranquillity. The normal condition of a revolutionary city had somewhat lost its interest of novelty, of curiosity, and consequently of agitation: people were getting used to it. The timid *bourgeois* no longer cackled with alarm every time the *rappel* was beaten, and, on the contrary, grumbled sometimes when his daily dose of revolutionary excitement failed him—as to an habitual drunkard his strong dram: at least this was the case among the upper classes of society, in which fair ladies pouted when, at a time they had been deprived of balls, and routs, and concerts, and, in fact, had nothing but politics to call for their excitement and emotion, there was not some daily revolution or insurrection, at least a little *émeute* to keep them alive; as formerly they might have pouted, that so many days of the season should have passed without a great embassy ball, or a Rothschild concert, or at least a hop in an exclusive *salon* of the Faubourg St Germain.

The cause of the subdued ferment, however, arose from the knowledge that the government had consciousness of another monster-demonstration and monster-petition, to be presented by the clubs of the malcontent “Reds” to the Assembly, for the liberation of the prisoners of Vincennes. It was openly announced, that they this time intended to march in arms, with all the rabble rout of the faubourgs,

which they never failed to enlist in their "tail" on such occasions. Expectation remained on tip-toe, looking out for a new *coup-de-main*. Every day came the news, meanwhile, that revolutionary emissaries of these clubs were restlessly at work to excite discontent among the working classes of the provinces, and that *émeutes*, disorders, and collisions, had again taken place at Lille, at Carcassonne, at ever-restless Lyons, and in other towns, where these agents had played conspicuous parts. Hence the constant marchings and countermarchings of the troops, civic and military—the thick battalions that guarded every approach to the Assembly—the interdiction of the passage of the bridge, leading to the building, to the public in general—and that picture of a city in a state of siege in all the neighbourhood, where every vacant space was transformed into a military camp. The clubs also began to resume courage: the unarrested leading members of the ex-Blanqui club posted notices, that, in spite of the opposition of the "*infâmes réactionnaires*," they intended to resume their sittings in their ancient customary quarters; and, from time to time, the building of the *Conservatoire de Musique* was beset, in consequence of this defiance, by heavy detachments of troops of the line and of the national guards. The public agitation and excitement found food for its cravings also in the curiosity attached to a mysterious source of alarm: nightly signals,

given by lights and fires burning upon house-tops, more especially in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville and the Prefecture de Police, startled the eyes of citizens, and yet seemed to elude investigation and discovery. They were supposed to be the warning devices of the partisans of such conspirators as had yet escaped arrest, instructed of the measures officially taken against them by influential friends—although by whom, and in what manner, men might surmise, but could not say.

Meanwhile rumours of plots of another kind—vague and mysterious rumours of Orleanite, Joinvillite, Henri-quiquist, Buonapartist, and all manner of other manœuvres—were circulated with too much care and studied effort for effect, not to lead men to believe that they were promulgated for some especial purpose, and that they emanated from persons in authority. About this time the exiled princes of the house of Orleans had written letters to the Assembly, to appeal against their deprivation of their rights as citizens, just voted in that body, which letters excited much sensation, and might have been calculated to awaken, in a measure, sympathy for the bygone dynasty. But the reports of these imaginary plots, wholly wild and impossible at that moment, were too industriously circulated not to show the manœuvre of a party to dupe the public mind—in fact, to turn it away from its strong feeling against the anarchist con-

spirators, by suggesting the existence of conspirators of another kind, and, for party purposes, to impress the moderate-minded majority of the public with a salutary awe of that bugbear Reaction, which one of the members of the Executive Government appeared thus to be using as an instrument, while others had been induced to tremble before it.

The whole manœuvre succeeded but ill, except among the habitual "quid-nuncs," and the credulous of the lower classes: but the old cry of "Reaction" was now again put forward too assiduously, in every way, not to see in it a well-laid design; and it was evident that these efforts were made to forward the cause of the ultra democrats. That any reaction, to the intent of overthrowing the republic, hateful as it might be to the majority, existed *at this time*, was notoriously false. But the word was an admirable tool in the hands of a party; and it was well used. It was put forward as a sort of bugbear, a phantom, a bogie, in order to frighten ignorant men more surely into their ranks—at all events, as a banner of discontent. No precise form was given to this Reaction: the evil spirit had an existence, it was said, although no one could find where it dwelt: it remained an Ossianic cloud-like spectre, floating no one knew whence, but bringing death and pestilence in its train. The indefinite nature of the supposed monster, and

its vague and mysterious influence, gave it more than half its terrors: the *omne ignotum pro terribili* entered, probably, into the purposes of its inventors. No superstitious people was ever endeavoured to be worked up into a more irrefragable belief of some mysterious demon, that haunts them in dark woods and obscure places to devour them, than the lower classes into the credence in this their demon enemy. If the working classes suffered, it was Reaction, they were told, that was the cause of all their sufferings. If all their exactions, however exorbitant and impossible, were not conceded at once, it was because that horrible Reaction laboured that their just demands should be withheld. If the most violent of their own body were not elected as the true representatives of the people, it was because that pestilential Reaction had cast a spell over the minds of all the electors. Reaction, however, performed stranger and more incomprehensible feats still; for, if the working classes revolted in the provinces, it was still Reaction that was the cause of all. It was Reaction, they were told, that had treacherously, and for its own vile reactionary purposes, induced them to revolt, when they were naturally inclined to be the most peaceable and contented, and the least exorbitant people on the earth. Reaction was thus represented as the enemy of the people and the people's interests, their undermining serpent, their secret assassin: it was sup-

posed to be sapping unseen the foundations of the republic, in order to pull down that august structure upon the heads of the people, and crush them under the ruins. The clamours of the insensate ultra journals to this effect, the preachings of the agitating demagogues, and the insidious insinuations of the anarchist *meneurs* among the crowd, were fostered, at the same time, by certain members of the government itself, who thus rendered themselves parties to the propagation of the belief—either genuinely, from having been inoculated with the virus of false fear, or designedly, for the advancement of their own purposes. They were continually, in fact, throwing a sop to the mob-lecturers, by insinuating their own conviction in the existence of “bogie,” in their decrees, edicts, and proclamations, and by never obeying, when they were called upon to put down anarchy, without crying Reaction, at the same time, and vainly giving the phantom a slap on the face. The evil then came, as called, in the belief instilled into the minds of the lower classes, that the National Assembly was the concentrated essence of the spirit of Reaction, and that the representatives, with but few exceptions, were the ministering imps, in a visible form, of the invisible demon. If a word was spoken in the Assembly against the clamours of unreasonable demand, “Look ye there! Reaction!” was the cry. If it prepared sure measures

of repression against the open efforts of anarchy—
“Reaction !” If it defended its own existence
against the subversive attempts of conspirators—
“Reaction !” If it attempted to establish the republic
upon a more firm and solid moderate basis—
“Reaction !” If it did anything—“Reaction !” If
it did nothing—“Reaction !” If it could not perform
impossible wonders for the amelioration and prosperity
of the working classes, at which, however, it laboured
hard—“Reaction—reaction—reaction ! the reaction of
aristocratic feeling ! the reaction of ill-will ! the
reaction of indifference and indolence !”—thereby
meaning reaction against the true republic and its
true representatives, the lower classes. The phantom
Reaction was thus used as a tool, for party purposes,
against the existing state of things—against the moderate
majority of the Assembly more particularly, against
all things and all men not suiting the views, the
schemes, the dreams, and the ambitions of the
violent faction. In truth, if Reaction then existed in
a real sense, it was in the disgust of the more laborious
and less tumultuous of the lower classes themselves,
who, in their increasing misery, would have been
happy to accept the Lama of Thibet, or any other
abstraction, with an absolute government, in the
place of the false idol of their hopes, that had as
yet only deluded them into greater misery : it
was in the reactionary cry of the wretched, who

called for "King Log," or any other senseless ruler, who would bring with him peace, and order, and a hope of wellbeing.

Another tool employed by the designing malcontents was the banner on which were inscribed the words "*République Démocratique*," an expression to which was to be added afterwards that other, of more evident communist tendencies, "*et Sociale*,"—the banner afterwards to be waved amidst such streams of blood! If the party were asked what they meant by a "*République Démocratique*," they could not have answered: they launched out only into phrases, which were but phrases: they lost themselves in a cloudy confusion of terms and ideas: they gave vague and chaotic explanations, that were no explanations at all: they knew not themselves what they meant. They only answered that a mere republic like another was not *their* republic—that they wanted a democratic republic—that the democratic republic was taken from them—and that the democratic republic they would have. As to universal suffrage, with all the rights and privileges thereto attached, in their most democratic sense, it was no democratic republic according to their views. What was, then, this "democratic republic?" Who could tell? Certainly not they themselves, unless in the simple answer—"anarchy." Their main desire, however, was, that the banner which flaunted aloft the words

“*République Démocratique*” should serve a party purpose ; and this purpose it served well.

Never about any words and ideas were there at any time more dispute and confusion, than about these words “*Réaction*” and “*République Démocratique*,” and the ideas to be attached to them, in the confused and conflicting state of France at that period. Everybody affixed to them a sense or a nonsense of his own ; and all the political and social *quasi*-metaphysical discussions, to which men gave vent about them, were more vain, dreamy, and disorderly, than even a troubled German head could have conceived ; and yet Germany confounded again this confusion, as it followed in the wake.

Where, then, was the concord ? It was not in men’s actions ; it was not in men’s minds ; it was not in past, present, or future. Fête of Concord ! What a vague, lying name that disorderly festival had taken !

CHAPTER X.

THE LOWERING HORIZON.

Recommencing agitation in the streets of Paris—Revolt of the national workshops—Measures of the Assembly—Discontent of the workmen—Defiance to the minister of public works—Increasing agitation—State of the public mind—Tumultuous aspect of the city—Hatred to the national guard—Feelings of the better working classes—Causes for alarm—Mistrust of the national guards to their new general—Evidences of the general apprehension—Delegates of the revolted workmen at the ministry of public works—The revolt partially suppressed—Picture of the reorganised national workshops—The new elections in Paris—The partial triumph of the ultras—The return of Thiers—Re-election of Caussidière—Election of Louis Buonaparte—The pretext of the name—State of the Assembly—The horizon still darkens.

UNDER such circumstances the seeming tranquillity of Paris, as might well be expected, was but shortlived. On the 27th of May the fermentation recommenced in the capital. More than ordinary measures were taken to defend the Assembly: immense bodies of *gardes mobiles* occupied the bridge; cavalry filled all the quays on either side. The *rappel* was again beaten; and distracted drummers repeated to alarmed house-porters the order of the day,—“All must out: the

affair is serious." The streets were immediately crowded by those immense throngs that the expectation of a spectacle of tumult invariably causes to pour forth from the houses in Paris, while, in most other cities, the population would be as eager to seek their shelter. Windows were instantly choked, and balconies crammed with spectators. Bodies of troops of every description were marching in heavy detachments towards the faubourgs. The agitation and alarm came down again upon the city like a sudden thunder-storm. The ebullition, the tumult, the noisy discussion, the *attroupements*, and the *rassemblements*, and all the other symptoms of Parisian agitation, under a republican rule, which had subsided somewhat in previous days, were renewed in fuller force than ever. Horse-conveyances passed no longer in the streets; foot-passengers were impeded in their progress. The *al-fresco* clubs resumed all their disorderly vigour; and angry discussions upon the insolvable enigmas of organisation of labour were again heard from the midst of every murmuring crowd. Paris was once more its revolutionary self. All that night again, immense patrols paraded the capital in detachments, like an army in movement, forcing their way with difficulty through the thick and noisy throngs. It was long after midnight before the alarm subsided; and people began, as was their wont, to jeer at unnecessary precautions and false

fears, forgetting that every movement was serious at a time when revolutionary blood was boiling in men's veins—that no alarm was false, when no man could be answerable for consequences—that no precautions were unnecessary, when every puff of smoke from the volcano might precede an eruption. Of a surety, there was room for fear, when, in the midst of the hurly-burly, in which everybody seemed to inquire, and none seemed able to answer, a confused and complicated explanation was at last obtained of the cause of the military movement and the popular agitation. The workmen of the *ateliers nationaux* were in a state of revolt: the agents of the Red Republic had been at work among them to ferment and profit by discontent: the leaven of these emissaries had more fully penetrated into the rough dough of the lower working classes, and soured the whole mass: and although the convulsion had been at the extremities of the body of Paris, the heart of the capital had thus felt its throes.

In truth, the Assembly had taken up the affair of the well-known disorderly state of the *ateliers nationaux*. Discoveries had been made that the greatest abuses had existed in the employment of the public funds, so lavishly bestowed upon the workshops—open robberies, swindling accounts, wages obtained under different names and false pretences—in short, a universal *gaspillage*. The

influence of the subversive party over them was no less notorious. Several of the more experienced and far-seeing members had divulged the misery of this filthy sore upon the body of the commonwealth ; they had probed the ulcering wound ; they had foreseen, like good political doctors, that gangrene and mortification of the whole social state of France, and death to its last chances of life in prosperity, must result from such a state of things. They had denounced the whole corrupted system with energy. The government itself had been forced to confess the misery and the danger of the national workshops, as they were constituted. It had promised that they should be entirely reorganised ; that the tares of evil men should be sundered from the wheat of good and honest, but suffering workmen ; that some should be draughted off ; that the works should be made useful and productive ; that the superintendents should be replaced—the chiefs, suspected of encouraging sedition and insurrectionary tendencies, removed ; that the abuses in the administration of the funds should be rectified. Much had been promised ; and, until the needy workmen could be removed into the provinces, in order to be employed upon railroads, and canals, and other great public works—and, when it was possible, upon labours congenial to their education—the Assembly had consented to close its eyes, and hope that the dangerous *ateliers nationaux*

were gradually regaining a healthier and more prosperous aspect. In truth, something of all this had been attempted to be done ; and hence arose the discontent and the *émeute*, sedulously fostered by the agitators of the anarchist party. The principal and primary pretext given for discontent was the removal of certain superintendents, and their replacement by others. It had been in vain that the workmen had been assured that the changes were in the interest of those who were really and genuinely employed, and who were robbed by swindling men : the agitating agents were at work to whisper other suggestions. The new inspectors were hooted as spies, pelted, and driven away ; the *ateliers* declared themselves in a state of revolt ; they were ready, they said, according to the now established fashion of such rioters, to march against the Assembly under arms. The minister of public works had appeared himself to announce to them that, whereas there was not sufficient work for them in Paris—whereas the work they did there was the work of idleness—whereas the public treasury was becoming exhausted, and there was no money for them in Paris, while great works of utility were standing still elsewhere—a great body of them was to be sent off into the departments. It had been in vain. The words of the minister had been received with scorn and tumult. The insurrectionary workmen had declared, in so many words,

that they positively would not quit Paris—that they had made the revolution—that the results of the revolution, then, were to be for their own advantage alone, echoing in this the words taught them by their agitators—that Paris was theirs to work in it their will—and that, as masters of Paris, they were not to be bid to leave it—in fine, that, if labour failed, money must be found for them at all events, no matter how, or that money they would find means of taking! It was only late at night that the insurrectionary movement was suppressed, for some hours, by an overwhelming display of the armed force: it was suppressed only to smoulder and burst out again. In consequence of this movement, Citizen Emile Thomas, the director-general of the works, was removed with every precaution of that mystery with which it pleased the so-called frank republican government to envelop all its doings: he was sent to Bordeaux under a species of arrest; and this mystery excited much clamour and discussion in and out of the Assembly, and produced a quantity of placards and notices upon the walls of Paris: the only solution of the enigma was to be drawn from the inference that his influence, in a revolutionary sense, over the spirit of the already discontented workmen, was dreaded, and not without a cause.

A day went over; and the agitation, and the fear of the insurrection of the lower classes, were

again rife in Paris. A proclamation of the minister of public works was in vain published, to assure the workmen that the measures taken were in their own interest: and other proclamations and addresses from individuals, as well as from other authorities, in vain reasoned with them, and warned them of their folly, and the danger to themselves of insurrection. The Red Republicans were restlessly at work behind the scenes: they began to feel their power; they rubbed their hands, and prophesied that their day was soon to come. Cannon was again posted before the National Assembly; the *rappel* was again beaten; troops again marched upon the faubourgs; the streets again swarmed with uniforms, civil and military; the Boulevards were again absolutely "larded" with bayonets; all the public places were again occupied by military bodies in bivouac groups; the very garden of the Tuileries now began to be invaded by the military force, and presented in all its length, beneath the spreading trees, the aspect of a wonderfully picturesque encampment; the drumming again ceased not for a single moment: in short, the same scenes were again acted all over Paris. And thus came also other days of agitation and movement, like periodical fits of ague: one day was calm, the next feverish. The stranger who happened to arrive in Paris on the one day, might have declared the capital the old seat of carelessness: he who chanced

to take his impression from the other, would have supposed it in the midst of the excitement of a civil war. The aspect of Paris was chequered like a chess-board. All these alternations, however, were assuredly not indicative of a healthy state; and public confidence, in consequence, looked more bilious and sickly than ever. Trade was at its last gasp: the theatres, those lightning-conductors in which French governments were habituated to confide, as carrying off and giving a diversion to a great mass of Parisian citizens, threatened to close, one and all. Men waited in suspense: the outbreak came not yet. Occasional collisions arose by night upon the Boulevards, from the application of the new system of tactics of the would-be *émeutiers*—that of breaking the drum of the *rappel*-beating national guards: men then were seized; their rescue was attempted by their comrades; struggles took place. Or again, noisy agitators were seized by the patrolling guards, and dragged away, resisting violently, calling upon their *frères* to aid in their rescue, and shouting "*Aux armes!*" Opposition was again made; but after all the show of resistance, and much murmuring and shouting, the national guards were allowed to retreat with their prisoners. On such occasions a general panic would fall upon the population: the movement was considered as a signal for the outbreak of the insurgent workmen: all the shops along the Boule-

wards, and in the neighbouring streets, were hastily closed. The horizon became, indeed, lowering; but the storm was not yet to break forth.

The feeling of the better majority of the working classes was still favourable to the cause of peace and order: some of their body even published printed appeals to their fellows, warning the *ouvriers* that they were led astray by designing men. But the activity of the *meneurs* of the anarchist party was unrelaxed, and seemingly indefatigable; and thousands of excited heads, exasperated by the prevailing state of want and misery, were ever ready to give ear to their suggestions. The public mind felt but too deeply that the gathering clouds *could* not pass off without a tempest—that the storm *must* come. The feeling was ever and anon expressed in the significant words of the national guards—“*Certes nous n'en finirons pas sans coups de feu!*” or in that vague-sounding and mysterious apprehension, which was repeated by every mouth, “*Nous allons avoir quelque chose!*” *Quelque chose!* Every one knew, however, what was meant by that expression. Dense crowds of men of the lower classes meanwhile assembled in every part of the capital, and more especially at certain favourite points upon the Boulevards, during the whole of the *day*—as yet an unusual circumstance in revolutionary Paris—as well as in the evening. And now these *rassemblements*, increased also by the

usual throngs of curious idlers, began to assume a far more tumultuous character than before : there was a greater energy and animation among those who declaimed the loudest and harangued the longest—a greater waspishness in their tone and character. One of the chief causes of the thick *rassemblements* by day arose from the excitement produced by an inflammatory placard, signed by several workmen of the *ateliers nationaux*, in which one of the most prominent phrases declared that the language held in the Assembly about them might as well be interpreted—"Shoot us down all this *canaille* at once." Crowds were stationed half-across the streets before these handbills, from the earliest hour of the morning until late at night ; and violent and angry declamation issued ceaselessly from the throngs. The national guards, exasperated by the loud murmurs, open objurgations, and irritating insults, with which they were received in their efforts to clear the public thoroughfares, buzzed about the capital like flights of angry bees : the intention of the agitators was evidently to provoke them to a collision, in which they might be considered the aggressors. The distinction of castes, so carefully inculcated by the Red Republican party and its clubs, and the hatred between the working classes and the *bourgeoisie*, which they had so ceaselessly laboured to instil, had done their work in a great part of the population, and leavened it with a sourness, that

produced all the desired fermentation of opposition and mistrust. Fraternity and equality had grown vainer names than ever : as to liberty, it was absolutely thrust out of the way, to make way for the worship of the more popular divinity—License. The national guards, supposed to be the concentrated essence of the spirit of the *bourgeoisie*, in spite of the thousands of the men of the working classes who swelled their ranks, and spontaneously fraternised with them, were thus becoming more and more the objects of popular dislike : and, now that they were forced to do duty on their own account in these popular disorders, they heaped still further upon their heads all the odium universally attached by mobs to all kinds of repressive public authority. And yet by far the greater exasperation against the anarchist manœuvres was displayed by those of the lower classes who disowned the rioters of their own condition. They openly expressed their eagerness to come to a violent issue, in order to pull down disorder. In a club where the new candidates for the fresh elections of representatives in Paris were making their *professions de foi*, it happened, by a strange coincidence, that a workman was in the tribune protesting energetically that the real *ouvriers* were the friends of order, and that they were ready alone to put down those of their class who dishonoured the name, when a false alarm was spread abroad in the assembly

that fighting with the insurgent workmen had commenced in the streets; the workman-orator then demanded to be the first to combat in the cause of order; called upon all his fellow-workmen present to take up arms and follow him; sprang down vehemently from the rostrum: the whole club rushed forth into the streets; the report was a mistaken one; but the whole scene afforded again one of those dramatic pictures with which revolutionary Paris never ceased to teem; and, above all, gave a proof of the spirit of the better-thinking among the working classes themselves.

The horizon, then, lowered darkly; and the alarm waxed daily. It was feared that the approaching census of the workmen in the *ateliers nationaux*, about to be taken in spite of all the confusion, might be the signal for the violent outbreak of the discontented workmen. Another subject of apprehension existed in the project, announced in handbills on all the walls of Paris, of a monster fraternity banquet of the working classes, at the price of five sous a-head, to be held at some indefinite time, and some unnamed place—a project, that might well be dreaded, with the recollection of a government overthrown, but a fortnight before, by a pretext in seeming as innocent, and the knowledge that the anarchist *meneurs* were incessantly at work to profit by every popular meeting to ferment insurrection. A third cause for apprehension lay

in the excitement, likely to be produced among the working classes, by the arrest of their supposed friend Louis Blanc, then pending, and in the resistance they might be easily worked up to make to it: printed circulars were already being distributed by active *gamins* among the *blouse* part of the population, informing them, with evident inflammatory purpose, that the *vrai ami du peuple* was about to be cruelly imprisoned by the influence of the infamous Reaction.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the national guard itself were all the elements of irritation, disorder, and mistrust. In all the commotions of the day, Citizen Clement Thomas, the new general of the national guards, instead of putting himself forward as their chief representative, appeared rather in the light of their criticiser and controller, increasing among the civic troop those feelings of want of confidence which his famous "*tant que*" in the Assembly had already so widely spread. He acted, in fact, upon these occasions, when he rode proudly forward among the people on his white tiger-skin-behung charger, borrowed of the ex-royal stables, that shuffling and truckling part generally adopted by the semi-ultra party, who, while they declared themselves the friends of peace and order, exhibited on every occasion a distrust of the *bourgeoisie*—that part, which was dignified by the name of popular conciliation, although it contained far more

the elements of popular irritation, and which consisted in endeavouring to stand well with all parties in order to abide by any event—to make all sorts of apparent concessions to the riotous and discontented, to promise much, and flatter more—in fact, to court popularity at any price, and at any future risk—thus amending nothing, and conciliating nobody. Citizen Clement Thomas, then, promised a “democratic republic” to the tumultuous who clamoured for this new idol, promised that Reaction should be put down to the howling mob that denounced Reaction. He sided, then, with the factions which in almost the same cry denounced the national guard, of which he was the chief, as their enemies, and fomented angry feeling, and mistrust, and dissension in the ranks of his own troops.

Yes! the horizon, indeed, lowered darkly; and the alarm waxed daily. One little fact may be mentioned as characteristic of the fermentation of the public mind. In two instances, the letting off of fireworks in the public gardens called all the population of the neighbourhood into the streets, with the cry of “*Aux armes, citoyens! voici la fusillade!*” and with difficulty was the true cause of the alarm explained, and the commotion calmed. Daily also frightful tales circulated throughout the capital, that sentinels of the national guards, upon lonely posts, had been assassinated on previous nights, with the intent of provoking the civic body to

exasperation, and to a collision, in which they might have the appearance of being the aggressors on the people. Well might people say, "*Nous allons avoir quelque chose.*" And the horizon was destined to lower more and more darkly, the alarm to wax ever more and more strongly, during all the future days of that first phasis of the revolution.

Meanwhile the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux* were really in a state of half-quelled revolt: it could not be concealed; and ultra papers, at their wits' end to defend the innocent "people," attributed their insurrectionary attitude to the manoeuvres of the *réactionnaires*, and the enemies of the republic, by some wonderfully ingenious process of reasoning; while other furious demagogues in the streets no less ingeniously laid it to the charge of England! At one time the rioters assembled on the outskirts of Paris to the amount, it was said, of eighty thousand: kept down, however, for the time, by the vigorous attitude of the armed civic force, they decided upon sending delegates, with complaints, to the minister of public works. The authoritative demands, or rather exactions, of these men, on this occasion, were such as might have been expected from those who had been flattered, caressed, demi-deified, and taught, that they and they alone were masters. The unwonted and unexpected answer they now met with took them

by surprise. They were told by the minister that the government had taken its measures, and that the measures would be executed. They then threatened to have recourse to force. So much the worse, for force will be inevitably employed in return, was the reply. They were stupified with astonishment at the audacious language of a man who, as they were taught, was but one of their own "*commis*," to be directed at will. This firm conduct on the part of Citizen Trebat, however, subdued the manifestation for the time: the insurrectionary movement was put by; but how long, men asked, will the volcano smoulder before the eruption?

What was now the appearance of the *ateliers nationaux*, in their state of reorganisation, of which so much boast was being made in the Assembly by the members of the government? Let the picture now be sketched in the eastern outskirts of Paris, where national workshops are established upon the barren plain of St Maur. It is devoid of the picturesque accessories of the Park of Monceaux, already painted. It represents one of those desert, chalky, open spaces, that so violently offend the eye in the environs of Paris. In the distance are suburb houses, and scaffoldings of unfinished buildings, and heaps of stone, and mounds of earth: all is dry, harsh, and desolate. It is glaring and painful to the sense in the bright sunlight; it is dreary, muddy—more desolate and offensive still in

the time of rain. The sun, however, is bright and hot now, when the picture is painted, in the commencement of June. The brains of the hundreds of workmen, who have been collected in the middle space of the picture, are seething beneath that hot sun, and fermenting to desperate schemes. What a pandemonium is represented by this desolate plain, occupied by the reorganised national workmen! If they have been reorganised, it is only to work confusion. They are more reckless, more noisy, more lazy, more insubordinate than ever. Those alone are quiet who lie snoring on their backs in the sunshine; but they will wake ere long, and to active and bloody work, as it shall prove. Yonder is a group employed, as if the welfare of the nation depended upon it, in the interesting and instructive game of *bouchon*, or of throwing *sous* at a cork; all their energies and their activity, engaged to earn their pay, are occupied in this work. They are merry and thoughtless, however; but wait! their merriment is but for the moment; and bloody thoughts will be awakened in them before long, under the pernicious influence of those who are allowed to wander among them, and instil poison in their ear. Look! there are jovial fellows reeling about under the influence of strong drink; they have already thrown away all disguise: they cry, "*Vive Barbès! Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale! Vive Robespierre! Vive la guillotine!*"

Vive le diable ! A bas tout le monde ! " They at least show that they are ripe for revolt. Some brandish their spades in their hands—for still yet there is the old pretence of work, and of wheeling earth from one heap to another—and shout the *Marseillaise* in discordant chorus, or the *Mourir pour la Patrie* ; and, anon, they change their song to the *Ca Ira* of fearful memory ; for the other republican ditties are not " advanced " enough for the would-be heroes of the Red Republic. There is one squatting under a bare hillock of earth, and piping all alone, in melancholy tone, upon a clarionet ; but his musical efforts are as miserably out of time and tune, as are his seeming bucolics, under the circumstances. Another has got upon a mound, and is fiddling to a set of fellows who are dancing the horrid Carmagnole, with gestures and faces that need only the pikes, with trunkless heads upon them, of the old Revolution, to make the scene complete. But the scene *will be completed soon* ; bayonets shall bear heads upon their points ; and the Carmagnole shall be danced behind barricades, around mutilated bodies. "*Vivent les ateliers nationaux !*" Look at that group of men, who are lowering darkly among themselves, and hold on to each other's *blouses* in the energy of their suppressed and whispered converse. See ! there is another there upon the plain, and there again another ! They look like conspirators ;

and, in truth, conspirators they are, communicating to each other plans for an approaching insurrection. And this passes in open day, while the whole city shakes its head, and, in vague apprehension, expects the crisis that is about to come. And yet it is said by ministers and ministerial agents, that the national workshops are reorganised—yes, reorganised to revolt, and future bloodshed! And no means will be taken by the government to control or suppress; it will not even attempt to stem the torrent it has wilfully dammed up in these organised clubs of sedition. None now even deign to make a show of working; or, if the overseers come by and shake their heads, they take up their spades, and, digging up a little earth, fling it, laughing in confident impunity, upon the back of the superintendent, as he turns away. In the hands of such men as these, the pickaxes and spades have the air of the weapons of a murderous crew; and how soon will they not be used to aid them in purposes of murder! And this picture of confusion and reckless effrontery has been painted at one of the national workshops in their *reorganised* state! Bright it is not; but it might shame one of Callot's most wild and turbulent sketches, such as he has so well known how to etch, with an exuberance of tumultuous fancy.

In this state of Paris, the epoch arrived for the election of the new representatives, to re-

place those who, having been elected in several places, had chosen their seats for other constituencies, or who had retired like Beranger, or who had been declared unduly elected. Electioneering placards again swarmed upon the walls of the capital, containing professions and alluring baits to catch citizen votes, which, from old disappointed or new aspiring candidates, were but repetitions of what had been said a thousand times before; except, perhaps, that the "maintenance of order" now formed a staple ingredient of most of the protestations. The clubs, in the same way, were fermenting with *professions de foi*, which teemed, in the one party with outrageous threats against the detested *bourgeoisie*, in the other, were based upon what were termed "honest," or, in the sense of the ultras, "reactionary" principles. Many of the *ouvriers candidats* declared themselves converted from the utopian doctrines of Louis Blanc, and aware of their dangerous tendencies. Such was the fermentation and the alarm of the public mind, pre-occupied by apprehensive thought, that the elections, as they came on, excited comparatively little interest. The moderate party, having once so signally triumphed, considered its victory once more as decisive, and slept thus far in its security: the ultras manœuvred and worked with their usual restless activity, but more quietly than heretofore, and with a system of concealed organisation. The only points of interest seemed to be

concentrated in the candidature of Caussidière, who appeared sure of his election, all parties apparently combining to return him—the ultras, because they looked upon him as one of themselves; the moderates, duped by his seeming straightforwardness, and his bluff defence of his conduct on the memorable 15th of May, in order to show their sense of suspicion towards certain members of the Executive Government that had thrown him over on the same occasion, or at least a sense of its weakness—and in that of Thiers, who now again came forward, on account of the “reactionary” sense attached by parties to his election. One electioneering placard, however, produced a considerable commotion. It was a handbill proposing the Prince de Joinville as a representative of the people! Surprise, curiosity, and at last agitation, succeeded each other around it. In many places it was torn down. The ultras declaimed against it as the concentration of insolence and audacity in Reaction: the moderates declared it a manœuvre of the ultra party to agitate, by spreading thus a belief in Orleanist conspiracies. The tumult, however, was only one of a day: men had far graver occupations on their minds. And yet upon the results of those elections depended much. What were these results?

Their result was, that the Parisian was once taken by surprise. Several of the most extrava-

gant ultra-republicans and communists were returned by large majorities—Pierre Leroux, the most distracted of visionary socialists and anarchists, the *soi-disant* philosopher of the people—the incarnate type of senseless declamation upon the most senseless schemes ; and Proudhon, the editor of the "*Représentant du Peuple*," the ultra-republican journalist of distorted views and systematically distorted principles, the type of the furious Red Republican ; and Lagrange, the still more furious assassin of the 23d of February, but lately returned from a madhouse, and with his long, haggard face, and disordered beard, looking scarcely less distracted still ; and yet not one of the many sensible and intelligent men of the real working classes of moderate principles, who might have followed in the steps of Peupin and Corbon, were chosen by the advocates of democracy. Not one ! It was clear that the elections were no longer those of principles, but of party feelings and of party men. The Red Republic could scarcely have been said to have added to the strength of its party since the defeat of the 15th of May ; and yet three of its most extravagant allies had been elected. How was this ? On the one hand, the active agitators of the ultra party had been indefatigable in their exertions to whip up those of the lower classes over whom they had any influence ; while, on the other, a great proportion of the more moderate of the

people had been left in a state of indifference to the exercise of their electoral rights, even more than on the first occasion, when they had had the charm of novelty to stimulate them. On the one hand, the votes, by a deeply organised system of a struggling and restless party, were concentrated upon certain marked men ; on the other, votes had been split among the abundance of moderate candidates. What a confusion was presented by the final list of candidates returned by capricious Paris!—a confusion worthily typical of the confusion of men's minds, in that agitated republican government, of the wavering opinions, of the doubt which way to choose among the many dark ones presented to march forward in ; of the general misunderstanding, suspicion, and mistrust of all men and things ; of the want of any *point d'appui* to seize hold upon for a support. For Thiers also was elected, to be directly denounced, and to become the object of the attack of ultra violence ; and Victor Hugo, the poet, also ; and Goudchaux, the banker—the first, probably, from the general conviction that men of practical experience were wanting in the Chamber—the last, on account of the same deficiency in financial men of weight and consideration. And Caussidière was re-elected by an immense majority, as had been expected, to show men afterwards how they had been deceived in his homely honesty, and to quit

that Assembly he now so triumphantly entered, a fugitive from arrest on account of his complicity in subversive conspiracy. And, in this ill-amalgamated conglomeration of Parisian representatives, a new aspirant to republican fame slipped in, amidst the din of names. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, the son of Louis Buonaparte, the ex-king of Holland, was to form henceforth the pretext for popular commotion, as representative of the people; although, in this first phasis of the revolution, he declined to accept the dignity thus thrust upon him. That there was a genuine feeling, however, in the support of his name, was clear from the manner in which several battalions of the national guards received it with acclamations, when proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. In truth, he had, in favour of his name, the war-party, who sought in it the glory and grandeur of the country—the fickle many, who were disgusted with the slough of confusion into which the affairs of the country were being plunged more and more, and who sought a leading-staff in any reed that raised its head higher than the others, and a guiding-star in any reflected glory, however faint—and, finally, the mob ready to shout any name that echoed a sound of popularity, however hollow. This name, although the man himself was absent, was now to rise more and more as a handle and a tool, in the events about to come.

In the midst of the lowering horizon and the

waxing alarm, meanwhile, the National Assembly continued its disorderly course. More tumultuous even, after the vain accusation of Louis Blanc, full of recrimination in itself, ashamed of its own weakness, intimidated systematically by the *extrême gauche*, boiling with ill-repressed mistrust of the Executive Government, and despising the weakness and confusion of that government, it offered to the eyes of the world, in its daily *scandales*, the bitterest fruits of the experiment of republican government. And the horizon still lowered; and the alarm still waxed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RISING STORM.

Symptoms of the coming storm—Agency at work to seduce the troops and *gardes mobiles*—The nightly disturbances in the capital—The law against *rassemblements*—The disturbances continue—Attack upon the house of Thiers—Inflammatory handbills—Mistrust excited by a government proclamation—Rumours of plots, how caused—The Louis Napoleon cry, a pretext—Suspicious attached to the government—Theatrical scene in the Assembly—Scenes of riot in the Rue Royale—Further riots on the Boulevards—The project of the monster banquet quashed—The lull before the storm.

FROM this time forth, during the rest of the month of June, the *émeute* never wholly slept—the alarm never ceased in the streets of Paris. There was tumult, disorder, apprehension, agony of fear ever and restlessly on the increase, up to the hour of the crisis which terminated the first phasis of the revolution. The storm rose more and more, covering the social and political sky of the capital with ever darker clouds. The Parisians had long since become experienced in the symptoms of such rising storms; they had grown weather-wise in insurrections, even without that political barometer, seen only by the privileged in power, and regulated

by secret-service agents, under republican as well as monarchic governments. The nightly movements of the disorderly upon the Boulevards had all the appearance of those minor harassings of the more insignificant vanguard, which are known, in Paris, so often to precede the more formidable *émeute* and the insurrection. One very potent symptom of the existence of an active conspiracy, pushing on towards an outbreak, lay in the evidences of the restless endeavours that were being made to seduce and disaffect the military, and still more the *garde mobile*. The ultra-republican journals had for some time past been publishing frequent addresses to the latter, as the *vrais enfants de Paris*, who could never oppose their bayonets to the bosoms of their *frères* and *concitoyens*; and Red Republican agents were indefatigably employed among them, to turn them on the side of what was called the "people," in case of a collision, easily to be foreseen. In the mighty *rassemblements* the cry of the turbulent was ever "*Vive la garde mobile! vive la ligne!—à bas la garde nationale! à bas la garde bourgeoise!*"—the latter distinction being that invented by the ex-clubbist chief Blanqui, as a term of hatred and insult; and the intention of flattering these troops, in order to have them on the side of the insurgents when insurrection might break forth, could never be doubted. And men heard all this, and trembled; for very

little steady reliance could, at that time, be placed in the *garde mobile*, who were, in truth, the "*enfants de Paris*," but just escaped from the state of *gamins*, still full of their Parisian insurrectionary instincts, and ready to be inoculated, from old habit, with the virus of tumult and disorder. It was feared that they might be led astray by popular declaiming demagogues, and blown about by the first ill wind that might come across them: on the 15th of May they had wavered, until a more powerful influence seized upon them, and led them on to the defence of the Assembly. Much was done by a change of officers, and the appointment of old military men of experience to posts of command among them; but yet men felt that danger lay in these young janizaries of the capital. When the time came, however, the fate of nations decided their co-operation in favour of the so-called party of order.

In expectation, meanwhile, of whatever might befall the capital, the Boulevards, in the neighbourhood of the Porte Saint Denis and the Porte Saint Martin, and the adjoining streets, were the nightly rendezvous of the throngs of curious, as well as the mobs of *émeutiers*. The conglomerations of spectators, "eager for the fray," choked the public thoroughfares, so as to render all passage impossible for every species of carriage, and almost impracticable for foot-passengers. Among these

throngs were hundreds also of well-dressed persons, both men and women, like the audiences of theatres; ladies of rank manœuvred to get first-floor balconies of cafés, as private boxes. In fact, there was a living drama to be seen. The Boulevards were lined with troops of every description, national guards, *gardes mobiles*, troops of the line, cavalry, dragoons, and lancers. Now and then came a herd of men *en blouse*, singing the everlasting *Marseillaise* or the *Ca Ira*, while they manœuvred backwards and forwards between the two arches; now a more suspicious-looking mob, with the shout of "*Vive Barbès!*" And then the troops advanced *à pas de charge*, and drove the whole crowd before them, running like a flock of black sheep, and bleating loudly as they went. Sometimes a more desperate knot of individuals was surrounded by bodies of national guards advancing on both sides; and then the persons of the *émeutiers*, thus caught, were searched; and those from whom arms, concealed beneath their blouses, were taken, were arrested. Then, again, when the mass grew more alarmingly overpowering, there was a charge of cavalry at full gallop, and a general dispersion of the mob, that formed again five minutes afterwards. And so the monotonous drama was acted over and over again, until people got tired at last, and gradually fell off late in the night; although the fermentation, and discussion,

and haranguing continued, on all parts of the Boulevards, later and later still, in spite of the efforts of the patrols of national guards to dissipate all these *al-fresco* clubs.

For some nights this harassing system continued; and then a law against *rassemblements*, of the most severe, restrictive character, was hastily voted by the Assembly: it condemned all alike, the curious as well as the disorderly, caught among the crowds, to immediate imprisonment, those with arms to far severer penalties. But, spite of this law, curiosity was too strong, disorder too well organised, with a purpose too important, to be thus quashed; the nightly *rassemblements* continued, as had no law been passed. They even grew more compact and formidable than ever. To the other various pretexts for discontent, sought for in the detention of the conspirators of the 15th of May in prison, in the so-called reorganisation of the *ateliers nationaux*, in the ever-increasing misery of the lower classes, for which nothing, according to the declamations of the agitators, was done, was added now that of the new law against *rassemblements*—the effect being given as the cause, as is the wont of the “people’s friends” on such occasions. Again, night by night, it was impossible to circulate upon the greater part of the Boulevards; and, night by night, the *émeutiers* collected, and the curious

thronged. Generally, in order not to apply the restrictions of the new law too hastily, the mob was allowed for a time to play its own part undisturbed. The same drama was then acted over and over again. The mob marched down the Boulevards, ten abreast, sweeping all before it: it yelled forth its threats to the national guards, with the evidently-avowed intention of wearying them out and exasperating them as much as possible, in order to provoke them to a collision. It then stopped to dance, with frantic gesture, the hideous old Carmagnole—to give, as it were, to the present generation, in this living drama of a people's saturnalia before their eyes, some faint practical idea of the revolutionary orgies of the last: then it marched back again, with its usual yells, until, when the nuisance began to be altogether intolerable, the national guards and troops of the line received orders to advance, with bayonets fixed, from different sides. Such of the mob as could escape were then dispersed, to form again on other points, or in the adjacent streets; but many hundreds were arrested. The curious were made, without mercy, to share the fate of the *émeutiers*: people of all ranks, classes, ages, and sexes, were swept away by the armed force; even secretaries of foreign embassies, and sacred representatives of the people, were arrested, and obliged to pass nearly twenty-four hours in the overcrowded courts of the

prison of the Conciergerie, beneath the sky of heaven; and ladies of rank had to keep them company, console them, and teach them to bear this Bluebeard punishment of their "fatal curiosity" as they might.

To increase the disorder and confusion of each night, attacks were made by bands of ruffians upon the house of Thiers in the Place St Georges—the old deputy and young representative having been signalised to the disorderly of the lower classes as the true type of the concentrated essence of Reaction: more than once a prompt intervention of the national guards, aided by the *garde mobile*, only prevented the house from being pillaged and burned. In addition to the genuine, or "got up" discontent of the *soi-disant* representatives of the lower classes, pushed on and put forward by *menceurs* of every description—and, many said, countenanced also by a part of the government itself, for purposes of which more hereafter—new evidences of dissatisfaction and of encouragement to revolt were displayed in the increasing nuisance of inflammatory handbills, of which the name was "legion," upon every wall of Paris. From exciting declamations of the communists against all property as an infamous spoliation of the people, and the threats of extermination against the *réactionnaires* of Paris and its "*bourgeoisie sanguinaire*," they went on to open attacks against the Assembly itself, until they came

down to private, calumnious accusations of individuals denounced by name. Every possible subject, in fact, was seized upon as giving opportunity for discontented, popular declamation. Even the law of divorce proposed by the Provisional Government, as an eminently popular republican measure, was denounced in the most violent terms in handbills, signed by names of *soi-disant* artizans, as an infamous reactionary and aristocratic device, only got up for the benefit of the rich and privileged classes. Such handbills increased the constant conglomerations of reading and declaiming throngs, that now left Paris no rest by day as well as night. To add to the mistrust and confusion, at the same time, among the moderate majority, represented by the upper, middle, and quietly disposed of the lower classes, was published now a new proclamation of the Executive Government, upon the subject of the disorders of the capital, attributing, as usual, the constant fermentation of *émeute* to the reactionary enemies of the republic, who thus desired to demonstrate the impossibility of its existence—the influence of foreign gold being, at the same time, added to that of the “*réactionnaires*”—and thus endeavouring, in the face of the cries of “*Vive Barbès!*” and “*A bas la garde bourgeoise!*” to induce all Paris and all France to believe, in spite of better conviction, and the evidence of the senses, that the disorders were fermented by monarchist reactionary

influence, and that the *émeutiers* were paid by the money of *réactionnaires*. This proclamation increased the disgust, the angry feeling, and the deep mistrust of the moderate party: the once adored Lamartine fell still lower in public opinion; his name was more than ever attached to that of Ledru-Rollin, in open accusations of his complicity in the subversive schemes of the latter.

In the midst of all this storm, physically and morally rising more and more over the face of Paris, plots, or rather rumours of plots, were again the order of the day. Henri V. was for a moment laid on the shelf of public curiosity: and the bugbears, with which the republic was pleased to frighten itself—the vain meteors and false lights hung out to deceive the unwary, who, wearied with the disgusts of reality, were glad to follow any “Will-o’-the-wisp,” however faintly glimmering—were now the Joinvillite plot and the Buonapartist plot. Rumours they were, got up and spread about with evident design, coming either from the “powers above,” who were desirous of giving their favourite instrument of Reaction a seemingly more tangible form, and consolidating themselves upon the basis of fear, and the merit of having once more saved the republic; or emanating from the “powers below,” who were no less eager to make use of the Reaction cry, and profit by the increasing growth of any crop of disturbance, for which they themselves

so sedulously sowed the seeds. A complication of secret agencies was perhaps combining in the wild work. The name of Louis Buonaparte, and the cry of "*Vive Napoleon !*" became gradually to be the rallying watchwords of the *émeutiers*. It was expected that the new representative would be refused admission to the Assembly: the question was openly mooted in that body amidst much clamour; and the matter was finally dropped by the spontaneous withdrawal of the bone of contention from his election. But the name, meanwhile, was taken up as the pretext for disorder, as that of "*Vive la Pologne !*" on the 15th of May; for the small portion of the population of Paris that seemed to be really the dupe of the manœuvre, and to proffer the cry from genuine enthusiasm, was a very insignificant minority. Men now knew how to interpret party-pretexts, and were no longer so lightly led astray by them. That the *menceurs* of the ultra party were mainly at the bottom of the movement, excited with this newly-found pretext for the fermentation of disorder, was never doubted: the true cause, the true intent, were to burst out at last; but a few other discontented partizans of other parties may, in truth, have lent their aid towards heating the iron of popular disturbance, in the hope of being able afterwards to hammer to their will the change it might produce: and the Executive Government, at the same time, could not clear

itself of the accusations of those who denounced it, as having its own finger in the tumultuous stew, and making use of those secret springs of popular movement so common to many past governments of France, in order to insure the passing of the bill demanding secret-service money, at that time pending before the Assembly, and thus surprising a vote of confidence under the critical circumstances. There were certainly some presumptions in favour of this insinuation. The *émeute*, on the day of the passing of the bill, the 12th of June, was still growling as near to the Assembly as it could get, on the Place de la Concorde. Pistol-shots were fired upon a passing body of the national guards. One was said to have been directed at the person of General Clement Thomas, the ex-sergeant of dragoons, the friend and *protégé* of the Executive Government. At the juncture, when the votes upon the bill were still pending, and even threatened to give a minority to the government, Citizen Clement Thomas rushed, with his usual theatrico-republican gesture, into the Assembly, with the report of the attack. Lamartine, who had made an adroit pause in the middle of his speech in favour of the government, as if in expectation, profited by the *coup de théâtre*, and sprang again to the tribune to alarm the Assembly, and to secure the passing of the bill. And men could not but think that the whole dramatic scene was one of those theatrical tricks, well

known to dramatists, political or otherwise, studied carefully to produce a desired effect. All circumstances and all party manœuvres seem to combine to produce the convulsion of distracted and unhappy Paris.

The *émeute*, however, still growled around. On the Place de la Concorde, the troops at last advanced upon the menacing crowd; the garden of the Tuileries and the surrounding quays were cleared. The people scoured away, like leaves before the wind, into the ex-Rue Royale. At its entrance the troops awhile remained stationary; then formed new crowds, with the cry of the moment, "*Vive Napoleon! à bas la garde bourgeoise!*" Presently came General Cavaignac, then minister of war, on foot, and placed himself in front of the line, a cigar in his mouth, with his usual quiet and determined air. A commissary of police was ordered to make the three notices to the mob, ordained by the new law, as quickly as possible. Then stern Cavaignac gave himself the word of command—" *En avant à pas de charge!*" and down the street poured the national guards, the *gardes mobiles*, and the dragoons. The crowd again fled; but now not without bloodshed. A *garde mobile* was stabbed by a man of the people with a poniard, and fell. In a moment, some thirty or forty people were arrested, the curious spectators sharing the fate of the rioters. The Boulevards were scoured by the

cavalry. The whole quarter of the city was occupied by the military and civic troops, as in the fatal days of February—for the republic had to defend itself *against itself*, as the monarchy in those days against the republic. Pictures of military occupation again everywhere met the eye. Republican officers galloped hither and thither; and General Clement Thomas, exasperated by the murmuring expressions of mistrust arising continually from the bodies of the national guards, pranced about on his white horse, like a madman or a ranting actor on a provincial stage; flourished about his gold-laced hat; and shouted, with stentorian lungs, “*Vive la République!*” without exciting the long-lost echo of enthusiasm. In a few days he was about to resign his command, at a critical juncture—either disgusted with his evident unpopularity, or unwilling to serve at the head of the men whom his own conduct denounced. It was a juncture, when he declared that he laid down his command because, as he expressed it, all was calm; but when, in truth, the volcano threatened immediate eruption. And in this hurly-burly of riot and military movement the whole quarter of the city remained, until the Assembly had broken up; and the tumultuous interest of the day was transported to the customary spots of *émeute*, at the Porte St Denis and the Porte St Martin; while along the Boulevards

all the shops were again shut, and men expected to see barricades looming through the shades of the evening; and the cries of "*Vive Napoleon ! à bas la garde bourgeoise ! à bas l'Assemblée Nationale !*" were shrieked more noisily than ever; and riot increased, and cavalry charged, and national guards made prisoners, and the Boulevards teemed again, as was their nightly wont, with agglomerations of disputing and discussing crowds. And on the morrow again was the neighbourhood of the Assembly guarded by an army; and again were the public places thronged with rioters; and again was confusion, disorder, and alarm in men's minds, and an utter mistrust of the government, and of all men and things. But how paint again and again the same ever-recurring pictures, in this vast panorama of tumult presented by revolutionary Paris?

At last there came a lull: the *émeutes* ceased for a day or two; but it was only the lull of the elements before the outbreaking of the storm. Another manœuvre was to be tried. The immense monster banquet of fraternity, of the lower classes, still offered chances of a more successfully united outbreak. An appearance of legality was even to be given to this meeting, under the circumstances of the law against *rassemblements*. Led on by the chiefs of the ultra clubs, a band of so-called *ouriers* waited upon the minister of the interior, to inform

him that this banquet was to be shortly held, on a fixed day, in the forest of Vincennes, and thus close by the walls of the prison of the conspirators of May. They were met, however, by the reply of the minister, that no day for such a popular meeting could have been better chosen, inasmuch as he had appointed that very day for a grand review, on the same spot, of all the troops of Paris, who would thus have an opportunity of fraternising with their "brethren of the workshops." The monster banquet was, consequently, never held. Yes, it *was* held: it was held in the streets of Paris; and the people banqueted upon carnage and blood!

That pause was, indeed, only the lull before the storm.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OUTBREAKING OF THE TEMPEST.

Preparatory to the outbreak—Preliminary pictures—The workmen despatched out of Paris return—Scene at the Luxembourg—Pretext for revolt—The insurrection of the Red Republic breaks out—Barricades—Preparations for the defence of the capital—Strategic organisation of the army of the insurgents—Scenes of civil war on the Place de la Bastille—The attack and the defence—Evening scenes upon the Boulevards—The second day of civil war in the capital—The progress of the insurgents—The battle rages—The Assembly in the crisis—State of siege proclaimed—Cavaignac as military dictator—The murder of the Archbishop of Paris—The third day—The combat still continues—Bombardment of the Place de la Bastille—Final routing of the insurgents—The pursuit—The results of the civil war—Scenes in the streets—Ruin and despair—The bright sun of June—Military scenes of a city in a state of siege—Paris a camp—The close of the battle within a city's walls—Cavaignac and Lamoricière—The funeral of those fallen in the cause of order—Last picture in the series—The end of the first phasis of the French Revolution of 1848.

It darkened more and more. The Assembly felt but too deeply that a crisis was at hand, and that the breath of the tempest blew from the *ateliers nationaux*. It again occupied itself with measures for the reparation of these sinks of idleness and sedition, and, at the same time, for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. In the midst of these anxieties for the safety of the capital, the finan-

cial and commercial state of the country grew more and more gloomy, more and more near utter ruin. In many districts the population took up arms against the exaction of the additional tax of forty-five centimes, imposed by the Provisional Government. The communists, under a false banner of philanthropy, preached more and more openly the doctrines of resistance by revolt, in preaching those of the spoliation of property. The moderates accused more and more the Executive Government of attempting to maintain the original organisation of the national workshops, in order to exert a sort of pressure upon the Assembly. The workmen formed an array of some hundred thousand men; they were disaffected; they daily showed their disposition to revolt. The Red Republic, in or out of the Assembly, pressed on more and more with public exciting declamation or secret manœuvre. Well might the heart of all Paris faint with the expectant fear of terrible evil! It darkened more and more! The 22d of June approached—the day of destiny!

But before attempting to paint those last “Pictures of Revolutionary Paris,” which closed the series exhibited during the first phasis of the revolution, there are others so intimately connected with those already past, and with those still to come, that they cannot wholly be omitted—although, since they have not been taken “from life,” they

may be more hastily sketched off. Pictures have been already given of the disorderly *ateliers nationaux*, and of the large dingily-lighted club-room, with its dark tribune, its frowning president and fulminating secretaries, with their acolytes, dressed in blue smocks, with blood-red scarfs and cravats; its fiery orators, denouncing the *bourgeois* to the hatred of the working classes, and instilling division, rancour, battle to the death, between classes, with violent gesture and haggard brow; and its benches and galleries, filled with a fermenting crowd, that yells, and clamours, and applauds the sentiment of "hatred and death"—not uninteresting, although heart-wearying *chiaro-oscuro* pictures, with their strong lights and dark shades—albeit, in their moral, as in their material aspect, the lights are few, the shades many, and dark to utter blackness. Connected with the same *suite* of subjects, then, is the picture of the small room in the crooked streets of the Cité or the suburb, with a table spread with papers and maps, around which sit bearded, pale-faced men, sternly discussing plans, as may be seen by the scanty lamp-light, that illumines these haggard physiognomies—the room, in fact, of the conspirators of the Red Republic, or of the revolutionary agents to be despatched throughout the country, and into other lands, to propagandise the doctrine of destruction to all that *is*. Connected with them, also, is the black sketch of a

cellar, in which are concealed arms and ammunition—guns, pistols, lead, cartridges, barrels of powder—that have evidently fallen into the hands of subversive anarchist conspirators, by means of the connivance, treachery, or at least culpable negligence of those placed in power by the sovereign Assembly, and that have been conveyed thither hidden in wood, in bales, in sacks, amidst provisions. Connected also are many other gloomy vignettes—that of the scribbler in the small room, writing with a sneer of bitterness upon his lip, and the stamp of overflowing bile on his pale face, with the red “cap of liberty” also on his head, as if to inspire his brains with all the horrors of a past revolution, glancing now and then, for a hint, at the portraits of Marat and Robespierre which decorate his room, and grasping, now and then, the pistols on the table by his side, as if to instil the smell of powder and the breath of murder into the very lines he writes—and then that of the printing press, worked by the light of the dying candle—and then, in the hazy morning, that of the newspaper-vender, swaggering down the boulevard, and screeching out, with hoarse voice, the “*True Republic*,” or the “*People’s Friend*,”—and then that of the deluded workman, who leans, after the morning dram, against a post, and sucks in the revolutionary poison of those prints, more deadly and damning to his mind, and more fatal to his future

existence, than the dram is deleterious to his health, and pernicious to his future life, and who thus prepares his mind for the bayonet and the gun-barrel, by which he means to destroy all those detested, and, his paper tells him, detestable beings, who have toiled to possess any wealth, while he possesses nothing. And connected with all these are other sketches also—that of the meeting, by night, of the man in office with the discontented conspirator, in the well-appointed apartment, where a hideous deed of treachery is to be plotted—or of a similar group, under the gas-lamp at the obscure street-corner on a drizzly night, where a still wavering workman, who fears he is about to plunge into greater misery, and yet hopes the realisation of the promises made him, stands, as yet uncertain, to listen to the voice of the tempting instigator to rebellion. All these are pictures connected with the past ones of the national workshops and the club-rooms, and also with those to come: they lead on to the last, in the dark series, irresistibly, inevitably. Dark indeed must be the pictures that close the gallery. How paint them?

It is Thursday, the 22d of June. A government order, emanating from the Assembly, has declared, that, as a commencement of the purification of the *ateliers nationaux*, a few thousands, inhabitants of the provinces, should be draughted out of Paris to other works. These men have been provided with

money, and orders for food and lodging on their journey, and have been escorted beyond the barriers of the capital; but there they halt, they murmur, they revolt: a body of them determines on returning to parley. In the afternoon they come down again through the streets of Paris, and march upon the seat of the Executive Government at the Palace of the Luxembourg. Marie receives some of the body, but, refusing to deal with a well-known insurgent of the 15th of May, who is their spokesman, as the organ of the operatives, turns to the others with the words, "You are not the slaves of this man—explain your own grievances:" he exhorts them not to allow themselves to be led into rebellion—assures them that the government is occupied solely with measures for the amelioration of their condition. They withdraw, they rejoin their comrades; but it is to distort the words they have heard, and to declare that they have been all called "slaves." The tumult is raised, the angry men yell forth the shout, "Down with Marie! down with the Executive Government! down with the Assembly!" The revolt bursts forth—the insurrection has commenced. They rush to the church of St Sulpice, and endeavour to force the gates, in order to sound the tocsin of revolt. They pour down the streets and quays of the Faubourg St Germain; they hurry to the Faubourgs St Antoine and St Marceau, the quarters of the working classes,

the principal stages of riot and insurrection. They sing "*Nous resterons! nous resterons!*—we will remain," to the monotonous chant of the popular cry of "*Des lampions.*" They are but the vanguard of conspiracy with the banner of a fresh last pretext; they give the signal of the outbreak of a long-concerted project, as they rush along. They rouse their comrades as they go. And now, reinforced, bodies of some thousands pour down upon the quays near the Hôtel de Ville, which, however, as the Prefecture de Police, is well guarded with military; and thence pour through the city to the Faubourg du Temple, and the neighbourhood of the Bastille, to form a junction with other insurgents, all ready prepared to rise in arms. They now betray their real character; the Red banner is raised among them; they call upon all people to rise with them for the liberation of their hero of the Red Republic—Barbès, "the victim of reactionary tyranny"—from the fortress of Vincennes. Now they suddenly appear provided with muskets and bayonets. From the south-eastern quarters of the Faubourgs St Jacques and St Marceau, to the north-eastern side of Paris, as far as the Clos St Lazare, a great part of the working population is in arms, and compels their reluctant comrades to join their gathering army. The government takes measures for its defence; the troops are called out, but at first the orders they receive are wanting in

promptitude. The *rappel* is beaten also ; and now it swells into the *générale*, or general summons to arms of the national guards, in cases of danger to the country ; the drums are broken by rioters ; collisions take place ; but soon, as the night comes on, all parties occupy posts of attack or defence. The eastern part of Paris is in the hands of the insurgent " Reds ;" the more central and western parts are still possessed by the " friends of order." They stand face to face. The civil war is ready to commence in the streets of a crowded capital. Fellow-citizens are arrayed against fellow-citizens—republic against republic ! Conspiracy has worked its will : it has pushed its deluded victims on to insurrection. " War to the death !" is the cry between the worshippers of the ill-decked idol of fraternity ! And war to the death is now to come.

Paris, that has long slept with but a troubled, feverish sleep, now sleeps no more. It awakens from its nightmare to a reality of fearful alarm. It is the early morning of Friday the 23d. During the dusk of the night, the terror-bringing, crashing sounds, heard in the days of February, have again appalled the quieter inhabitants of Paris, as they fall, far or near, upon the anxious ear. Heavy blows of axe and mattock have rung sharply upon the street pavement ; paving-stones have fallen, thundering upon one another ; heavy timbers, carts, tumbrils, beams, furniture torn from houses,

have crashed, heap upon heap—barricades, in fact, have been formed by the insurgents. They stretch through every street, in semicircle long and broad, from the heights of the Pantheon to the north-eastern extremity of Paris: they are disposed so that the insurgent army can push forward, in its expected triumph, upon the Hôtel de Ville, and, when once its master, towards the National Assembly itself. Never was strategic position better taken: well-experienced men have been employed to direct the defensive outworks, and the movements of a well-organised army: maps stolen from the public offices have been placed in the hands of the insurgents: treachery has been at work: there can be no doubt that these military manœuvres are the result of preconceived arrangements of conspirators; it is no spontaneous outbreak of a herd of revolted workmen with which Paris has to deal; it is a declaration of civil war of the Red Republic. Already, during the dimness of the night, the insurgents have yelled with the assurance of their triumph, and Paris has looked forward to the horrors of a rule of bloodshed. Well might men's hearts fail them with fear. Which side shall gain the victory of blood in that civil war? The insurgents are already forty thousand desperate men, well provided with arms and ammunition, and well intrenched: against them are arranged a tumultuous and disunited sovereign Assembly—a govern-

ment unpopular to all parties alike, with sympathisers for the insurgents in high places, and treachery at work for them—a relaxed and discontented national guard—a band of young troops in the *garde mobile*, raw and inexperienced, and of wavering, or at least unknown disposition—a strong body of newly organised republican guard, suspected of disaffection, not without cause—and only ten thousand of the military force, unprepared, and ill-provided to meet the enemy on the street battlefield, and as yet held back by their commander. On which side, then, will be the victory of blood? Well may men's hearts fail them for fear. And so dawns the morning of the 23d of June—a date of fatal augury, recalling that of but four months gone by.

About the Place de la Bastille is established the chief central stronghold of the insurgent army. Before it stretch the barricades far down the Boulevards: they all bristle with bayonets. Upon those mighty structures of ruin, prepared for the ruin of all social order, stand frantic men waving the red banner, and crying—“*Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale! Vive la République Rouge! Vive Barbès! Vive Louis Blanc! Mort à l'Assemblée! Mort à la garde bourgeoise!*” They extinguish the torches, which they have flashed aloft, as the morning dawns. But the signal is given for the attack. Along the Boulevards come on the national guards, and at last the troops: they pour along its

thoroughfares; they advance on the barricades. Ferocious-looking men, already wearing the semblance of blood-smeared faces, with their red handkerchiefs tied round their brows, give the word; and a volley of musketry is poured against the assailants. But the troops come on: veterans of the army of Africa there are among the number, with their bronzed faces—the troops of Cavaignac and Lamoricière: they charge the barricades—they mount—they fight hand-to-hand with the insurgents. The picture is one of struggling men on heaps of ruins—the *blouse* closing with the uniform of the national guard—fury and hatred between fellow-countrymen upon each face—of masses of uniforms mounting the rough sides of the barricades—of tottering men falling back with a last shout—of bodies strewn or flung hither and thither—the whole enveloped in clouds of ever-gushing smoke from deadly firearms. At length the insurgents fly from their first outworks: the advanced barricades are taken: they retreat upon their stronghold before the Place de la Bastille. There all the houses around are filled with insurgents, who fire from the windows upon the advancing troops: the inhabitants have been expelled from their dwellings by the ruffians, murdered, sometimes, when they resisted. Each house is an insurgents' fortress: whole families of the lower classes work within at founding balls: women have taken the musket, and fire in-

discriminately among the assailants: children fling down missiles, furniture, chests of drawers, heavy beams, molten lead—all that can crush or destroy—upon the heads of the detested *garde bourgeoise*. The troops, however, still pour on: the young *gardes mobiles*, boys reckless in their courage—more reckless as the smell of powder intoxicates their young brains, and their heads swim at the sight of blood—do their duty well. They have decided for the cause of order: they fight against the men who would have called themselves their brethren: they are to be hated henceforth with a deadly hate by the Red Republicans; and during the days of coming combat, in all parts of Paris, they will be torn limb from limb by the furious insurgents when captured, hideously mutilated, decapitated by howling, bloodthirsty women, who expose their heads on pikes, their mouths filled with pitch and tallow, and illuminated with lighted wicks, while men and women dance round in fearful orgie, shouting ever “*Des lampions!*” They will be treacherously poisoned even by seeming friendly females, who circulate among their ranks, and deal out to them wine drugged with death. But now on they pour, the gallant boys! and fight with unexceeded courage. The picture of smoky confusion and carnage grows wilder and wilder. But now the insurgent force prevails: the troops are repulsed, although they have fought desperately. The in-

surgeons fortify their position, and even laugh, and jest, and sing, as their wives and children deal out provisions to refresh them—strange scenes those of family tenderness and care, amidst the blood of the battle-field! Higher and higher grows the barricade: more carts, more iron railings, more heaps of rubbish are flung upon it; and the blood-red flag waves higher and higher still: and, with a spirit of defying humour, a board is stuck up with an inscription, like that which, on the omnibuses of Paris, declare that they are full—“*Complet!*”

Now comes a thundering sound along the Boulevards, and the trampling of many horses' feet, and the rattling of many wheels—cannon is being rapidly dragged along. It is directed against the barricades. A crash and a roar arises. The cannonade against the insurgents has begun. Timbers are smashed; splinters fly on every side; houses totter around, and fall with heavy crashes, sending up clouds of thick dust to mingle with the clouds of the battle-smoke. And superintending from his horse, with dark brow and compressed lips, sits General Cavaignac, as yet only minister of war; and he is accompanied by Lamartine, thus again courting popularity from the friends of order, and Pierre Buonaparte, and even Caussidière, who seeks to turn away suspicion of complicity from himself. Balls fly around them; and the horse of Pierre Buonaparte staggers and falls. The cannon thun-

ders still; and Cavaignac, hoping to have sufficiently intimidated the insurgents, shows a flag of truce, offers terms of compromise. Two hours are given to the insurgents to accept an amnesty for the past. But no! they know their force—they are confident in their numbers—their strength, they feel, increases hourly from all the faubourgs—their passions have grown fiercer still with the fierce strife—they refuse. They employ the time given them only to repair the breaches made by the cannonade in their defensive barricades: they found fresh balls at stoves prepared, amidst their temporary hospital for the wounded and the dying, behind the barricades: they collect fresh missiles; they seize all they can collect from the neighbouring houses—zinc and copper, when their lead fails, to make jagged balls, and even nails and little stones to fill their musket-barrels, and vitriol to pour down upon their assailants. They prepare for the combat of another day, and yet another.

Meanwhile, throughout all the wide range of the city occupied by the insurgents, the pictures are similar. The insurgents occupy churches, and hospitals, and barracks, which they have stormed and taken: sometimes they have been repulsed, to occupy again their strongholds: they have made galleries from floor to floor of evacuated houses, by breaking party walls, and have thus created long temporary fortresses communicating with one another. Every-

where have been barricades, and fighting, and carnage. Hundreds have fallen of the poor massacred boys of the *garde mobile*, of national guards, of troops of the line. Generals have fallen also, who had earned many a victory on the battlefield, now to die by the hands of their own countrymen; and young officers, full of hopes of future glory, cut short in their career in that drear battle of fellow-citizens.

What pictures do all the streets bordering upon the scenes of combat present, as the evening of that fatal day begins to fall! Biers are borne along upon sad men's shoulders, bearing the dying or the dead; and carts rumble heavily along filled with corpses; and upon straw, hastily littered down upon the pavements, lie the wounded, attended by the doctor in his common black attire, contrasting with the pure white cap and pinnars of the *sœur de charité*; and amidst the many uniforms, now smeared with blood and blackened by smoke, move the long dark dresses of the ministering priests. And upon the long vista of the Boulevards what pictures again! what strange contrasts! There is a cessation of the combat for the time; and, from the scenes of carnage, and uproar, and smoke, come some of the heroic young soldiers of the day, the *gardes mobiles*, borne on the shoulders of their comrades, and waving aloft the fearful red banners, wrested with valour from the hands of the insurgents on the

barricades: and women, even in the midst of their terror and dismay, fling down flowers from the windows, upon the heads of these young defenders of their country—the perfume of the flowers mingling with the scent of stifling powder smoke, and the rank taint of blood. The weary national guards are returning also from the scene of action. Those, who have any knowledge of others passing by, stop them to fall upon the neck of a familiar face, and embrace it, in grateful thankfulness, that even a scarcely-known acquaintance is saved from the frightful carnage which has taken place. And men ask for their friends: some have fallen; others return not. And at all the windows, and at all the doors, are agonised female faces: and women rush forth into the public thoroughfare, to scream for husbands, fathers, and brothers, and follow those who, they think, can tell them of their fate, in frantic energy along the pavement. And others sit more calmly at doorways, and watch: they are picking lint, in sad apprehension of the future, and are silently moistening, with their tears of agonising uncertainty, that work which, but too soon, may be moistened with blood. How dark, and yet how stirring—how exciting, and yet how heart-rending are the scenes! And they will be exhibited again another day, and yet another, along that great avenue—ay! and even along all the other thoroughfares of the capital.

The morning of the 24th of June dawns upon further scenes of carnage. The insurgents remain unvanquished. In the Faubourg St Marceau, around the Pantheon, which is taken by the insurgents and retaken, and is everywhere shattered with balls, at the Hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, and advancing nearer and nearer upon the Hôtel de Ville, battles the Red Republic; at the Barrière de Fontainebleau die poor General Bréa and his aide-de-camp, treacherously murdered by the assailants, when deluded over a barricade, under the pretence of a parley. Around the Quartier St Antoine and the Place de la Bastille are still the chief stronghold and the principal battle-field. There the *gardes mobiles* in vain oppose the reckless energy of their young hot blood to the unyielding defence of the insurgents; there they are hideously massacred, in ways unmentionable, by furies in the shape of women, more frantic in their intoxication of bloodshed than the men. There Amazons, with distorted faces and flying hair, who might have proved Jeanne d'Arc in another cause, fight and fall. There dies, also, at a later hour, General Duvivier, pierced by a ball, as he waves his feathered hat in the midst of a charge. All the north-eastern portions of Paris are occupied also by the insurgents, who already hail the triumph of the Red Republic as secure. From all sides bands pour into the capital from the environs—

some few to aid the insurgents, who are joined also by some disaffected battalions of the national guards, chiefly of the legion of Barbès, in the twelfth *arrondissement*, and from the disorderly outskirts of the city, and by a few deluded deserters of the *garde mobile*; by several of the suspected republican guard also, the *élèves* of Caussidière and Sobrier—but most to join the cause of order. The poor volunteers from Montmorency, the idyllic cherry-paradise, advance boldly and gaily, singing that they have “pretty cherry-stones to fling at the insurgents,” and are swept down, almost to a man, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. Representatives of the people, adorned with the insignia of tricolor scarfs, mix also with the defenders of the capital, or try to parley; and some fall in their courageous energy, or in their vain deed of mercy.

Meanwhile the National Assembly sits without relaxation in its hall, and hears report after report upon the progress of insurrection; the distant firing and the explosions of the cannon thunder dully in their ears, and shake the building; and nearer, within the hall itself, bursts out, ever and anon, amidst the groans of sympathy for the fallen, and the applause for the heroic defenders of the country, the thunder of suspicion and recrimination against the suspected representatives of the *Montagne*, who still, in the midst of all, defy those they term “*réactionnaires*,” and defend what they call “the

people's cause." And stern Cavaignac comes to tell them of their danger—in another hour the Hôtel de Ville may be taken by the insurgents—in two, perhaps, the Assembly itself surrounded. The Assembly then votes "Paris in a state of siege;" the executive powers are invested in the hands of General Cavaignac alone; the fallen executive government resigns, and finishes its weak and troubled career; the ministers resign also; a military dictator wields all the power of the republic: and thus, in semi-despotic military sway was the first phasis of the republic of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" to close, in the midst of constraint, and anarchy, and carnage among fellow-citizens. Vaunted republic! this was a startling close to the first act of thy revolutionary drama!

Again, during that day, what pictures of the tragedy of civil war are everywhere exhibited! But how paint the monotonous scenes of bloodshed? There is one, however, which may hereafter form the subject of many an historical picture. During a brief relaxation of the combat, after the repulse of the troops under General Duvivier, a small party is seen advancing upon the Place de la Bastille, preceded by a man *en blouse*, waving a green branch, as a banner of truce, aloft. At its head comes a fine old prelate, with his glittering cross around his neck: it is the archbishop of Paris. His

firm and honest face, his dark brow contrasting with his white hairs, are well known to all. He is accompanied by his priestly vicars, and a faithful old servant. He comes to parley with the infuriated men; he comes on a message of Christian peace—to reconcile men's insensate enmities; he comes with true Christian spirit, to stay the frantic effusion of blood. He knows the danger that he risks at the hands of men who have shown only treachery and remorseless cruelty. Some of his friends would turn him back upon his mission; but he advances, smiling with a placid but serious smile, and repeating to himself the words, "*Bonus autem pastor dat vitam suam pro ovibus suis.*" He extends his venerable arms, crying "*Mes amis, mes amis!*" But the tumult is still hideous around him; and the balls still fly. Threats, death-shots, are interchanged with those who guard the way behind him. He advances still, over the rough stones of the barricades. For a moment the desperate men pause in their murderous work, to listen to him; but he enters upon his holy mission of peace in vain. At last he descends from the barricade; and then he staggers—falls into the arms of his servant: a ball from a window has pierced his side. "Treason! treason!" is howled by his friends. The very insurgents tremble at the unholy deed of assassination which has been done. Some throw down their arms: they rush to support him. He

is borne along, first in the arms of confused and mingled men—insurgents and defenders of order mixing in one common cause—then upon a hastily-constructed litter. He lies in his episcopal robes; his face is mild and calm, although he suffers pain; his words are words of heavenly hope and of Christian forgiveness, although he has been treacherously assassinated in his vain deed of Christian charity and peace. And all kneel down upon his passage with an irresistible impulse, and an uncontrollable instinct of veneration; and tears stream from the eyes of armed men, and trickle down their beards; and insurgents, with fierce faces and gloomy brows, kneel to kiss his hand, that now grows colder and colder, as he is borne, a victim and a martyr, over the barricades of death; and sobs of remorse and grief are heard among the rufianly and blood-stained mass of men who line his path. Is there, then, still a feeling of generosity among the savages, who form the great herd of the city that boasts itself to be the most civilised in the world? Is there, then, still a sentiment of religion among the mass in France? Or is this but the theatrical display of men, who live only in theatrical emotions, and will act a part before the eyes of their fellow-actors, be it even to the death? So it might almost be supposed: for now the dying prelate is carried by, first to an hospital, then to his own episcopal palace, there to breathe his last

amidst the tears and prayers of men—a martyr! He is gone—the moment for the display of emotions is past—it has departed with that form. The musket is again on the shoulder of the insurgent; the sabre and the knife are in the hand of women and children! The scene is once again one of smoke, and carnage, and yells of execration, and blood; and through that night again the capital still remains in that awful state. Cannon batter the barricades; shells are poured in among the ranks of the insurgents: the slaughter is terrific; and yet the fighting remains unabated! And the streets, now how drear!—drearer than ever!—for those who are not in arms are forbidden to leave their houses; and the guards arrest all who strive to pass: martial law is proclaimed; the city is in a state of siege.

And Sunday the 25th dawns too; and the day is bloodier and drearier still. In the Faubourg St Antoine and at the stronghold of the Place de la Bastille, the combat is chiefly continued. In the other south-eastern parts of the metropolis the insurgents have now given way; terms of surrender are again offered by General Lamoricière to those who still defend the central faubourgs. They are again rejected with haughty and reckless disdain. The banner, now inscribed with the words “*Pillage et Incendie*,” still floats threateningly aloft on the barricade; cannon and mortars are again brought up;

the last threat of the military commander is to be enforced. All the houses surrounding the Place de la Bastille will be battered down, to leave no overhanging fortress for the defence of the insurgent force, combating below. The threat is executed: shots and shells fly fast among the insurgent army; while, in every direction, houses are sapped, mines are sprung, explosions take place with deafening roar; walls fall in clattering ruin; buildings, fired by projectiles, burst into flames. Shrieks, groans, and cries of women and children, also, are heard even above the thundering roar; mangled limbs fly in all directions. At last the insurgents scour away; the triumphant shout of the troops announces that this, the greatest barricade, is finally won; they pour over in pursuit. But in other streets also—in all the environs of the Barrière Rochechouart—the scenes are the same, the slaughter no less. There, too, houses are sprung into the air; and again the insurgents fly. But they still congregate, as in a last defence, among the unfinished buildings and masses of stone of the Clos St Lazare; there they still defend themselves, in spite of capitulations accepted by their allies elsewhere. But at last they are forced to fly again, after much slaughter of their pursuing adversaries. In that farther quarter of the capital are found inflammable materials, with which it was intended to fire Paris. The banner of “*Pil-*

lage et Incendie” was not to have been a mere vain threat.

Now the insurgents are fully vanquished: they scour along the outskirt plains of Paris. The people of the Red Republic fly, and leave traces of the colour of their appalling banner in trails of blood. And soldiers and national guards are running to the chase, and shooting down the hunted men, like rabbits in an affrighted warren. God have mercy on them all!

The insurrection is at an end. Thousands upon thousands have died at the barricades, or are still writhing beneath their wounds—thousands of citizen-guards and soldiers; thousands of insurgents also; but in lesser numbers. Hundreds, again, have been dragged away to prison. They are crammed into every stronghold—beneath the galleries of the Louvre, beneath the terraces of the gardens of the Tuileries, in cellars of government offices—for the customary places of detention of criminals are full to overflowing. But consternation is still in the city. The armed population, civic and military—such as yet lives, is still on foot, and swarming every where. The streets are illuminated—partly as a precaution, partly in the satisfaction of the triumph; incessantly through the night the sentinels cry, “*Garde à vous !*”—for musket-shots are occasionally still heard, and national guards, or boy *gardes mobiles*, are still fired at and assassinated from

treacherous windows. Arrests are taking place on every side; the faubourgs are being searched: arms are seized in such quantities, that again men murmur loudly against the treachery of those in power. The insurrection is at an end; but after what a fearful struggle! On whose souls shall the chief responsibility of the awful carnage rest? Wo to those vain, reckless men, who, disappointed at not having reached that power or that wealth they coveted, after the revolution of February, have chosen to urge to rebellion, to massacre, to pillage, those unhappy or deluded beings who have been suffering from misery, or who have been corrupted in idleness, and supported by funds wrung from the impoverished shopkeeper and the ruined tradesman! Wo to those—be they ultra-republicans, communists, or socialists—who, in concert with miscreants and galley-slaves, have plunged a capital into bloodshed and despair for the attainment of their own interested ends!

What are the pictures now presented by unhappy revolutionary Paris? The cannon no longer fills the streets with the smoke of the battle-field. Ruined houses compose a scene of hideous desolation in all the farther eastern parts of Paris. Ruins and tottering walls are there: churches bear the marks of destruction by the ball; and, in some cases, sacrilegious blood smears their aisles. Afrighted inhabitants begin to crawl out of their

houses ; windows are reopened ; the curious even swarm to the late scenes of action. But, while there is the air of relief from terror upon many a face, yet how sad an aspect of grief and consternation pervades every scene in the vast city ! The sun is shining brightly and hotly over the capital—there is a flood of light, and heavenly love and brightness, poured down upon the streets ; but it only calls up still more reckingly to heaven the vapour of the blood, that goes up like an accusing spirit. How sadly, too, the clear summer air, and its broad cheering lights upon the white houses and gilded balconies, contrasts with the pale forms of the wearied and wounded men, who crawl about ; and with the weeping women, who sit beneath the porch-ways ; and with coffins incessantly borne along—not one, or two, or three, but twenty or thirty each hour ; and with the crape upon the arms of the men in uniform, or upon the hats of the citizens ; and with the convulsed faces of the wounded and dying, who lie upon their soft beds in the richly-furnished apartment, or on the pallets of the hospital—as the sun thus shines into their windows ! Bright as is the day of June, never was sadder scene witnessed in any capital : civil war has never raged more furiously within a city's walls, since men conglomerated together in cities for mutual advantage and protection. How many hearts have ached ! how many tears have been shed ! How

many wives are widows! how many children fatherless! how many affianced girls, with fondly-beating hearts, will see the face of him they loved in life no more! O splendid sun of June! what a mockery thou seemest in these last dark pictures of revolutionary Paris!

But the sun is shining still; and the little birds are twittering merrily on the house-tops; and the caged canaries chirp at windows; and perchance there is the merry laugh of children: all these things heed not the despair and desolation of the city. It is shining still into huge churches, where thick masses of straw are littered down, and the wounded lie in hundreds to overflowing; into courts, where again is scattered straw, and again groan wounded and dying; upon street-side pavements, where again are strewn the sad beds of these victims of contention, excited by the most frantic of delusions; and through narrow windows, into prison vaults and palace cellars, where are crowded together the masses of prisoners, who for the most regret not the part they have played in the scenes of blood, and sit gloomily upon the damp stone, brooding over schemes of vengeance upon the ever-detested *bourgeois*, should they escape, and the Red Republic be triumphant! It is shining still; and, everywhere it shines, it smiles upon misery, it seems to mock the doomed unhappy city!

And there are other pictures, also, befitting the state of siege under which Paris is declared to be, and under the command of the military autocrat into whose hands the salvation of the country and the capital, from utter anarchy, has been given. Scenes of marching men, and torrents of bayonets coming down the broad boulevards, and sentinels at street corners, and patrols, and military manœuvres, and galloping dragoons, and drums beaten from daybreak until late into the night, are nothing new in the "Pictures of Revolutionary Paris:" such have been painted again and again during the four disastrous months of the first phasis of the revolution. But Paris has gone further now: it represents, in all parts, and no longer in any one quarter, one vast camp. Along the great vista of the boulevards are whole regiments bivouacking; the horses of the cavalry are stabled upon straw along the pavements, or around the triumphal arches; arms are piled together at street corners: some sleep upon the straw, while others watch as if in battle-array. The shops are still shut, although pale faces look from windows; and the grateful inhabitants shower down blessings upon the heads of those who have saved the terrified people from the horrors of the Red Republic, the pillage, and the guillotine; and ladies bring out food and wine from the houses; and none think that they can find words enough to express their gratitude, and

praise the heroism of their defenders. Alas ! those who fought in that evil, desperate cause, showed equal heroism, equal courage, more reckless rage ! How strange is this picture, sketched in the streets of a capital ! It is the closing scene of a battle-field of unexampled carnage, amidst a peaceful population—the soldier and the tenderly-nurtured lady placed side by side amidst the wounded and the weary—the mourning of the bereaved family upon the same spot with the first emotion of victory ! Since the agitated and disturbed city of Paris has existed, it has witnessed many wild and strange scenes in its bloody and tormented history, but none perhaps more glaring, in their strange contrasts, than these. All over Paris, the pictures are similar. In the Place de la Concorde is again a camp, again piled arms and cannon, and littered beds of straw, and cooking-fires, and groups of men in uniform, in all the various attitudes of the camp and the battle-field ; and in the glittering Champs Elysées are tents and temporary stabling, and horses and assembled troops ; and beneath the fine trees of the garden of the Tuileries are grouped, in similar fashion, battalions of the national guards of the departments, who have hurried up to the defence of Paris, and who bivouac, night as well as day, beneath the summer sky, in the once royal gardens. These pictures are, strange and most picturesque, and might be pleasant ones, could the

heart forget its terror and its grief—could the sight of the uniforms, the muskets, and the bayonets, be severed from the sorrow and the despair, the bloodshed and the crime. In all these pictures, Paris has lost its aspect of old to become a fortress and a camp. The civil dress is rarely visible; the uniform is on almost every back. The carriage and the public vehicle are rare in the pictures: the dashing officer on horseback, the mounted ordnance, the galloping squadron, take their place. Now rides by a spare man, with a small military waist, a long thin bronzed face, a thick mustache, and tufted beard, and dark, somewhat heavy eyes, gleaming forth from under a calm but stern brow: he is at the head of a brilliant staff: it is General Cavaignac, the military commander of the hour—the dictator into whose hands the National Assembly of France has, in this crisis, confided its destinies. Although, when he removes his plumed hat, he exhibits a head partially bald, yet his general air is that of a man in the full vigour of his best years, in the full active use of his lithy form. At the head of another group rides by another younger man of military command. His face is fuller and handsomer; his thick mustache gives him a rough bold look, that does not, however, detract from his prepossessing appearance. This is young General Lamoricière, who has done such gallant deeds in these days of battle—whose horse

has been killed under him. He is to be minister of war. These generals, who have won their rank upon the plains of Africa, are at this moment the military rulers of the destinies of France, which a few days have again deranged so rapidly. Caesar and Anthony are in presence. How long will they rule the country hand-in-hand?

There is a last picture still to be painted in the dark series. Prominent in it figure the black monster hearse, containing the bodies of those who have fallen in the cause of order—the black-behung altar on that Place which has now lost its name of “Concord” to take the more suitable one of “Revolution”—the catafalk—the gigantic burning candelabras—the black-caparisoned horses that drag the funeral car—the black-drapered columns of the Madeleine—the bodies of the state in mourning attire—the long procession—the sprinkled clouds of burning incense from the waved censers—and the weeping widows, and weeping orphan children. Such a picture of mocking pomp in desolate sorrow closes the long series which revolutionary Paris has supplied during the first phasis of its revolution of 1848. The curtain has fallen at the end of the first act of the revolutionary drama, upon a tableau befitting the dark scenes which have been so fearfully enacted in it. It is but the first act—the first phasis; and what the future hand of fate has still to trace thereafter—those pictures of

a revolutionary city's history, so intimately connected with a country's destiny—belongs not to *this* picture-book. Those that have here been sketched form a suite, as natural in their course, as fatally inevitable, as any suite of pictures in which the satirising artist painted the natural course of a whole life—of a rake's or a harlot's progress. From the revolutionary overthrow, the excitement of the people's passions, the fallacious promises, and the foolish or culpable designs that occasioned the establishment of those nurseries of discontent, disorder, and conspiracy—the *ateliers nationaux*—the steps through the club-room, the furious journalist's office, the rendezvous of the conspirators, to the sedition, the insurrection, the carnage—the civil war, the terror, and the mourning catafalque have followed, as they could not but follow.

A few words to tell the end of the first phasis of the revolution. Cavaignac resigns his military dictatorship, to be appointed president of the council, and to appoint, in turn, a ministry of somewhat more moderate principles. The Reaction, say the disappointed ultras, has triumphed. The Assembly continues its tumultuous course, framing a brittle constitution amidst disorder, mistrust, and the collision of parties splitting into countless fractions. Suspicion of complicity in the insurrectionary schemes, against some of those lately in power, rankles in men's hearts. The clubs are placed under a restric-

tive law, but to dare and defy the restriction only too openly. The anarchist journals are suppressed for the time, and others, seemingly innocent, also ; the press is more confined than ever in the free expression of liberty of opinion. All this is just and salutary : but what has the republic gained ? It has waded through scenes of disorder, and terror, and blood, to arrive at a still greater suppression of that liberty for which it pretended to combat. Where is its vaunted cry ? Liberty — where ? Equality—where ? Fraternity—where ? The Red Republic still ferments ; the disaffection increases ; Reaction becomes real ; while terror finds thus a cause to support its claims in defence of the republic. And such is the end of the first phasis of the vaunted French revolution of 1848.

THE END.

